



DOINGS OF THE VAN LOONS

IT SEEMS TO BE A CASE OF MISERY LOVES COMPANY

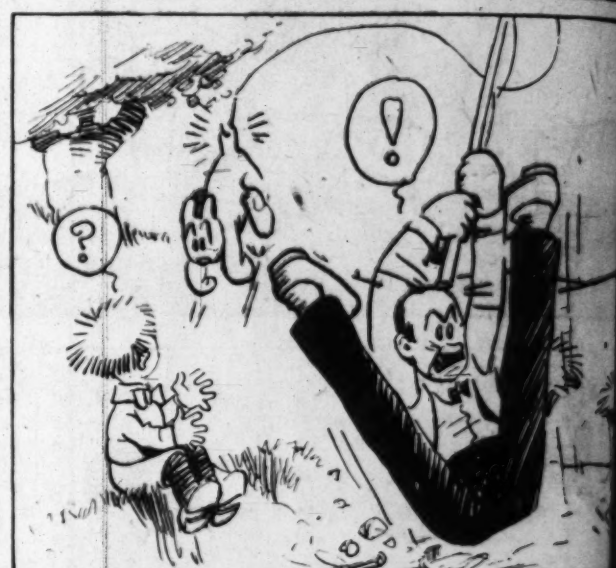
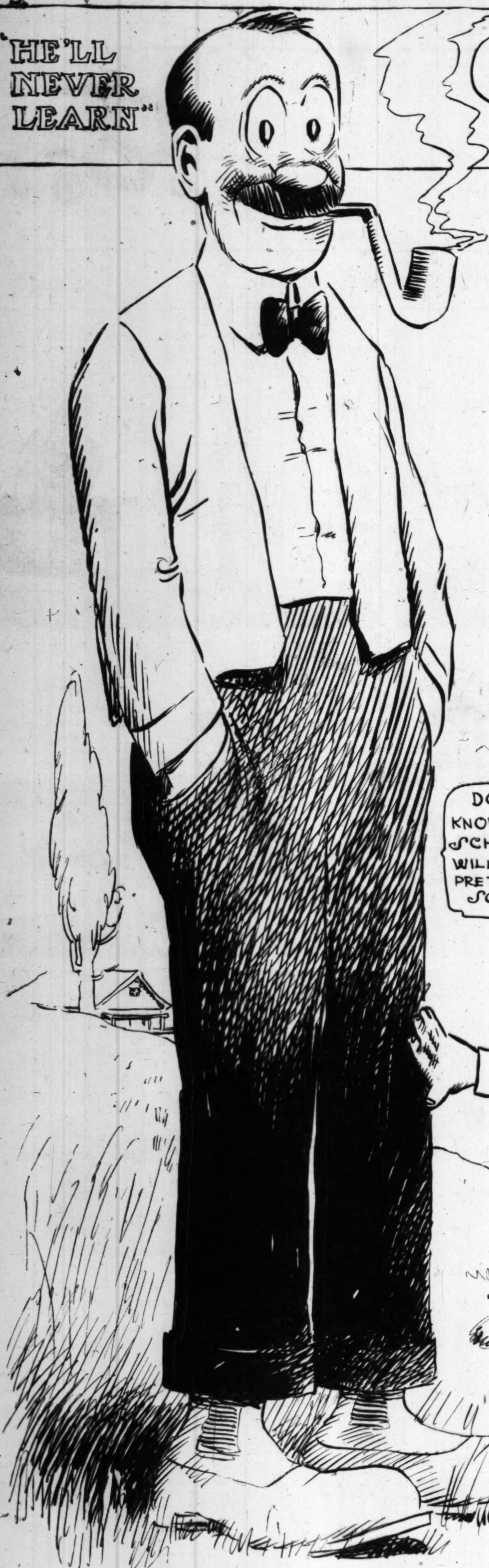
By F. LEIPZIGER



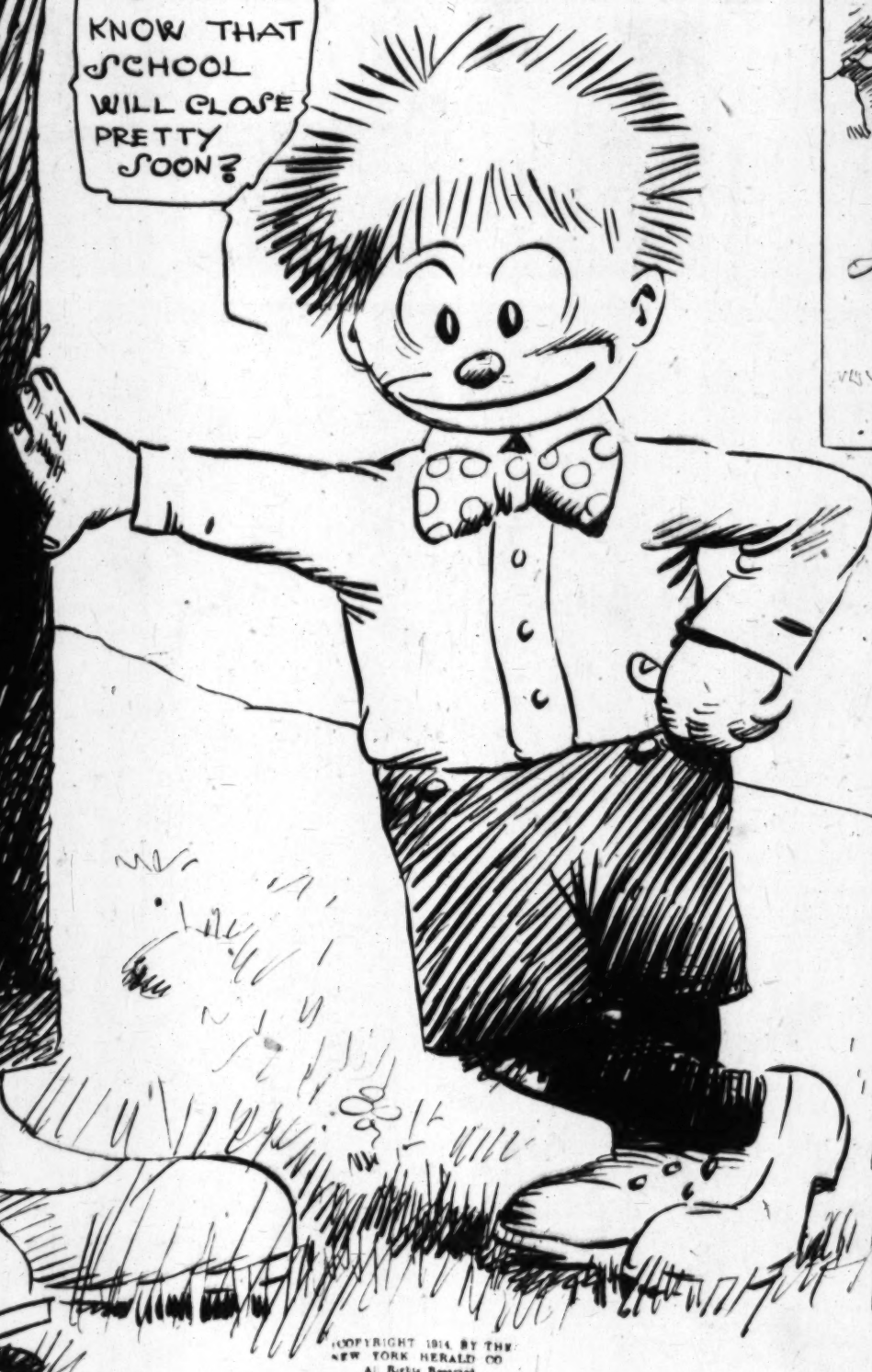
HE'LL
NEVER
LEARN

GINGER POP

BY RUS WESTOVER



DO YOU
KNOW THAT
SCHOOL
WILL CLOSE
PRETTY
SOON?



?



COPYRIGHT 1914 BY THE
NEW YORK HERALD CO.
All Rights Reserved

RUS WESTOVER



1—Mr. Two Deedle had found a
tee it. Dickie said that he wo



2—Dickie jumped into the hole after
bottom. There they found a the



3—Dickie felt sorry for the donkeys
so much larger than they that he



4—In the last crusher the powder was
out of the rock dust settled on cur
found that he could pick up metal

MR. TWEE DEEDLE.



1—Mr. Twee Deedle had found a magic hole in the ground. He asked Dickie if he would like to see it. Dickie said that he would.



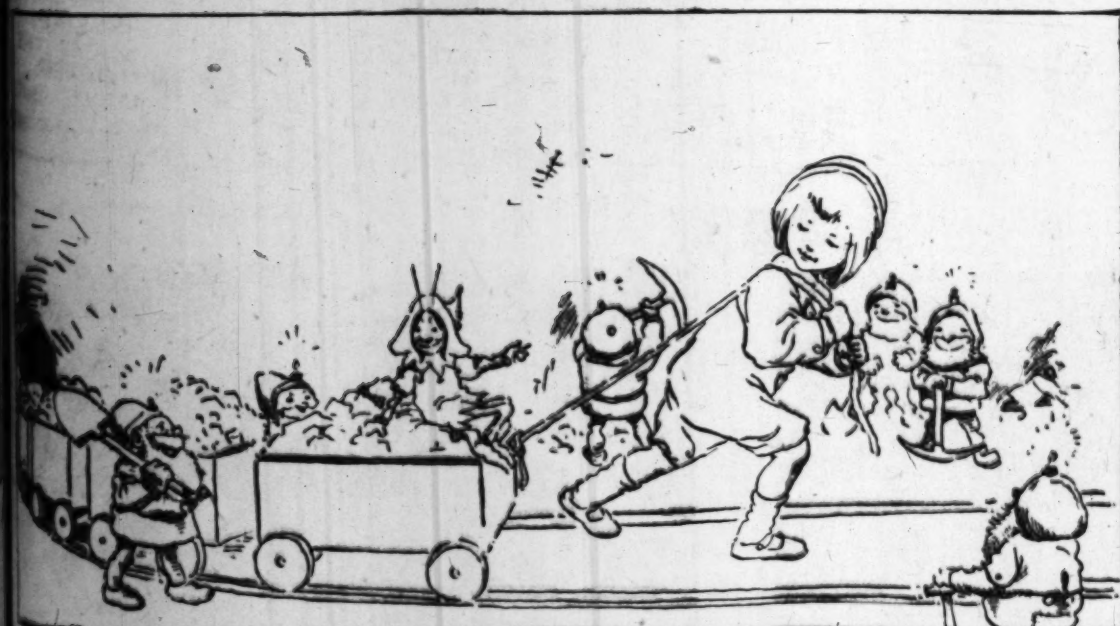
2—Mr. Twee Deedle pointed out the hole in the middle of a large field. "This hole is invisible to most people," he explained, "and no one could fall into it, because it is a magic hole; but we will go down into it if you wish."



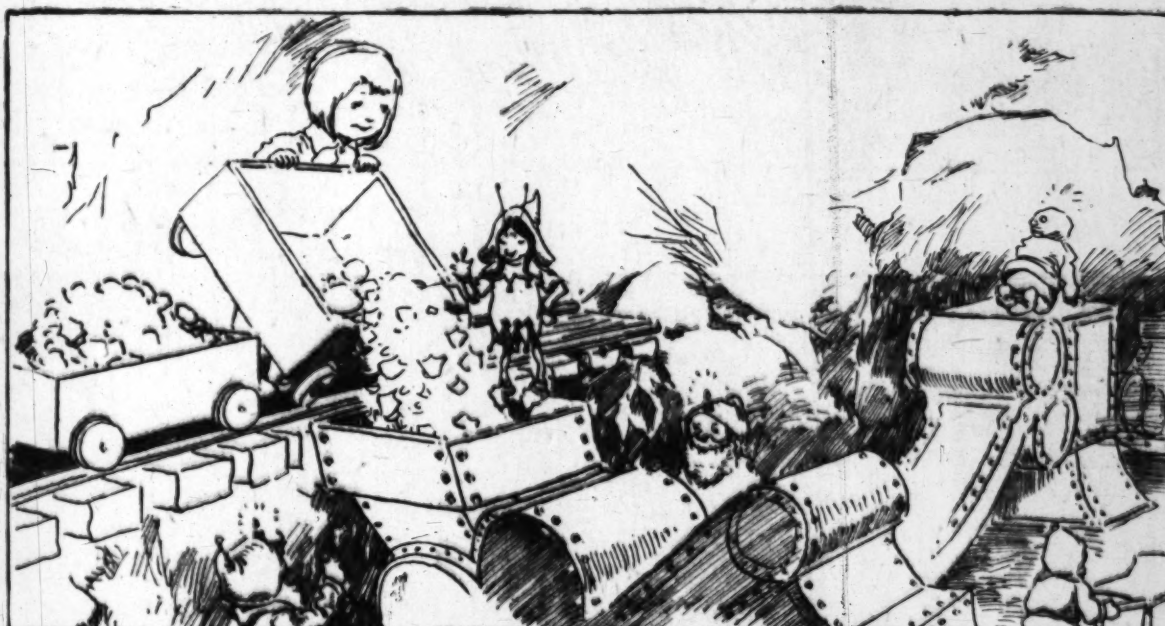
3—Dickie jumped into the hole after Mr. Twee Deedle. They floated down until they came to the bottom. There they found a little man guarding a door.



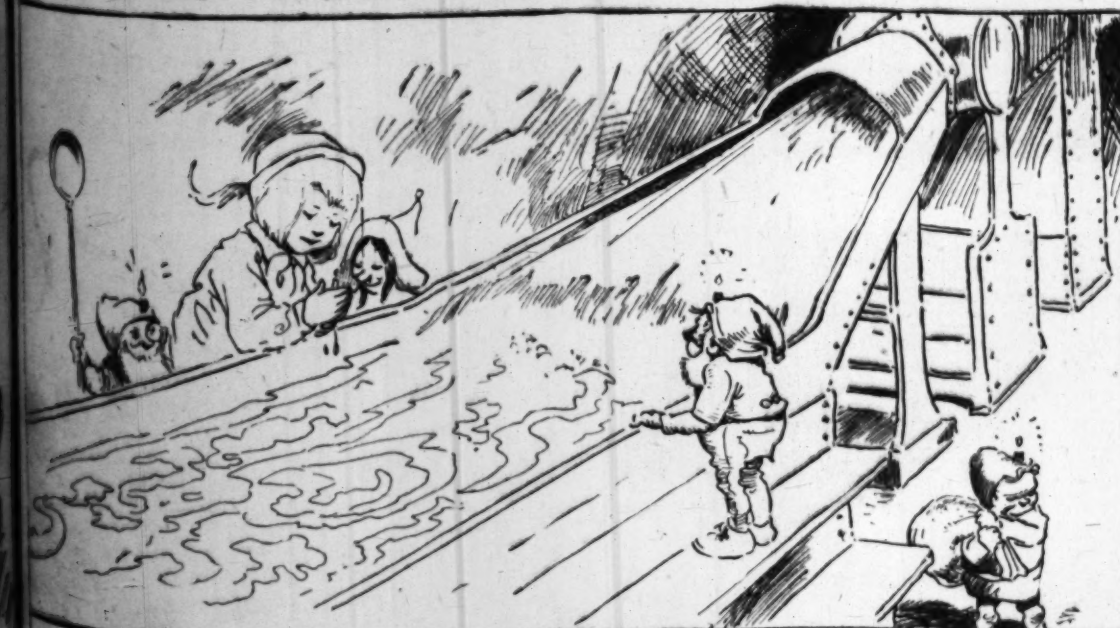
4—The door opened and Mr. Twee Deedle and Dickie passed into a gallery. Here they saw two tiny donkeys hauling a load of rocks out of a tunnel under the care of two tiny men.



5—Dickie felt sorry for the donkeys and asked to be allowed to help them haul the rocks. He was so much larger than they that he was able to haul five or six loads at a time.



6—Dickie hauled the rocks to a crushing machine. He tipped the carts up so that all the load went into the crusher at once. This saved the little men the trouble of shovelling the load into the crusher. The rocks passed through three crushers until they were ground to a fine powder.



7—In the last crusher the powder was mixed with water. The gold, silver and copper which came out of the rock dust settled on curious plates. The water carried the rock dust away. Dickie found that he could pick up metal from the plates.



8—The little men gave Dickie a large sack of the gold. At first he did not wish to take it, but then he decided he would exchange it for money, which he could give to those who were in need. The little men made Mr. Twee Deedle promise to bring Dickie to visit them again.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THE
NEW YORK HERALD CO.
All Rights Reserved.

JOHN GRUELLE

GASOLINE GUS GIVES HIS FRIENDS A JOY RIDE



DOLLY DIMPLE SEEKS A ROSE



"I'd like a rose!" says Dolly Dimple.
"A rose?" a voice replies. "That's simple!"



"I know a castle, towering tall,
Where roses smother every wall."



"Through roses one must cut one's way;
You're free to pick them night and day."



"But fairer than a rose is she
Who dwells therein, as you shall see."



"Advise me—" Dot says: "Not today!
I'll pick my roses, if I may."



"When men begin to talk like that,
Best keep your counsel 'neath your hat."

ZOT
The Muke's

MY little friend was making a birth
mother and seemed so absorbed in
colored threads into a marvellous re-
sult and leaves that I thought she had forged
Finally I said:—"You never have
was injured when the Zotwots tripped
him to the ground?"

"Oh, I had almost forgotten about
threading her needle. "No, he was not
were. Not because he was thrown
never would have tried to ride the Muke
not shamed him into doing it. He was
of his Slinks do it, or the Jay-fowl. He
fowl was to blame for it all—for it was
the Zotwots interfered. Besides, when
the Jay-fowl laughed so loud he embar-
he scrambled to his feet and, without on-
wots, ran to the Spakrum as fast as he

"The two Slinks were waiting for
and he told them all that had happen-
thought of how the Jay-fowl had laughed
and the Slinks helped to make him more
the Jay-fowl laughed—so the Jay-fowl
till the Wot clapped his hands over his
The Slinks kept repeating this till he was
most anything they told him.

"Turn the Blubberingboo loose,"
fix the Jay-fowl so that he won't laugh

"At first the Wot didn't want to do
argued with him till he finally agreed.
could change his mind they scampered ov-
ingboo's den and opened the gate. Dot
behind a rock, they shivered and grinte
the Blubberingboo sobbed out of his
down the road, blinking his eyes and whi-

"When he came to the place where t-
to ride his Muke, he stopped and snif-
scenting the Jay-fowl's tracks, he put his
ground and galloped away on his trail, sniv-



THE ZOTWOTS
TRIED TO SEND
THE MUKER HOME

ZOTWOTS

The Muke's Kick



A little friend was making a birthday present for her mother and seemed so absorbed in working the bright threads into a marvellous resemblance of flowers and leaves that I thought she had forgotten me entirely.

Finally I said:—"You never have told me if the Wot was injured when the Zotwots tripped his Muke and threw him to the ground?"

"Oh, I had almost forgotten about that," she replied, holding her needle. "No, he was not hurt, but his feelings were. Not because he was thrown off, but because he would have tried to ride the Muke if the Zotwots had not dashed him into doing it. He would have made one of the Slinks do it, or the Jay-fowl. He really felt the Jay-fowl was to blame for it all—for it was on his account that the Zotwots interfered. Besides, when he fell off his Muke the Jay-fowl laughed so loud he embarrassed the Wot, so he scrambled to his feet and, without one glance at the Zotwots, ran to the Spakrum as fast as he could go.

The two Slinks were waiting for him in the entrance and he told them all that had happened. The more he thought of how the Jay-fowl had laughed, the worse he felt, and the Slinks helped to make him more so by snarling, 'So the Jay-fowl laughed—so the Jay-fowl laughed, did he?' and the Wot clapped his hands over his ears and groaned. The Slinks kept repeating this till he was in a humor to do anything they told him.

"Turn the Blubberingboo loose," they snarled, 'he'll be the Jay-fowl so that he won't laugh any more.'

"At first the Wot didn't want to do it. But the Slinks argued with him till he finally agreed. Then before he could change his mind they scampered over to the Blubberingboo's den and opened the gate. Dodging out of sight behind a rock, they shivered and grinned with delight as the Blubberingboo slobbered out of his den and shambled down the road, blinking his eyes and whimpering fretfully.

When he came to the place where the Wot had tried to ride his Muke, he stopped and sniffed, then following the Jay-fowl's tracks, he put his nose to the ground and galloped away on his trail, snivelling and

eagerly smacking his mouth.

"The Zotwots had no idea that the Wot felt as he did. They were a little surprised when he got to his feet after his tumble and ran off without a word to them. But they could see that he was none the worse for his spill, so they started home.

"Very soon they noticed the Muke was following them. Of course the Jay-fowl was delighted. He thought if the Muke followed them home he would be allowed to keep it for his very own. So every time the Zotwots drove it away, he'd chirp, 'Peep, Peep!' and the Muke would come running back.

"They tried to make him understand that the Muke belongs to the Wot, and that no one else has any right to it. But the Jay-fowl either would not, or could not, understand and took on so they decided to let the Muke follow and to send it home after the Jay-fowl had gone to bed.

"All the way home the Jay-fowl laughed and chattered about his Muke, his Muke, which seemed to have taken quite a fancy to him, trotting at his side and purring joyously each time he chirped or called it pet names. It appeared so gentle the Zotwots agreed to let the Jay-fowl stay out of doors and play with it.

"The two had a great time, racing round and round, taking turns chasing one another, and squawking and yowling for sheer joy.

"This rough play, though, soon tired the Jay-fowl out. Panting for breath, he squatted down to rest. The Muke, however, was too excited to stop—it kicked up its heels and continued the game all by itself, and the Jay-fowl watched it, cackling loudly over its funny antics. Then it ran behind the house and the Jay-fowl peeked around the corner with an expectant grin, wondering what it would do next. Instantly, his grin vanished and his eyes widened with terror as he found himself face to face with the terrible Blubberingboo, who, when he saw the terrified Jay-fowl, whose trail he had followed, crouched down and slowly crept toward him with open mouth.

"Too frightened to move or make a sound, the Jay-fowl sat as though turned to stone. Nearer and nearer crept the Blubberingboo. The Jay-fowl closed his eyes—sure that his end had come. Then, 'Boom!' a noise as though some one had suddenly struck a big bass drum sounded in his ears, and he looked up to see the Blubberingboo rolling over and over, and the Muke, who had come up behind and suddenly kicked the Blubberingboo just as he was about to swallow the Jay-fowl, waltzing playfully around, looking for a chance to do it again.

"Thinking the Blubberingboo a new sort of plaything, the Muke fearlessly pranced up to him. The Blubberingboo quickly rose to his feet and turned to face the Muke.

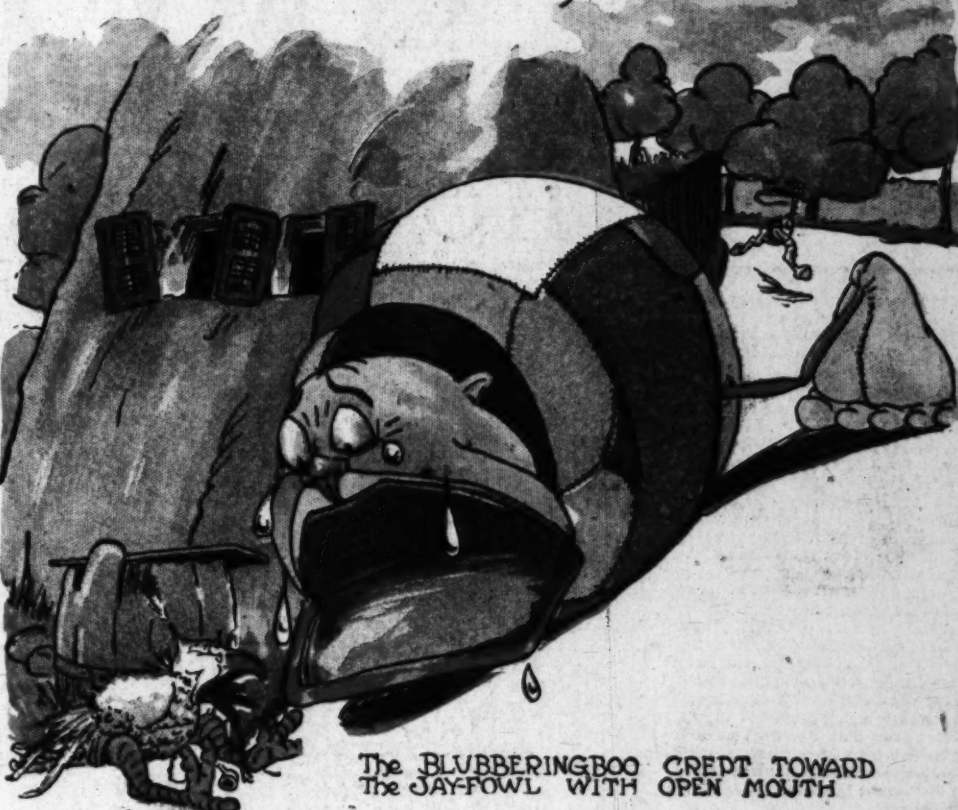


THE WOT COVERED HIS EARS AND THE SLINKS MADE HIM FEEL WORSE

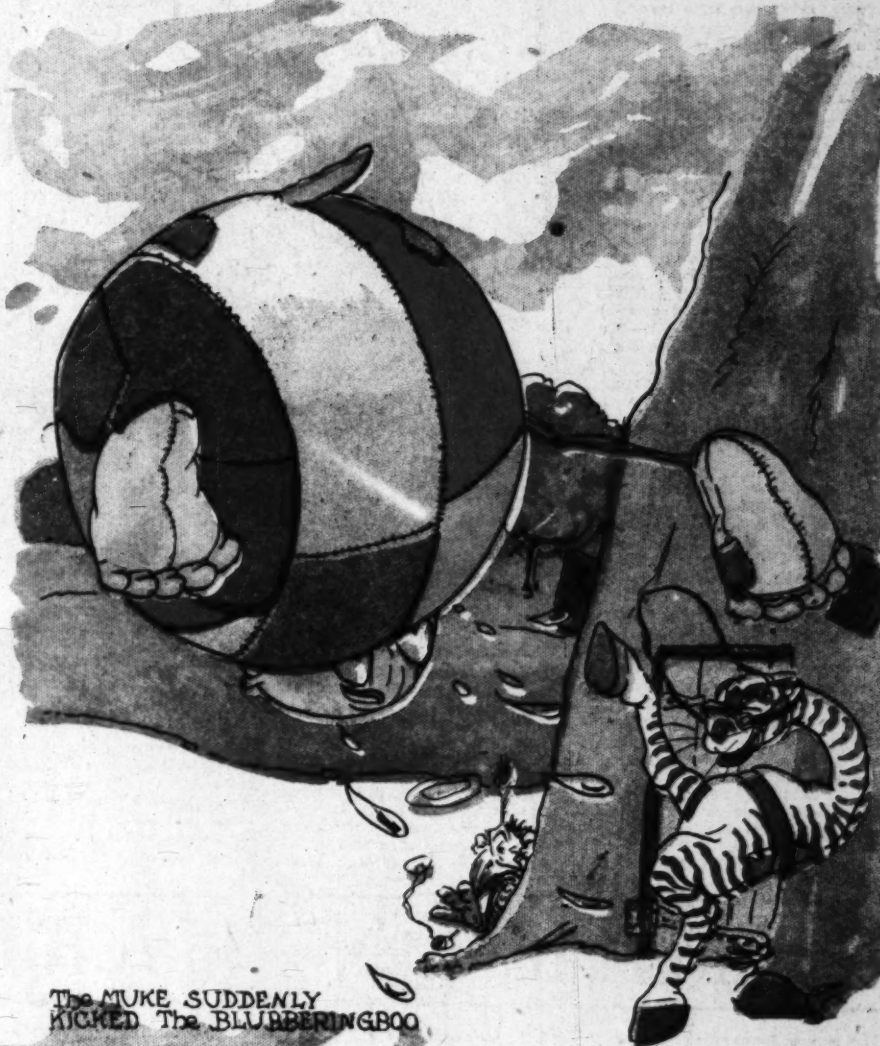
They stared at each other for an instant and shuddered, then, quick as a flash, they both turned tail and, with yowls and bellows of fright, dashed away in opposite directions.

"When they were out of sight, the Jay-fowl stood up, blinked his eyes and stared around as though just awakening from a dream. 'Must have fallen asleep,' he muttered, yawning and stretching himself. Then he slowly walked into the house and asked for his supper."

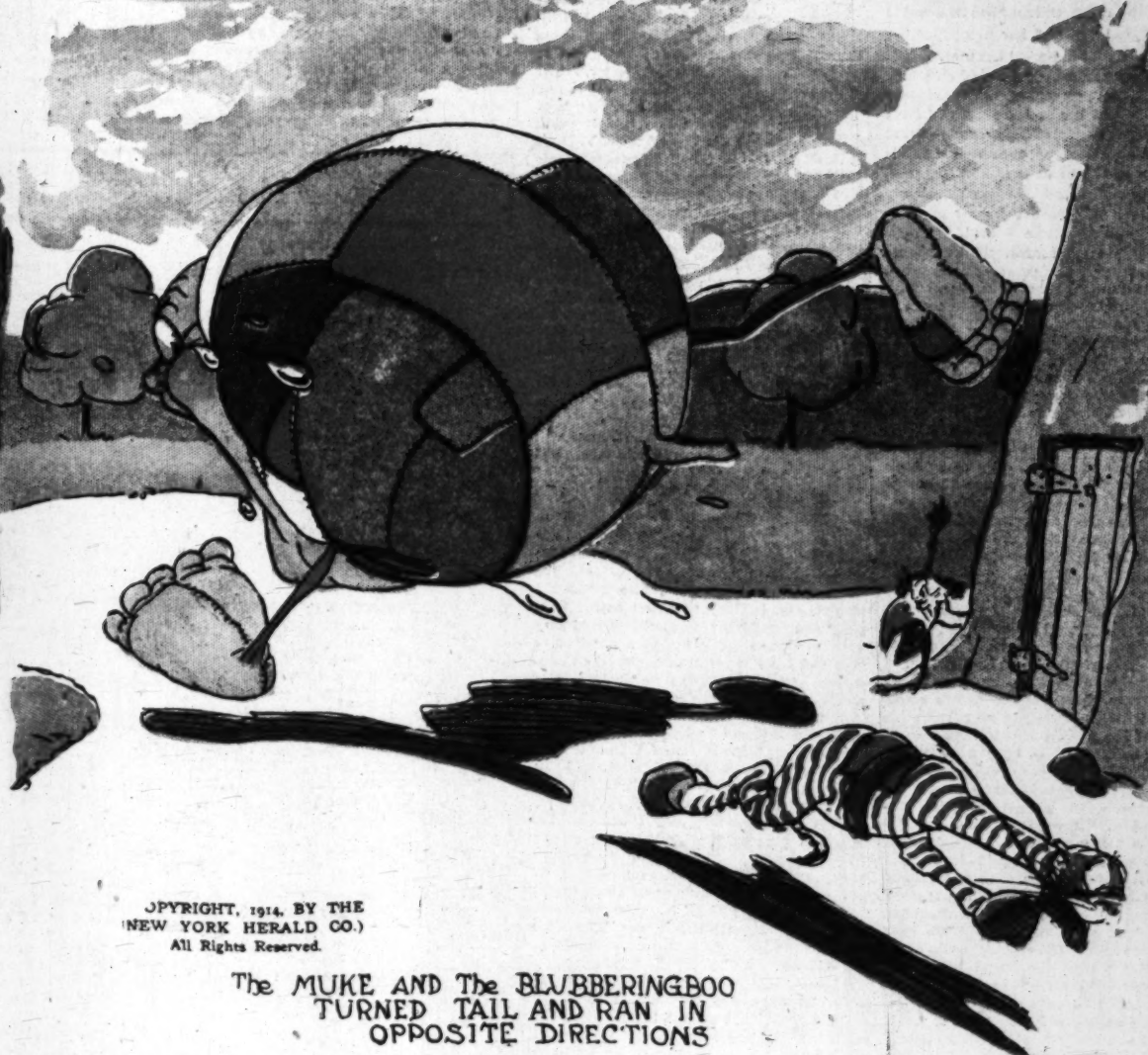
STORY AND PICTURES By Bob DEAN



THE BLUBBERINGBOO CREEPT TOWARD THE JAY-FOWL WITH OPEN MOUTH



THE MUKE SUDDENLY KICKED THE BLUBBERINGBOO



THE MUKE AND THE BLUBBERINGBOO TURNED TAIL AND RAN IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO. All Rights Reserved.



THE ZOTWOTS TRIED TO SEND THE MUKE HOME

THE long shadows of the pyramidal piles of the Hindu temples were cutting purple triangles on the still faces of the lily tanks when Fowle and I, hot, stiff,

posal. We had returned to Jammu, therefore, with the intention of taking train for Rawal Pindi, there to start for Kashmir proper over the cart road by tonga. The old "cheetah master," however, suggested a

rough coat, round skull and no occipital ridge. Fowle, who has made an exhaustive study of the subject, holds that the panther is simply a younger member of the leopard family, and that, with age, it gradually takes

had been preying on the goat village for some months, and he just reaching that stage when ginning to kill in pure wanton than for food alone, when one

Private Smith in Mexico

(Continued from Page 3)



Get A Broader View Of Life IN BITTER ROOT VALLEY

Arrange with us to join one of our coming low rate first-class excursions to this balmy and wormless fruit valley and see with your own eyes the money-making, health-making, and home-making opportunities in this wonderful scenic environment with good roads, golf links, hunting, fishing and mountain climbing. You will find a highly civilized community with neighbors of culture and refinement who have modern plumbing, telephones and electric lights in their bungalows and free delivery of mail. You will find churches of all the leading denominations and schools ranging from the primary grades to the state university. And you will find that you, too, can make money and revel in real living in this ideal community while working only part of your time.

\$2,000 A Year From Ten Acres

A Bitter Root Valley apple or cherry orchard begins to bear in its fifth year. Leading horticultural experts in the Valley testify from their own experience in orcharding that ten acres of Bitter Root Valley orchard should return you a net profit of \$5,000 annually when ten years old. Instances of returns as high as \$1,750 from only 150 trees have been recorded in the Valley. Such a huge return as \$1,750 from only 150 trees of course, is decidedly rare, but it serves to emphasize the possibilities open to you in Bitter Root Valley.

We believe conservatively that an average annual net return of \$200 an acre or \$2,000 from ten acres should be satisfactory. After the fifth year from planting you should make a handsome profit from your orchard, the profit increasing year by year with the growth of your trees. Beginning with the tenth year, you should enjoy an income of \$2,000 annually for life from your 10 acres and employ only part of your time. No other form of legitimate investment yields more than three thousand acres of fruit trees, one to four years old, owned by satisfied customers who would not consider selling their orchards at a large advance over their cost.

Independence and a Competence for Life

If you have a fair-sized income now and are willing to improve your condition, you do not need much capital to possess one of these big-paying orchards.

Write for our Proposition and Plan

showing in detail how YOU can secure one of these splendid orchard home tracts of ten acres or more. If you are not ready to move to the valley now, ask us to tell you how you can arrange to have your orchard PLANTED, DEVELOPED and CARED FOR at approximately actual cost for the service until it comes into bearing, or until such time as you are ready to handle it personally.

Only a reasonable cash payment required now to secure your orchard tract—balance in easy payments divided over a ten year period. Your payments for the first few years are practically ALL the cash outlay you should have, as your orchard tract should meet all payments falling due while in commercial bearing period and yield you a handsome profit besides. Our reservation plan provides for inspection of the land by you, and your money back if dissatisfied.

INVESTIGATE by using this coupon TODAY—

BITTER ROOT VALLEY IRRIGATION CO.

854-858 First National Bank Building, Chicago, U. S. A.

Please send me full information concerning your Riverwise Orchard Tracts in Bitter Root Valley.

Name

Street No. or Rural Route

From

"I believe it to be the best medium-priced Cornet ever produced and that it is fully equal to the majority of high-priced instruments of other makes."

Jules Levy, Jr.

LYON & HEALY
American Professional
CORNET '30



Made in the U. S. from the finest metal to the finished product. The last word in cornets. The perfect combination of the best American workman's equipment. Superior tone. Outstanding. The all-around cornet. Send for Free 6 days' trial. Our Big New Band Catalogue ready. Contains complete information in both English and German. Write for copy.

LYON & HEALY, 37-41 E. Adams St., Chicago

WOULD YOU LIKE TO

as the case may be, it is probable that Johnny still remains in ignorance of his exact destination. There are certain facts that he does learn, however, and all of them tend to confirm the old sergeant's words. Among the enlisted men as in officers' clubs there always are to be found those whose minds are reservoirs of statistics, which they are eternally ready to pour forth.

He learns that the Orange Free State and the South African Republic—as the Transvaal once had the right to call itself—together have an area of about 163,000 square miles and a population of 887,000. The Orange Free State is almost, but not quite, as large as Virginia. Mexico, in extent, is nearly 748,000 square miles. Its population is nearly 11,800,000. For every Boer in existence there are more than ten Mexicans. The proportion of fighting units is about the same; one in five.

In dealing with Mexico we have one possible advantage that Great Britain did not have in its affair with the Boers. We are closer to the scene of action. This advantage is however largely if not wholly neutralized by the great length of the Mexican frontier; also by the character of that frontier. In all other respects England, in her Boer war, had advantages that are wholly denied to us.

THE Mexicans have a very respectable army; the Boers had none. The regular army of Great Britain stands high among the armies of the world; ours numbers less than seventy thousand men. The younger generations of the Boers were without experience in warfare; of late years the Mexicans, of all ages, have indulged in few other pursuits. Little wars, in India and elsewhere, always afford the Briton a chance to keep his hand in; except for the Spanish War, with its one small land battle and half dozen skirmishes, and the bushwacking fights in the Philippines, we have been without such experience within the memory of any man young enough to go and fight.

Again, except by sneaking them across the short and comparatively well-policed Portuguese border from Lorenzo Marques, the Boers had little or no opportunity to replenish depleted stores of arms and ammunition. Nothing we can do will prevent the Mexican from getting all he wants. Forced loans, together with confiscation of mine revenues and the like, will pay for them. Ports of entry are not required in order to bring them in. Mexico has something more than six thousand miles of coast. Our navy can maintain no effective blockade against a stretch such as that. England's navy could not do it. The combined navies of the world could hardly do it.

The theater of the Boer War consisted partly of fertile plains, partly of hills, partly of prairie. The same is true of Mexico. But the South African prairie usually can boast a certain degree of fertility. A large portion of the Mexican prairies are among the most impossible and impassable deserts that the planet affords. Its hills are apt to be rugged mountains, replete with fastnesses that can be held by a squad against a brigade.

John Smith mentally arranges these facts in parallel columns. No longer does he wonder at the old sergeant's words; only at the wisdom of him who uttered them. In due time the end of this first stage of his journey arrives.

It may of course be that he has been sent to the beautiful country that lies in the south and east of Mexico. The chances, however, are all against it. It was with those fertile lands that

war now are of little value. At that time the desert spaces of the north and west were almost unknown.

In which event John Smith, together with many of his mates, is dropped from a Southern Pacific train into blinding sunshine, seen through dust that sticks, as mud, to his sweat-dampened face. Most likely the thermometer stands somewhere in the vicinity of 110° in the shade. John Smith knows that it is hot, but he does not in the least realize how hot it is; the air is so dry. It is the utter desolation of the whole country over which his puckered eyes range that strikes him. Just illimitable stretches of parched and burning sand, dotted with cactus and dancing in the fierce heat-waves. A land of lizards and rattlesnakes. Only a few faint trails wind over its face. Otherwise it is trackless.

Nearer at hand however the scene is busy enough. Ever so short a time before, perhaps, the spot which now is a military base was only a desert siding. Buildings of corrugated iron have sprung into being as though by Eastern incantations. Great tents, like some new sort of gigantic mushrooms, eke them out. Far to one side are smaller tents in serried rows, colored like the dust from which they seem to have sprung.

Men are hurrying here and there; mostly men of the various staff corps or departments. Already John has learned to distinguish the insignia. Perhaps here and there he sees the lozenge on the collar of a blouse that tells him that its wearer is of the Paymaster General's Department. Officers and men of the Medical Corps are there in force, and very likely a sprinkling of the Adjutant General's Department. Probably Johnny, like many older soldiers, looks askance at the army lawyers, who report to the Judge-Advocate General. He sees Chaplains, with the silver crosses on their shoulder-straps. He sees also the double-turreted castle that denotes the Engineer Corps, and knows that these men will have with them workers of almost every trade on earth, save possibly one or two which are to be found in the Signal Corps. Also the tools for those men to use. For the first time he begins actually to realize what a complex and interdependent machine the army is.

BUT, most important of all at the present time and place, are the men who wear the wheel, key and sword as a badge—the men of the Quartermaster's Department. They have many duties. Upon one of these duties now depends not only the welfare but the life itself of every man who leaves the base. It is only a slight exaggeration to say that in this case John Smith and his mates exist principally to act as quartermaster's guards.

It is the army mule that has to transport, beside the multitudinous things that every army in the field requires, not only additional forage for himself and the other animals, but also water. Great quantities of it—water, which in that bare and burning country, stands high above all other necessities, and which is scarcer nowhere in all the world.

Then there comes a day when, from the base camp, dispersing squads of cavalry crawl, beetle-like, over the face of the desert and disappear toward the south. Suppressed excitement pervades the camp, for the men know that this is the van of an advance guard. Soon after the "general" sounds, and at its last note every tent falls. Johnny and his comrades form into line. The line swings into column, and to an accompaniment of clanking mess tins and cups, the column is away.



Nestlé's Grows with the "Better Babies" Movement

Across the land from end to end, from smallest village to biggest city, from little cottage to richest home, the mothers of the nation have joined in the fight for "Better Babies."

We have lived in ignorance long enough. Our babies have slipped from us, one in six, just because we did not know. But now we have heard the word of the doctor.

And with that awakening has grown the greater use of NESTLÉ'S FOOD. Where one mother used it seven years ago, five mothers use it today. They have learned that for a sound, healthy little body baby needs plenty of fresh air, lots of sleep, and most of all, just the right Food. They have learned that more babies die from impure cow's milk than from any other cause. They have learned that when baby can't have its mother's milk, it must have the same food elements, in just the right proportions. All of them the baby gets in

Nestlé's Food

Some of these elements baby gets in cow's milk, but the proportions are all wrong—and then there's the great danger of germs—sickness—even consumption—in that cow's milk.

In NESTLÉ'S the best cow's milk from healthy cows, in sanitary dairies, is so changed that it contains just what your baby needs. The milk is so purified, and so packed, that it is free as mother's milk from germs and impurities.

It comes to you in a dry powder. You simply add water, boil, and it is ready to build for your baby the same good health that it built for its mother and its grandmother.

Send the "Better Babies" Coupon. It brings a box of NESTLÉ'S (enough for 12 feedings) and an important Book by Specialists, full of things you ought to know.



NESTLÉ'S FOOD COMPANY,

338 Broadway, New York

Please send me, FREE, your book and trial package.

Name

Address

Waterman PORTO Does It

Makes any boat a motor boat. 1914 Model, 3 H. P. Weight 59 lbs. Sold direct from Factory to you, freight paid. Save Agent's profit.

The Waterman PORTO is the original outboard motor, 24 year—\$5,000 in use. Guaranteed for life. Fits any shaped stern; has Carburetor—no mixing valve; 3 Piston Rings instead of 1; Removable Phosphor Bronze Bearings; Solid Bronze Skeg, protecting 10 1/2 in. Propeller. Moves by rudder from any part of boat. Water-cooled Exhaust Manifold; Noiseless Under-water Exhaust; Bronze Gear Water Pump; Non-copper Water Jacket; any ignition equipment desired.

DEMAND these essentials in an outboard motor, or you won't get your money's worth.

Write Today for Free Engine Book.

Waterman Motor Co., 225 N. Elm St., Detroit, Mich.

Fish Bite Like hungry salmon

and you get the same

and you get the same

and you get the same

and you get the same

and you get the same

and you get the same

and you get the same

and you get the same

and you get the same

and you get the same

and you get the same

and you get the same

the goat flocks of the
ths, and appeared to
stage where it was be-
re wantonness rather
when one of the herd-



THE NATIONAL SUNDAY MAGAZINE



Koki-noor
Fast. Unfading. Strong.

HOME from the theatre at last!—and so tired and sleepy. But happily your gown is fastened with Koki-noor. One pull and it's unfastened! Such a great improvement over the hook and eye! And it's almost as easy to fasten your gown—snap! snap! snap!—it's done—and there's no coming unfastened, either.

Koki-noor Snap Fasteners make a smooth, flat placket. No points to catch in lace or hair. Can't rust or pull off in wringer. Can't tear the finest fabric. Look for the letters K-I-N on each button. Made in 13 sizes, black and white. Sold everywhere—10c per card of 12. Write us for Book of Premiums given for coupons on each card.

WALDES & CO., Makers
The World's Greatest Snap Fastener Manufacturers
137 W. Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Prague Dresden Paris Warsaw
London Montreal Chicago

Good Bye Headache!

THERE'S now instant relief from that aching, throbbing pain without taking dangerous pills or powders. You can easily and quickly apply

Hall's "Tak-a-way" Headache Bandage

and its cooling and soothing effect will soon drive away your headache. This bandage is made of medicated moist gauze and shaped to fit snugly over the forehead and temples. **There's no harmful effect on your heart—no filling your stomach and system with drugs.**

Each bandage is packed in an airtight envelope. Price 10c at all drug stores. If not obtainable at your drug store, send a dime or stamps direct to us.

Look for the "HALL" Mark when you buy Medicated Plaster and Surgical Dressings.

Wilford Hall Laboratories
Port Chester, New York

30 Days
Free Trial—
Freight Paid



White Frost Refrigerator

Direct to you at factory prices. Keeps food pure, sweet, wholesome. White enamel inside and out. Revolving shelves. Adopted and used by U. S. Gov't.

Easy payment plan. Enjoy its goodness while paying for it. Guaranteed 5 years. Write today for free catalog.

WHITE FROST CO.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Dept. 555, Jackson, Mich.

Agents Make \$3 to \$10 A Day!
NO-KEY PADLOCK

Write to us today. We will send you a free catalog. We will also send you a free trial of our No-Key Padlock. It is a new invention. It is a padlock that does not require a key. It is a padlock that is made of a special material. It is a padlock that is guaranteed for 5 years. Write today for free catalog.

across the dry plain. It—the dust—cakes in John's dry throat until he is half mad with thirst, and greedily he sucks at his canteen until it also is dry. Old soldiers have warned him to endure the thirst until there is a halt, when a comparatively small drink will serve him, but at first the temptation to slake that parched dryness is too much for him.

He learns that for him there will be little or none of the excitement and glory of war as he has pictured it to himself. He knows now that on the northern and the southern edges of Mexico there are selva edges, as one might say, of our occupation.

Between these two selvages, however, there is a network of tenuous lines that must be guarded. These are lines of communication between military bases and certain points; also lines of intercommunication. Some of these points are important because water is found there, some because they are of strategic importance in other ways—there are not very many of these latter—but mostly because there are foreign interests that have to be protected.

MOST of these interests are in themselves of little intrinsic importance. Some foreigner perhaps has a little mine, store or tiny manufacturing business. More likely still, he has married a Mexican girl, and all her relatives have put their property in his name in order to keep it from the rapacity of their own warring countrymen. The property itself may amount almost to nothing, but that does not matter. Subjected unduly to the hazards of war it would be a peg upon which just complaints could be hung. This is one kind of the bad beer for which we are paying so high a price. Johnny Smith and his comrades are the coin in which the price is paid.

Still, there is a small silver lining to his cloud. In this part of the country John is spared two things that beset his more fortunate comrades in other localities. One is that he is never sunstruck. No one knows why this is, though there are many scientific guesses. The other is that vermin do not trouble him. The country is too hot for them.

But Johnny has enemies enough without these. There is the unutterable monotony, for one thing. Then, lack of water, or still worse, bad water. This is where the unfortunate "amachure" falls in greater numbers, by far, than bullets bring down. Then the fevers, and the ever-present dangers of getting lost on those trackless plains when perhaps one is within a short walk of comrades and safety. That means that unless rescued the lost man dies in fearful tortures, by the thirst that is always with him or at his elbow.

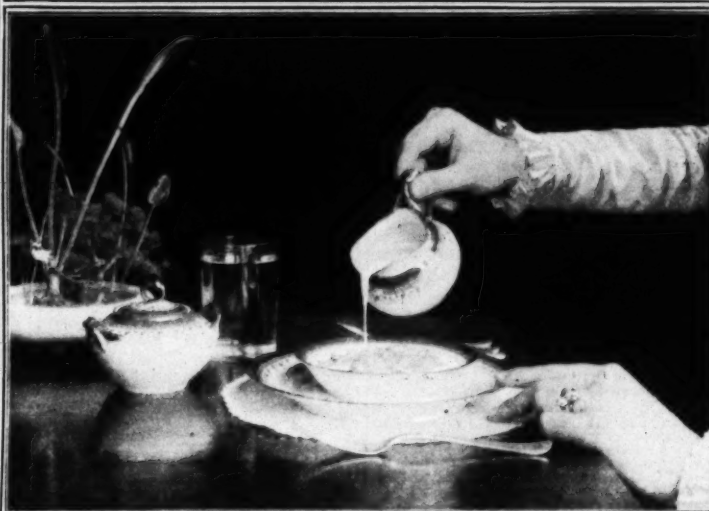
Pitched battles are few, and grow scarcer as time goes on. To see an enemy in force is the one thing that Johnny longs for above all others, but like many of the good things of the world, it probably is denied him. So he curses the Mexicans for a set of treacherous, murderous brutes, which they are; also for a nation of cowards, which they are not. There is no such thing as a nation of cowards. Methods of both thought and action will differ; that is all. It is to the Mexican method that Johnny objects. The Mexican objects to ours. Both have reason.

The Mexican, in time of any invasion, will know the country through which he is working; we will not. The Mexican makes the finest irregular cavalry in the world.

Therefore it follows that now and then, when a party of our men, to further develop the picture, are for the most part sunk in the uneasy sleep that follows a day of the desert, a sentry challenges, and his rifle cracks before the words have fairly left his lips. Waking, John Smith hears the patter of a man's feet on the sand, and a moment later a Mexican is before him, a Mexican who is a

10% More for Your Money

Quaker Oats is now put up also in a 25-cent size, nearly three times as large as the 10-cent size. By saving in packing it offers you 10 per cent more for your money. See how long it lasts.



The Cream That You Use On Quaker

Is the richness of the milk. It has a finer flavor than whole milk.

So with Quaker Oats. It is made by our process from the cream of the oats. Grains as they come to us—small and large—could never supply such flavor.

We pick out the big grains, the plump and the luscious. We get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel. That is the secret of this taste and aroma.

But this cream of the oats, unlike cream of the milk, costs you no extra price. You get this richness unmixed, undiluted in Quaker, for one-half cent per dish.

Quaker Oats With a Rich, Distinctive Flavor

Many years ago, in a very small way, we started to make this food of foods.

We picked out the grains as now. We rolled them, as now, into large, luscious flakes. And we employed a long process to keep the flavor intact.

A few housewives bought it. Then more and more. The fame of this flavor spread.

Now Quaker Oats has become the world's breakfast. A hundred nations send to us to get it. A thousand million dishes are consumed each year.

The reason is this flavor. We made Quaker Oats inviting. Nature made it the utmost in energy food. We made it delicious so children would eat an abundance.

Now millions of children every day get vim from Quaker Oats.

That's what it means to get Quaker—a delicacy, a delightful dish at a very little price. And a love for food which every child needs, and most grown-ups.

Serve Quaker Oats in large dishes. Small servings are not sufficient to show in full its vim-producing power.

10c and 25c per Package
Except in Far West and South

The large 25-cent package gives ten per cent more for the money

The Quaker Oats Company

"What did she mean by placing an officious hiring before the door?"



"I see," said Miss Guile, after a moment. "He wouldn't sleep with one eye open. I see."

"The lap of luxury is an enviable resting-place. I know of no prince who would despise it."

"But a wife is sometimes a thing to be despised," said she.

"Quite true," said Mr. Totten. "I've no doubt that the Prince of Graustark will despise his wife, and for that reason will be quite content to close both eyes and let her go on searching for her heart's desire."

"She would be his Princess. Could he afford to allow his love of luxury to go as far as that?"

"Quite as justifiably, I should say, as Mr. Blithers when he delivers his only child into—into bondage."

"You were about to use another term."

"I was, but I thought in time, Miss Guile."

R. Schmidt sauntered briskly past at this juncture, looking neither to the right nor left. They watched him until he disappeared down the deck.

"I think Mr. Schmidt is a perfectly delightful young man," said Mrs. Gaston, simply because she couldn't help it.

"You really think he will marry Miss Blithers, Mr. Totten?" ventured Miss Guile.

"He? Oh, I see—the Prince?" Mr. Totten came near to being no diplomat. "How should I know, Miss Guile?"

"Of course! How should you know?" she cried.

Mr. Totten found something to interest him in the printed sheet and proceeded to read it with considerable avidity. Miss Guile smiled to herself and purposely avoided the shocked look in Mrs. Gaston's eyes.

"Bouillon at last," cried the agitated duenna, and peremptorily summoned one of the tray-bearing stewards. "I am famished."

Evidently Mr. Totten did not care for his mid-morning refreshment, for, with the most courtly of smiles, he arose and left them to their bouillon.

"Here comes Mr. Schmidt," whispered Mrs. Gaston excitedly, a few moments later, and at once made a movement indicative of hasty departure.

"Sit still," said Miss Guile peremptorily.

R. Schmidt again passed them by without so much as a glance in their direction. There was a very sweet smile on Miss Guile's lips as she closed her eyes and lay back in her chair. Once, twice, thrice, even as many as six times R. Schmidt strode rapidly by their corner, his head high and his face aglow.

At last a queer little pucker appeared on the serene brow of the far from drowsy young lady whose eyes peeped through half closed lids. Suddenly she threw off her rug and with a brief remark to her companion arose and went to her cabin. Mrs. Gaston followed, not from choice but because the brief remark was in the nature of a command.

Soon afterward, R. Schmidt who had been joined by Dank, threw himself into his chair with a great sigh of fatigue and said:

"Gad, I've walked a hundred miles since breakfast. Have you a match?"

"Hobbs has made a very curious discovery," said the young lieutenant, producing his match-box. There was a perturbed look in his eyes.

"If Hobbs isn't careful he'll discover a new continent one of these days. He is always discovering something," said Robin, puffing away at his pipe.

to get into one of her mistress's trunks. Now, the first letter in Guile is G, isn't it? Well, Hobbs says there are at least half a dozen trunks there belonging to the young lady and that all of them are marked with a large red B. What do you make of it?"

The Prince had stopped puffing at his pipe. "Hobbs may be mistaken in the maid, Dank. It is likely that they are not Miss Guile's trunks at all."

"He appears to be absolutely sure of his ground. He heard the maid mention Miss Guile's name when she directed the men to get one of the trunks out of the pile. That's what attracted his attention. He confided to me that you are interested in the young lady, and therefore it was quite natural for him to be similarly affected. 'Like master, like man,' d'ye see?"

"Really, you know, Dank, I ought to dismiss Hobbs," said Robin irritably. "He is getting to be a dreadful nuisance. Always nosing around, trying to —"

"But after all, sir, you'll have to admit that he has made a puzzling discovery. Why should her luggage be marked with a B?"

"I should say because her name begins with a B," said Robin shortly.

"In that case, it isn't Guile."

"Obviously." The young man was thinking very hard.

"And if it isn't Guile, there must be an excellent reason for her sailing under a false name. She doesn't look like an adventuress."

R. Schmidt rewarded this remark with a cold stare. "Would you mind telling me what she does look like, Dank?" he enquired severely.

THE lieutenant flushed. "I have not had the same opportunity for observation that you've enjoyed, sir, but I should say, off-hand, that she looks like a very dangerous young person."

"Do you mean to imply that she is — er — not altogether what one would call right?"

Dank grinned. "Don't you regard her as rather perilously beautiful?"

"Oh, I see. That's what you mean. I suppose you got that from Hobbs, too."

"Not at all. I have an excellent pair of eyes."

"What are you trying to get at, Dank?" demanded Robin abruptly.

"I'm trying to get to the bottom of Miss Guile's guile, if it please your royal highness," said the lieutenant coolly. "It is hard to connect the G and the B, you know."

"But why should we deny her a privilege that we are enjoying, all three of us? Are we not in the same boat?"

"Literally and figuratively. That explains nothing, however."

"Have you a theory?"

"There are many that we could advance, but, of course, only one of them could be the right one, even if we were acute enough to include it in our list of guesses. She may have an imperative reason for not disclosing her identity. For instance, she may be running away to get married."

"That's possible," agreed Robin.

"But not probable. She may be a popular music-hall favorite, or one of those peculiarly clever creatures known as the American newspaper woman, against whom we have been warned. Don't you regard it as rather significant that of all the people on this ship she should be the one to attach herself to the unrecognized Prince of Graustark? Put two and two together, sir, and —"

"I find it singularly difficult to put one and one together, Dank," said the Prince ruefully. "No; you are wrong in both of your guesses. I've encountered music-hall favorites and I can assure you she isn't one of them. And as for your statement that she attached herself to you, you were —"

care a hang whether I'm on the ship or clinging to a life preserver out there in the middle of the Atlantic. I have reason to know, Dank."

"So be it," said Dank, but with doubt in his eyes. "You ought to know. I've never spoken to her, so —"

"She thinks you are a dreadfully attractive chap, Dank," said Robin mischievously. "She said so only yesterday."

Dank gave his Prince a disgusted look, and smoked on in silence. His dignity was ruffled.

"Her Christian name is Bedelia," ventured Robin, after a pause.

"That doesn't get us anywhere," said Dank sourly. "And her mother is Irish."

"Which accounts for those wonderful Irish blue eyes that —"

"So you've noticed them, eh?"

"Naturally."

"I consider them a very dark gray."

"I think we'd better get back to the luggage," said Dank hastily. "Hobbs thinks she —"

"OH, Lord, Dank, don't tell me what Hobbs thinks," growled Robin. "Let her make use of all the letters in the alphabet if it pleases her. What is it to us? Moreover, she may be utilizing a lot of borrowed trunks, who knows? Or B may have been her initial before she was divorced and —"

"Divorced?"

"—her maiden name restored," concluded Robin airily. "Simple deduction, Dank. Don't bother your head about her any longer. What we know isn't going to hurt us, and what we don't know isn't —"

"Has it occurred to you that Russia may have set spies upon you —"

"Nonsense!"

"It isn't as preposterous as you —"

"Come, old fellow, let's forget Miss Guile," cried Robin, slapping the lieutenant on the shoulder.

"Let's think of the real peril,—Maude Applegate Blithers." He held up the ship's paper for Dank to see and then leaned

(Continued on Page 10)

A NEW ENGLAND JUNE

By BLISS CARMAN

These things I remember
Of New England June,
Like a vivid day dream
In the azure noon,
While one haunting figure
Strays through every scene,
Like the soul of beauty
Through her lost demesne.

Gardens full of roses
And peonies a-blow
In the dewy morning,
Row on stately row,
Spreading their gay patterns,
Crimson, pied and cream,
Like some gorgeous fresco
Or an Eastern dream.

Nets of waving sunlight
Falling through the trees:
Fields of gold-white daisies
Rippling in the breeze;
Lazy lifting groundswells,
Breaking green as jade
On the blue beaches,
Where the shore-birds wade.

Out of every picture
Still she comes to me
With the morning freshness
Of the summer sea,—
A glory in her bearing,
A sea-light in her eyes,
As if she could not forget
The Spell of Paradise.

Thrushes in the deep woods,
With their golden themes,
Fluting like the choirs
At the birth of dreams,
Fireflies in the meadows
At the gate of Night,
With their fairy lanterns
Twinkling soft and bright.

Ah, not in the roses,
Nor the azure noon,
Nor the thrushes' music,
Lies the soul of June.
It is something finer,
More unfading far,
Than the primrose evening—
And the Silver Star.

When the ghostly moonlight
Walks my garden ground,
Like a leisurely patrol
On his nightly round,
These things I remember
Of the long ago,
While the slumberous roses
Neither care nor know.



"Oh!" Mr. Totten arose and bowed with courtesy grace to the new arrival on the scene. He appeared to be immensely relieved. "A lovely morning, Miss Guile," he said as he stooped to arrange her rug. "I was just telling Mr. Totten that you are a wonderful sailor," said Mrs. "Ah, but we spoke of the Prince as a lap-dog or a cur, Miss Guile, not as a watch-dog," said he.

...of today is not so dim
...there is a clear, inquiring
...No longer need we
...on straight? We h
...at any angle that please
...in two layers of soft straw
...of blue, with ribbon and

...PEN the dark close
...room in your hot
...Bring out the pr
...any page and enjoy t
...and them, with the eye
...fashion as well as poet
...girls and boys and their
...Of course, you wou
...than a minute over the
...and met with the awful
...No, the petticoat cut so t
...identity is not to be thou
...posite is Little Bo-Pee
...Think a minute and p
...ymes of Mother Goo
...day.

THE NATIONAL SUNDAY MAGAZINE

IT

Oils
3-in-One lubri-
cates small
mechanisms
just right. Flows
to the deepest
part of a bearing and
spreads evenly through
it. Works out dust and
dirt. Never gums or
dries out. Wears a
long time.

Cleans & Polishes
3-in-One
restores
the new look to time-worn
furniture. Brings out
wood tints and the beauti-
ful grain. Polishes a hardwood floor to
perfection. Makes the finest dustless
duster possible.

Prevents Rust
Nothing of steel or iron can rust when
wiped with a little 3-in-One. Bathroom
fixtures and all
nickel trimmings keep shiny
when 3-in-One is used.

Sold in hardware, drug, grocery, housefurnishing and
general stores. 1 oz. bottle, 10c; 3 oz. bottle, 25c; 8 oz. (1-2 pt.),
60c. Also in Handy Oil Cans, 3, 12 oz. 25c. If these cans
are not with your dealer, we will send one by parcel post,
full of 3-in-One for 30c.

A Library Slip with every bottle.

FREE Write for a generous free sample of 3-in-One
and the 3-in-One Dictionary.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.

42-2H Broadway New York

3-IN-ONE OIL

No "Made Up" Look
No matter whether on the
street or under artificial
light you may always retain
the youthful, lovely natural
complexion that nature
gave you through use of
CARMEN
Complexion Powder
Doesn't Show Powder
Try it and see—Carmen will
not rub off until you remove
it. nor lose its delicate fra-
grance. Refined people use
CARMEN exclusively for it
DOESN'T SHOW POWDER.
Harmless and pure, CARMEN ben-
efits the skin instead of injuring it. It's
different from other powders. White,
Pink, Flesh and Cream—your druggist or
Department Store. Toilet Size, 50 cents.

Purse Size Box Given Away
together with handsome useful purse mirror—to
every woman writing for it enclosing 10c in stamps or
silver to cover cost of postage and packing—containing
sufficient Carmen Powder for two or three weeks' dem-
onstrates conclusively that Carmen Powder is perfect.

Stafford-Miller Company,

569 Olive St. St. Louis, Mo.

IMPERIAL GRANUM
The Unsweetened FOOD
SAVES BABIES' LIVES
Makes hard, firm flesh, good
bone and rich, red blood.
Keeps babies
healthy during
hot weather.
For the
Nursing
Mother
Increases the
quantity and quality of her
milk and gives strength to bear
the strain of nursing.
Send for FREE sample and 44 pp. book,
"The Care of Babies."
JOHN CARLE & SONS, Desk 31, 153 Water St., New York
Include the names of a friend with babies
and a cute Rag Doll will be sent you.

Wrinkles
Thousands have successfully used
this formula to remove
traces of age, illness or
worry: 1 oz. of pure
Powdered SAXOLITE
dissolved in 1/2 pt. with hand-
some as a face wash. The effect
is almost magical. Deep-set wrinkles, coarse
skin, redness, blotches, freckles, and
all blemishes disappear. The complexion
becomes fine, smooth,
and glowing. The eyes
are bright and shining.
After using for 20 years with this
formula I MAKE MYSELF YOUNG!
—Every Girl That Person Knows That
IT'S NO JOKE TO BE DEAL
KETTER PHARMACAL CORPORATION
1490 Broadway
New York City

shrieks "to arms!" very likely to be
cut off in the middle of a note.

Already John and his comrades are
pouring from their tents, or the little
adobe *cuartel*, which they have made
their own. He sees the flash of a
machete, and looses his rifle in that
direction as fast as his hands can
work its breech-block to and fro.
Perhaps he hears the thunder of the
hoofs of stampeded cavalry horses.
Perhaps, too, he catches sight of a
peaked hat topping a rise. Dropping
on one knee he takes quick aim and
fires. If he is fortunate, the silhouet-
ted form beneath that hat crumples
in its saddle and falls in a huddled
mass on the ground.

THAT is the sort, and the only sort of
warfare awaiting the main body of
any invading force. John Smith, and
even his cousin Tom of the cavalry,
is limited by his distance from a base.
The Mexican guerrilla has no such
limitations. He has no baggage. He
has a string of horses, so that he can
ride one to its capacity and then take
another, allowing the spare ones to
pick up their living as best they may.
He knows every water tank—natural
depressions in rocks, filled by the
infrequent rains. They hold enough
for only a very few horses and men.

John is taught to make war on the
standing crops where there are any,
on his horses and the unoffending
cattle. At last, starved into a sullen
submission, the guerrilla surrenders.

Then we will stay and regulate the
country, as we always do. We will
start it well on the road to a prosper-
ity such as it never has seen. At
this point the peculiarly futile
sentimentality which characterizes
us as a race comes into play. Instead
of governing the conquered territory
as the better classes of its inhabitants
have a right to expect that we will,
we withdraw. Once more the men
who have disrupted the land, who
drenched it in blood and made it
resonant with the screams of murder-
ed women and children will be
left in power—as they always are,
by us.

For a time these men will be wary,
as invariably happens. Then, as
usual, they will commit some outrage
which even log-suffering Uncle Sam
cannot pass over unrebuked.

And the whole thing has to be done
over again.

1 Tabs on the Famous

By Fred C. Kelly

REPRESENTATIVES Daniel A.
Driscoll, of Buffalo, New York,
and Martin Foster, of Illinois, are
often seen together in the House
cloakroom conversing in low, earnest,
confidential tones. Foster used to be
a doctor and Driscoll an undertaker.

Representative Humphreys, of Mis-
sissippi, used to be a drummer, and
sold whisky and cigars throughout
his district. But he never drank or
smoked, and this unexpected abstem-
iousness made such an impression on
the people that later on when he ran
for Congress nobody else had much
chance.

The two foremost heroes in Con-
gress are Senator "Biffy" Hughes, of
New Jersey, and Representative
Robert E. Lee, of Pennsylvania. Each
is an expert swimmer and has rescued
several persons from drowning.

Representative John W. Langley,
of Kentucky, makes his campaigns
for Congress by going about to bar-
becues in his district and captivating
the people by his selections on an
ordinary little vest-pocket Jew's harp.

Representative Stanley E. Bowdle,
of Ohio, the successor to Nicholas
Longworth, is a Congressman, spins ayro-
scopic tales, and is the best



"No Fun," Says He, "Unless You Wear B. V. D."

GET the full fun out of your vacation in B. V. D. If you're cool,
work is play, and either side of the road is the shady side. In
B. V. D. you belong to the "I Won't Worry Club." Join it right
away, and you'll daily look at life through rose-colored glasses, with a
quip on your lip and a song in your heart.

For your own welfare, fix the B. V. D. Red Woven
Label in your mind and make the salesman
show it to you. If he can't or won't, walk
out! On every B. V. D. garment is sewed

This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

B. V. D. Cont. Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., \$1.00 and \$1.50 the Garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. 4,307,07; \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$5.00 the Suit).

The B. V. D. Company, New York.
London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.

Fishing With a "CAILLE"
enhances your chances for a big catch 100%.
Your hands are always free to handle the
rod because you leave all the rowing to your
Caille Portable Boat Motor

Can be attached to any row boat by simply turning two thumb screws and will drive it 7 to 9 miles an hour or slow enough to troll. Develops 2 H. P. Weighs but 55 lbs. It is started with a rubber-line launch. Starts with half a turn of the flywheel. Furnished with batteries or marine, recharged with batteries or generator exhaust. Send for catalog. Dealers wanted.

FOR LARGER BOATS we build marine motors from 2 to 20 H. P. Ask for our free Marine Motor Blue Book.

The Caille Perfection Motor Co., 1451 Caille St., Detroit, Mich.

Delivered TO FREE
on Approval and 30 days Trial

THIS 1914 Model Ranger

SEND NO MONEY but write today for our big
121 catalog of "Ranger"
Bicycles, Tires and Sundries at prices so low they will
astonish you. Also particulars of our great new offer
to deliver you a Ranger Bicycle on one month's free
trial without a cent expense to you.
BOYS you can make money taking orders for bicycles,
tires, lamps, sundries, etc. from our big hand-
some catalog. It's free. It contains "combination offers"
for re-fitting your old bicycle like new at very low cost.
Also much useful bicycle information. Send for it.
LOW FACTORY PRICES direct to you. No one else can
offer such values and such
terms. You cannot afford to buy a bicycle, tires or sundries
without first learning what we can offer you. Write now.
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. H-194, CHICAGO, ILL.

Dessert Book FREE

Let us send you the Knox Recipe Book, and enough KNOX Granulated Gelatine to make one pint—enough to try most any one of our desserts, puddings, salads or jellies, also ice cream, ices, candies, etc.

Recipe book free for your grocer's name—
just sample for a 2-cent stamp.

KNOX GELATINE
212 Knox Ave. Johnstown, N. Y.

WATCHING FREE
We give beautiful programs, select
and give away prizes, and we have
a lot of fun. Write for our FREE
catalogue of prizes and programs.

WHY SUFFER

DENT'S TOOTHACHE GUM

STOPS THE ACHE

INSIST ON DENT'S
ALL DRUGGISTS "15¢

HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLERS

On the Flying Line at Philadelphia. Mr. Sousa is No. 2

THRILLING SPORT.
THE long shadows of the pyramidal piles of the Hindu temples were cutting purple triangles on the still faces of the lily tanks when Fowle and I, hot, stiff,

posai. We had returned to Jammu, therefore, with the intention of taking train for Rawal Pindi, there to start for Kashmir proper over the cart road by tonga. The old "cheetah master," however, suggested a

rough coat, round skull and no occipital ridge. Fowle, who has made an exhaustive study of the subject, holds that the panther is simply a younger member of the leopard family, and that, with age, it gradually takes

had been preying on the goat village for some months, and be just reaching that stage when ginning to kill in pure wanton than for food alone, when one



Evidently Mr. Totten did not care for the refreshment. With the most courtly of smiles, he arose and left them to their bouillon

THE PRINCE OF GRAUSTARK

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

Author of Beverly of Graustark, Brewsters Millions, Etc.

Illustrations by R F Schabelitz



ES; it is quite apparent that the Blithers family intends to have a title at any cost," she said, and her eyes flashed.

"Would you like to take a few turns, Miss Guile?" he inquired, a trace of nervousness in his manner. "I think I can take you safely over the hurdles and around the bunkers." He indicated the outstretched legs along the promenade deck and the immovable groups of chatters

along the rail.

Before deciding, she shot an investigating glance into the corner. Mrs. Gaston was not only there but was engaged in conversation with the gray-mustached gentleman in a near-by chair. It required but half a glance to show that Mr. Totten was unmistakably interested in something the voluble lady had just said to him.

"No, thank you, Mr. Schmidt," said Miss Guile hastily, and then hurried over to her chair, a distinct cloud on her smooth brow. Robin, considering himself dismissed, whiped and went his way, a dark flush spreading over his face. Never, in all his life, had he been quite so out of patience with the world as on this bright sunny morning.

Miss Guile's frown deepened when her abrupt appearance at Mrs. Gaston's side caused that lady to look up with a guilty start and to break off in the middle of a sentence that had begun with: "International marriages, as a rule, are—Oh!"

Mr. Totten arose and bowed with courtly grace to the new arrival on the scene. He appeared to be immensely relieved.

"A lovely morning, Miss Guile," he said as he stopped to arrange her rug.

"A lovely morning," she replied, glancing at her watch. "I must be going."

"I give you my word, she doesn't

attach herself to me, you were

as for your statement that she

you she isn't one of them. And

half-favorites and I can assure

you are wrong in both of your

said the Prince prettily. "No!"

put one and one together, thank

RETROSPECTIVE—Prince Robin of Graustark, traveling about the world, arrives in the Catskills to visit the Truxon Kings. W. W. Blithers, self-made multimillionaire and doting father of an only daughter, Maude, prematurely decides on the Prince as a son-in-law. He knows that Graustark is financially embarrassed as a result of the Balkan wars, and with the Blithers millions in mind he confides his domestic ambition to his wife. Blithers calls at the King villa and meets the Prince. He decides to lend Graustark \$16,000,000 and departs for New York to confer with Count Quinnox, the Graustark Minister of War. Meanwhile it is decided to give a ball at Blitherswood in honor of Prince Robin. Maude does not attend the ball, and Mr. Blithers, meeting the Prince the next day, apologizes and invites him to dinner and to be his son-in-law. Maude writes her parents that she and her former governess are going abroad, she under an assumed name, and expect to book passage on the Jupiter. Coincidentally Prince Robin plans his return to Graustark, and sails under the name R. Schmidt, to avoid publicity. He meets a mysterious Miss Guile on board and is infatuated. She discovers that he is the Prince of Graustark.

Gaston, a note of appeal in her voice. "He says his friend, Mr. Schmidt, is also a good sailor. Isn't it perfectly wonderful?"

"I can't see anything wonderful about it," said Miss Guile, fixing the ex-governess with a look that seared.

"We were speaking of this rumored engagement of the Prince of Graustark and—er—what's the name?" He glanced at his newspaper. "Miss Blithers, of course. I enquired of Mrs.—er—Gaston if she happens to know the young lady. She remembers seeing her frequently as a very small child."

"In Paris," said Mrs. Gaston. "One couldn't very well help seeing her, you know. She was the only child of the great Mr. Blithers, whose name was on every one's lips at the—"

Miss Guile interrupted. "It would be like the great Mr. Blithers to buy this toy prince for his daughter—as a family plaything or human lap-dog, or something of the sort, wouldn't it?"

Mr. Totten betrayed no emotion save amusement. Miss Guile was watching through half-closed eyes. There was a noticeable stiffening of the prim figure of Mrs. Gaston.

"I've no doubt Mr. Blithers can afford to buy the most expensive of toys for his only child. You Americans go in for the luxuries of life. What could be more extravagant than the purchase of a royal lap-dog? The only drawback I can suggest is that the Prince might turn out to be a cur, and then where would Mr. Blithers be?"

"It is more to the point to ask where Miss Blithers would be, Mr. Totten," said Miss Guile, with a smile that caused the fierce old warrior to afterwards declare to Dank that he never had seen a lovelier girl in all his life.

"A. B. But, we strike of the Prince as a lap-dog or a cur. Miss Guile, not as a

matchless, matchless

was the bold when Miss Guile's mouth came down

"that this is really interesting. It seems that he

something," said Robin, putting away at his pipe.

ment one of these days. He is always discovering

There was a perturbed look in his eyes.

The young lieutenant, producing his match-box.

"Hobbs has made a very curious discovery," said

But, have you a match?"

"And, I've walked a hundred miles since break-

the goat flocks of the
aths, and appeared to
stage where it was be-
re wantonness rather
when one of the herd-

"Ready! Pull! Dead!"

BY
JOHN PHILIP SOUSA



THE vernacular of sports is most mystifying to the uninitiated. As a game grows in popularity there is created a jargon, a cant, and a slang peculiarly its own. Baseball furnishes the most familiar example in this respect, and when an old lady watching a game of tennis de-

plored the fact that those who accumulated "Love" the most, were the groughest. Had she known that "Love" means nothing, and nothing is so exasperating as nothing, she would have understood.

Trapshooting is the youngest of all the great sports; but it is increasing in popular esteem by leaps and bounds. It is estimated that there are over two hundred thousand men and women who face the Trap during the season. Gun Clubs exist in all cities and towns in the country. Like Baseball, Golf, Tennis and other pastimes, Trapshooting has risen to the dignity of a language of its own. When you hear a group of men and women discussing "Bulk" and "Dense," "Full choke," "Drop," "Comb," "Pull," "Regulation birds," know ye, they are Trapshooters. For "Bulk" and "Dense" mean the smokeless powders used by the shooters. "Full choke" explains the special boring of the gun-barrel; "Drop," the inches the heel of the stock is below the sight when the gun is in position at the shoulder. "Comb" is the crest of the stock. "Pull" the power required to release the trigger. "Regulation birds," the speed, height and angle of the saucer-like targets known as "Blue-rocks," "White-fliers," etc., when thrown from the trap.

The flying target pastime makes many appeals to the lover of sports. It is a wonderful developer of self-reliance. It is your own game, and no one can do it for you. It is not a sport for the vacillating; for it requires great concentration and a happy blending of mental and physical attributes. The exercise in lifting to the shoulder, an eight-pound gun hundreds of times daily is a muscle-building factor and a sure death to insomnia. The recoil of the gun acts as a stimulating massage for tired nerves and muscles.

It has one great advantage over field shooting. There are many to whom it is abhorrent to destroy God's feathery creatures for sport. At the traps you shoot at inanimate clay; and to the most tender hearted, there can be no compunction in smashing the little black discs. All one's mental faculties are quickened, for the bird thrown from unknown angles with varying speed, made

illusory by the force of wind currents keeps one keenly alive to new conditions. Shooting where they ain't" successfully, adds to the exhilaration of the game.

As a promoter of correct living it is ever on the job. Local option and Fletcherism are not in it as deterrents of one's appetites. A contestant desiring success must be temperate in all things. A foggy brain or a gorged, overworked stomach, means a sluggish shooter, and a sluggish shooter means a defeated contestant. Spartan abnegation is absolutely necessary to success. I recall some six years since, while attending an important tournament in the Middle West, a young shooter led the field at the close of the first day. He shot with such splendid rhythm and accuracy that he was picked by the experts as the probable winner of the trophy. That night he proceeded to "paint the town." When he appeared at the traps next morning he was bleary-eyed, nervous and sluggish, and at the end of the day he was at the tail-end of the field of over two hundred shooters. I have shot with him many times since, and nothing can persuade him to put another coat of paint on the town. The humiliation of defeat was the greatest temperance lecture possible.

Trapshooting is a splendid pastime for women. It is a tonic for the nervous system and makes a woman agile and alert. I have shot in many matches with women and have never seen an ungraceful one at the traps. The sport is most suitable to the gentle sex, for woman's quick perception both of eye and brain are splendid factors in the make-up of the shooter. In the beginning, women did not take to the shot gun because it was synonymous with death to the feathery denizens of the air. She who we call Grandmother, Mother, Aunt, Sister, Wife and Daughter love innocent nature too much to destroy it for sport. With the coming of the clay bird women shooters have become nearly as numerous as women golfers and tennis players. In the shooting game she is not segregated; she is not classified as a woman, but as a shooter. She meets all men shooters on an equality and there is nothing in which she so delights as beating mere man at his own game. Among the growing number of women trapshooters, it is significant that two prominent eastern clubs are composed of women members exclusively.

The trapshooting world embraces all from potentate to peasant, from octogenarian to callow youth, from grizzled warrior to sweet sixteen; and all are happy when they call "Pull" and hear the referee announce "Dead."



Learn TRAPSHOOTING The Sport Alluring for Everybody

TRAPSHOOTING is the "open door" leading to hours of pleasure and instruction.

Thousands of men and women are regular attendants at the traps of the three thousand active gun clubs located in nearly every city and town. The country air, the zest of competition, the excitement attending the actual shooting at the elusive clay targets and the keen delight following a well-aimed shot account for its tremendous popularity. Learning to shoot

Is Not Difficult

as every club welcomes the visitor. Instructions, guns and encouragement make the first trial a pleasure and frequently astonishes coacher because of unexpected ability of the novice. Go out to your gun club. Try a shot at the fleet little clay targets. "There's a reason" why Trapshooting is the "Sport Alluring."

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLETS

"The Sport Alluring" giving a man's viewpoint about Trapshooting, and a valuable chapter on "Hints to Beginners" explains many fine points of importance. "Diana of the Traps" gives the actual experiences of women who have become experts at the traps. Tells how they learned to shoot and smooths out the "rough places" for women desirous of becoming good shots. State booklet wanted and address Dept. 283-S.

DU PONT POWDER CO.

Established 1802

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE



HUTT POSTERS 25c IN EIGHT COLORS



Either of these two beautiful art posters by Henry Hutt, reproduced in 8 colors from the original oil paintings

25 Cents

The Ideal Den or Boudoir Poster



The coloring is expensive hand work on heavy white art board—not paper. The posters are 16 inches high and 10 inches wide, carefully wrapped in white tissue—Mailed flat in heavy corrugated board and any damaged picture replaced. Money back if not satisfied.

A regular \$1.00 value for 25 cents if you send at once.

Barre Studio, 6642 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Be a Doctor of CHIROPRACTIC

Learn at Home and in Class
Millions of people prefer drugless healing to medicine—there is a big demand for Doctors of Chiropractic—the new drugless science. Capitalize your spare time, learn this lucrative profession—earn \$3,000 to \$5,000 Yearly. Simplified course, profusely illustrated; also 14 big free charts and a spinal column—makes study fascinating—easy. Fees earned quickly pay for course.
Free Lessons Write for FREE sample lesson, illustrated catalog, names and addresses of successful graduates and big book by ELBERT HUBBARD, National School of Chiropractic, Dept. 12, 1553 W. Madison, Chicago.

LAW

PAY BIG INCOMES. Large salary position open with big firm. Any one can learn law now. Our simplified method trains you at home, in spare time. No previous legal knowledge. Thousands of successful graduates. Write for FREE sample lesson, illustrated catalog, names and addresses of successful graduates and big book by ELBERT HUBBARD, National School of Chiropractic, Dept. 12, 1553 W. Madison, Chicago.

TO SAVE EYES

Is the Object of This Free Prescription—Try It if your Eyes Give You Trouble.

Thousands of people suffer from eye troubles because they do not know what to do. They know some good home remedy for every other minor ailment, but none for their eye troubles. They neglect their eyes because the trouble is not sufficient to drive them to an eye specialist, who would, anyway, charge them a heavy fee. As a last resort they go to an optician or to the five and ten-cent store, and oftentimes get glasses that they do not need, or which, after being used two or three months, do their eyes more injury than good. Here is a simple prescription that everyone should use.

5 grains Optona (1 tablet),
2 ounces water.

Use three or four times a day to bathe the eyes. This prescription and the simple Optona system keeps the eyes clean, sharpens the vision and quickly overcomes inflammation and irritation; weak, watery, overworked, tired eyes and other similar troubles are greatly benefited and oftentimes cured by its use. Many reports show that wearers of glasses have discarded them after a few weeks' use. It is good for the eyes and contains no ingredient which would injure the most sensitive eyes of an infant or the aged. Any druggist can fill this prescription very easily. Try it and know for once what real eye comfort is.

CONQUER FAT Rout Obesity

Lean-o Will Reduce Weight

Without physical exercise, strict dieting or massaging. Contains no dangerous drugs. Rid yourself of burdensome fat and enjoy the good things in life. Sent upon receipt of price \$1.00.

Booklet Free
KELLER PHARMACAL CORPORATION
1490 Broadway New York City

It's No Joke To Be Deaf

Every Deaf Person Knows That I MADE MYSELF HEAR
After being deaf for 25 years with
deafening deafness, I have
restored my hearing and
am now a normal person.



HARTSHORN
SHADE
ROLLERS
ALL DRUGGISTS - 15c

WATCHDOG
FREE
CHICKEN
WATCHDOG
FREE
CHICKEN
WATCHDOG
FREE
CHICKEN

WATCHDOG
FREE
CHICKEN
WATCHDOG
FREE
CHICKEN
WATCHDOG
FREE
CHICKEN

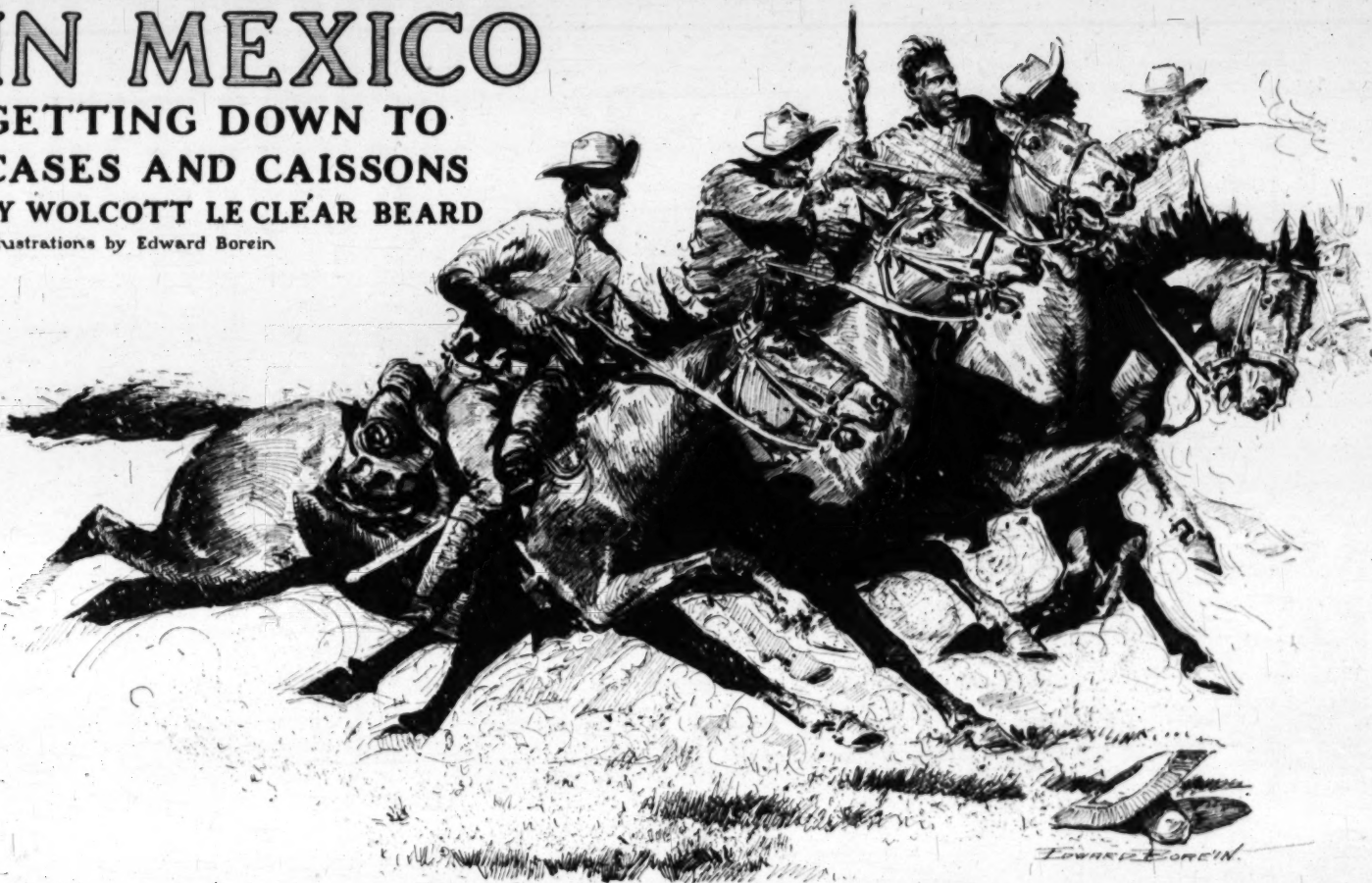
SAXOLITE
BATH TUB
SAXOLITE
BATH TUB
SAXOLITE
BATH TUB
SAXOLITE
BATH TUB

PRIVATE SMITH IN MEXICO

GETTING DOWN TO
CASES AND CAISSONS

BY WOLCOTT LE CLÉAR BEARD

Illustrations by Edward Borein



OVERHEARD not long ago a grizzled and wise old recruiting sergeant, immaculate in his well-fitting uniform, and none the less a good American because he had been born in County Clare, engage a shabby young man in conversation that had behind it certain ulterior motives. The shabby one shook a dubious head.

"I can't see it," he said. "Soldiering in time of peace don't make any hit with me, and even if we do have a little fuss with Mexico it wouldn't be a war—it would be a picnic. But there won't be any war. Those alphabetical republics are mediating."

The old sergeant spat scornfully.

"Mediatin'!" he repeated. "Faith, it puts me in moind av three tomeats thyrin' for to mediate bechune a boardound an' a bull-tarrier livin' in the nex' block. For a little the dogs moight listhen to the miaowin'. Thin they'd lose interest, an' turn to their own affairs again. No, lad, soon or late, as sure as th' divyle wears petticoats, the war will come. There's no way out, ye see."

"Anyway," said the shabby young man, loath to quit his position, "it wouldn't be a war; it would be a picnic."

"So ye think," answered the old sergeant, gravely. "An' so—may the saints forgive them for fools—do millions av the men in this country think. So the British thought when thin Boer farmers started to get on their hin' legs. Yet, if ye remember, 'twas no picnic they had. Anything, at any toime, may set two neighborin' families to scrappin' across the line fence av their back yarrrds. Anything, at anny toime, may set nations to scrappin' in the same way. Spishally if wan family—or nation—wants peace, an' so the other is decayed into the belafe that it don't dare fight. If Mexico is so decayed be us, Mexico will get licked sooner or later. But t'will be no picnic, lad! The job what the British had wit' the Boers, so will our job be wit' the Gr'asers. The same, only worrse—far, far worrse!"

THOUGH impressed, the young man still was incredulous. Beliefs so deeply rooted as those which he had expressed, die hard.

"Why—hang it all!—we'd put half a million men in the field!" he protested.

"Aye. All av thot. Maybe more, firrst an' last," agreed the sergeant. "An' may God pity most av those same men whin th' toime comes! For—listhen, now!—fightin', even in th' ranks, is a thrade what has to be larned loike anny other thrade. By sthrippin' our coast defince foorts, we can put wan army corps—only wan, moind!—av thrained men in the field. The rest will be amachures—rank amachures, ar'feers an' all. They'll do th' worrk. Yes, soon or late thin amachures'll do ut! But befoer it's done there'll be manny what have left their bones to whiten an' bleach on thot burrin' desert. Manny what had no need to, an' who wudden't if they had been proper instructed to start wit'. An' so the country will pay high—pay in lives an' sorrow an' money an' every other way—pay champagne prices for beer—an' bad beer

THAT war with Mexico may be averted is an encouraging prospect. That mediation shall have succeeded is to be hoped. That the occupation of Mexico is simply being postponed is a military feeling that unfortunately seems to prevail. In any event, the following authoritative article is of timely interest as a forecast of maneuvers south of the Rio Grande in the spread of war.—THE EDITOR

Not only did the sergeant speak with deep conviction, but deep feeling, as well. So, convinced at last, the shabby young man became a "rooky," officially known as Private John Smith.

Discarding former beliefs and prejudices with his shabby civilian kit, John hastens to assume those that go with his new uniform. First and foremost is the heartfelt conviction that our tiny standing army, man for man, is the equal, if not the superior, of any other in the world. He is quite right; facts, in the main, justify him. The second prejudice that he makes his own is an immeasurable contempt for the "amachure." Here he is wrong.

No words ever were truer than those of the old sergeant; "fighting, even in the ranks, is a trade that must be learned like any other trade." True also it is that instruction on the drill-room floor or even in occasional maneuvers through a settled and civilized country go only a pitifully short way toward preparing the amateur for work on the frontier. A third truth is that the custom, adhered to by many organizations, of allowing the enlisted men to elect their officers, is as bad as a custom can be. An efficient army can never be in the nature of a republic. Personal popularity is a poor standard by which to judge a man's capacity for command.

BITTERLY as he would resent this statement, it nevertheless is true. John himself, in these early army days of his, is still in the amateur class. He, however, is associated with professionals, who know. To learn the many things necessary to lift himself from that class will be comparatively easy for him. It is during this period of learning that the citizen under arms will suffer. It is through his suffering that the country will pay the fearful price of which the sergeant spoke; "champagne prices for beer, and bad beer at that." But, having paid it, the citizen also will learn. Then he also will have graduated as a professional, and owing to his high average of intelligence, he will be the best there is—what is left of him.

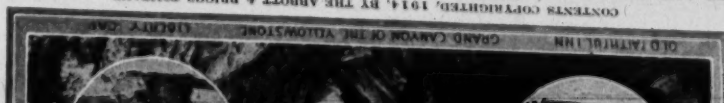
Then comes the day when the neighbors finally and definitely fall out, and their sons are called upon to fight in the quarrel of their respective houses. In our country, towns and cities are gay with bunting as *The Girl I Left Behind Me* crashes and rattles through the streets. Behind the bands many John Smiths, made and in the making, swing along in their khaki, as yet unsoiled, at two steps to the second, as the regulations require.

The sidewalks are lined with cheering men and tremulous with the white, fluttering handkerchiefs of the girls who are to be left behind—girls who are sweethearts, sisters, wives or mothers, trying desperately to be brave as only women can be while giving to their country all that they love best in the world. A train vanishes around some curve, or a ship kicks her way out of a harbor. Many of the handkerchiefs now make more or less furtive dabs at the eyes of those who waved them. Men and women go on their various ways, wondering what is to happen next. So does John Smith wonder.

While trying vainly to make himself comfortable on the seat of a "tourist" sleeper, or lounging against the rail of a transport. (Continued on Page 2)

ALL WRITINGS AND ILLUSTRATIONS DONE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE NATIONAL SUNDAY MAGAZINE
CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED, 1914, BY THE ABBOTT & BRIDGE COMPANY

of every American boy and girl



longer learns to submit to a stern command, but is welcome to do as he pleases. He is sometimes begged to change his mind, some-

THE long shadows of the pyramidal piles of the Hindu temples were cutting purple triangles on the still faces of the lily tanks when Fowle and I, hot, stiff,

posad. We had returned to Jammu, therefore, with the intention of taking train for Rawal Pindi, there to start for Kashmir proper over the cart road by tonga. The old "cheetah master," however, suggested a

rough coat, round skull and no occipital ridge. Fowle, who has made an exhaustive study of the subject, holds that the panther is simply a younger member of the leopard family, and that, with age, it gradually takes

had been preying on the goat village for some months, and be just reaching that stage of beginning to kill in pure war than for food alone. when o

Contributing Editor's Page



Dr. Hugo Münsterberg

The National Sunday Magazine Section

The Great Need of Our Time

By Hugo Münsterberg
Professor of Psychology, Harvard University

ASKED what the really great things are which mankind has won in the last thousands of years, the imagination rushes to all kinds of technical wonders. Steamships and the railways are pictured and further back the gunpowder and the printing press; we admire the great cities which men have built and the canals which they have dug; and there seems no end to the glorious achievements. But when we begin to think seriously and pierce a little deeper, we soon discover that all these outer things are, after all, less important and less decisive than some of the inner great changes which have come to mankind. The message of love which religion brought, the gospel of freedom, the spirit of culture, the belief in the blessing of work, the awaking of the social conscience, have all changed the world more than any of the outer wonders. Every great revolution has come from the human heart.

It is not different when we think: what is the really great need of today? What ought to be changed to make our life more worth living and to raise our nation to unprecedented heights? Of course, much might be improved in our surroundings. Many inventions might serve us; many measures might help us: and yet the greatest must still come from within. We need again a great new message to stir the soul of the nation. We have the spirit of freedom and of love and of work and of good will. Yet there is something deeply wrong with our time, and a better tomorrow can be hoped for only if a great change comes to our inner world.

The thousand social ailments of our day can be cured only by one remedy: our generation needs more self-control, more discipline. It is easy to draw an absurd caricature of discipline, as if it meant a kind of old-fashioned tyranny, which forces the will of one man on another. There is a nobler kind of discipline: a man is to become his own master, instead of being a slave to the tyranny of his low and cheap desires.

It was different in the past. American life of earlier periods was modest, hard and under the authority of the church. The puritanic spirit held the masses in firm control, and the simplicity of the rigid pioneer life checked the frivolous mind. But the world has moved on. The country has become abundantly rich; a love of luxury has overflowed the nation. Gigantic cities have swollen up, and the craving for pleasure has spread from the white ways of the big towns to the smallest village. The church has lost much of its hold, the old faith has crumbled, and the nation has replaced it by the one great creed of efficiency, of success, of worldliness.

The new fashioned scheme begins in the school days—nay, even in the nursery. The child no longer learns to submit to a stern command, but is welcome to do as he pleases. He is sometimes begged to change his mind, some-

times persuaded, and sometimes bribed; but he has seldom a chance to learn obedience. And yet he who has not learned to be obedient can never really master himself. The kindergarten method of play is creeping into school life; our youngsters follow only the path of least resistance. They learn a thousand pretty things in the school, and not the chief thing which makes life worth living; to do their duty. Is it surprising that this go-as-you-please feeling streams into all channels of our public life?

The nation sees with terror the waste of its natural resources. The riches of forests and rivers and mines are shamelessly wasted. The timber is burned and not replanted; millions of tons of coal are ruined in the mines. If there were more self-discipline in the spirit of the country, such selfish destruction would be checked. The duty to the coming generations would call a halt. The whole nation denounces corruption and graft. The police is ineffective; the street cleaning is wretched; the municipal life everywhere is riddled, not by real viciousness, but simply by this thoughtless, careless public feeling, which shrinks from any stern demand and lets things go as selfishness shapes them. The mud in our streets and the mud in our politics cry for the broom of discipline. If youth does not learn self-control and discipline and the spirit of obedience to authority, it can be no surprise that there are twenty times more murder cases to the million of population in our country than in western Europe, and a hundred times more railway accidents than over there.

In one complaint all layers of our nation agree: the cost of living is too high. But no tariff can eradicate the fundamental evil.

If the lesson of self-discipline had been learned, no one would crave the new-fashioned gowns which adds much to the cost of living, when last season's gown might just as well be used. But we pay not alone with our purse: we have to pay with our health and our nerves, with our conscience and our morality, because this lack of self-discipline makes all the selfish, frivolous and lascivious desires grow rankly. The auto, the kino and the tango have become the symbols of our amusement craving time. All kinds of little remedies are prescribed. Sexual education is to help us: and yet no more learning about sexual life can help a community which does not find in its own sense of duty and discipline the energy to suppress the immoral impulse. The time of the little remedies for the national waste, for living beyond our means for corruption and graft, for vice and crime, has passed; and the muckrakers do not help either. Only one thing can help us: a serious appeal to the conscience of the nation to believe again in discipline and self-control. And this belief must be planted in the heart of every American boy and girl.

H. Münsterberg

Northern Pacific Vacation Land

For those who seek the mountain fastnesses, the finny tribes in lakes and streams, the awe inspiring phenomena of nature.

Minnesota Lakes

and streams abound in gamey fish—pike, black bass, crappies, muscalonge, pickerel, trout, etc. Camping and Outing Resorts are easily reached by automatic block signal train service of the

Northern Pacific Ry

Several trains each way daily from St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth-Superior. "MINNESOTA LAKES," 1914 edition, well illustrated and with numerous maps, describes the various lakes, hotels and rates, kinds of fish, etc., sent on request by

A. M. CLELAND, General Passenger Agent, ST. PAUL, MINN.

Daily Pullmans and Weekly Personally Escorted Excursions—Chicago to Yellowstone Park via Gardiner Gateway, June 15 to September 15.

Yellowstone Park

The most unique outing spot on earth. SEASON: JUNE 15 to SEPTEMBER 15. During the heated term the cool, refreshing mountain climate of Wonderland invigorates and energizes one both mentally and physically. SLENDID HOTELS, weird natural phenomena, nature's own wild animals, varied trout fishing.

Go via the

Northern Pacific Ry

and GARDINER, the ORIGINAL ENTRANCE. For eight cents in stamps, attractive publications on the Park will be forwarded by

Two thru trains daily from Chicago, three from St. Paul—Minneapolis, one from St. Louis—Kansas City and Omaha; to North Pacific Coast and intermediate points.

CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED, 1914, BY THE ABBOTT & BROS. COMPANY

ALL WRITINGS AND ILLUSTRATIONS DONE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE NATIONAL SUNDAY MAGAZINE

sheep, or lounging against the rail of a transport. While trying vainly to make himself comfortable on the seat of a "four-wheeler" that is to happen next. So does John Smith wonder those who waved them. Men and women go on their various ways, wondering Many of the handkerchiefs now make more or less furtive dashes at the eyes of A train vanishes around some curve, or a ship kicks her way out of a harbor. Women can be white giving to their country all that they love best in the world. sweethearts, sisters, wives or mothers, trying desperately to be brave as only fluttering handkerchiefs of the girls who are to be left behind—girls who are The shipwrecks are lined with cheering men and tremulous white.

now—lightning in the tanks, is a thrash what has to be lured like any other thrash. By shipwreck our coast define foots, we can put man army forms—only manhood—at thrashed men in the field. The rest will be soon or late thin amachures'll do it! But before it's done there'll be many what have left their bones to whiten an' bleach on that burnin' desert. Many that had no need to, an' who wouldn't if they had been proper instructed to start with. An' so the country will pay high—pay in lives an' sorrow an' money an' every other way—pay champagne prices for beer—an' had beer as that!"

The National SUNDAY MAGAZINE SEMI-MONTHLY SECTION OF Los Angeles Times

Los Angeles, Cal., Sunday, June 21, 1914



CONTENTS

Cover Design — "Mum's the Word!" Leslie Thrasher

The Great Need of Our Time — Editorial Hugo Munsterberg

Private Smith In Mexico — Article Wolcott Le Clair Beard

The Prince of Graustark — Serial Story George Barr McCutcheon

A New England June — Poem Bliss Carman

"Ready! Pull! Dead!" John Philip Sousa

Take on the Famous Paul C. Miller

A MAGAZINE FOR YOUR READING TABLE

PEN the dark close
room in your hot
Bring out the pr
any page and enjoy t
d then, with the eye
tion as well as poet
is and boys and their
Of course, you woul
in a minute over the
d met with the awfu
the petticoat cut so t
nity is not to be thou
posite is Little Bo-Pee
ink a minute and pi
ymes of Mother Goo
day.

Little Bo-Peep's hat,
rain poised on the hear
today is not so dism
ere is a clear, inquirin
t. No longer need we
t on straight?" We h
any angle that please
two layers of soft straw
blue, with ribbon and



Delicious

Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK
REGISTERED

Pure and Wholesome

Demand the genuine by full name—
Nicknames encourage substitution

Bringing in the gunnys

*Typical oak bungalow and camping ground in the
Hastmire Wood.*

as unable to
from my
an his words
to get away,
ly, down the
another broke
the thicket

Leopard Hunting in the Vale of Kashmir.

By Lewis R. Freeman.

THRILLING SPORT.

THE long shadows of the pyramidal piles of the Hindu temples were cutting purple triangles on the still faces of the lily tanks when Fowle and I, hot, stiff, sore and disgusted after a bootless drive for tiger in the Jammu jungles, dropped from the howdah of the kneeling elephant and started toward the gateway of the bungalow which the Maharajah had put at our disposal for the visit.

"Don't believe there's a tiger in the whole state," ejaculated Fowle wearily, kicking the kinks out of his cramped legs. "Don't believe there's even a panther. Don't believe—"

Just what else my distinguished companion did not believe never transpired, for before the sentence was finished a tawny bolt shot over a wall, landed in the middle of the cleanly swept road, and bounded again into the air, this time to come down with a joyous "whouf" at Fowle's feet. Looking back from the top of the wall which I had gained at a single leap and scramble, I was just in time to see Fowle, recoiling from the attack of the giant leopard which had reared with the apparent intention of seizing his throat, trip on the coping and go rolling out of sight down the stone steps of a lily tank. An instant later a tall dogra, turbaned and in livery, dashed out of the garden gate, dragging a second leopard at the end of a leash. The first animal reared on his hind legs again, and not till then did I see that he, like the other, was hooded and muzzled, and tangled the loose end of a leash at his neck; also that the rearing attack was nothing more than feline playfulness, the gambols of the overgrown kitten that he was. Fowle, luckily, had managed to bring up on the last step at the brink of the tank, and now, bruised and bedraggled, came limping back into the road again. Fortunately, he was Irish and had a keen and inclusive sense of humor; else he would have followed the usual Indian custom and proceeded to beat the innocent cause of the diversion, thus alienating at the outset an individual who was responsible for some of the best hunting we enjoyed during our long jaunt through the Himalayas.

The animals were the Maharajah's favorite hunting cheetahs, explained the native—whom we now saw to be very old in spite of his keen eye and erect carriage—and were as harmless as kittens except when their blood was up after a kill. He had been taking them out for their evening airing, and the larger one had broken away from him in the garden. We had leaped the ten-foot wall in a spirit of pure fun, and his subsequent antics had been actuated by nothing more than animal spirits. All this, of course, in Hindustani, which my companion translated to me afterward.

Fowle was not long in recognizing the old native as the most famous "cheetah master" and wild animal tamer in the north of India, and even I, a stranger in the country, had heard of his marvelous work in subduing vicious tigers. It was only natural, therefore, that we should complain to him regarding the ill-luck that had attended our hunt and ask for his advice. Our visit to Jammu, which is the winter capital of Kashmir and lies at the foot of the mountains on the edge of the plains of the Punjab, was the result of a promise made us by that somewhat erratic potentate, the Maharajah, by whom we had been received in audience at the Durbar a few months earlier, to give us some good hunting if we would pay a visit to that point later in the year. We were on our way to Kashmir and the upper Indus, but as the side trip to Jammu was the matter of but a day or two we had decided to make it. On our arrival at Jammu, however, we had found the Maharajah absent "on affairs of state," and although comfortable accommodations were put at our disposal, and a couple of elephants turned over for our use, the facilities were not sufficient to make anything approaching a successful hunt possible. In the heart of the Himalayan forests one may hunt with a few native beaters, or, by shooting from a platform erected over a "bait," with practically no help at all; but in the jungle country hunting meant numerous elephants and hundreds of beaters, and these were not placed at our disposal.

We had returned to Jammu, therefore, with the intention of taking train for Rawal Pindi, there to start for Kashmir proper over the cart road by tonga. The old "cheetah master," however, suggested a change of plans. It was true, he said, that no good sport could be offered us around Jammu in the absence of the Maharajah, unless we might be interested in going out with the cheetahs after black buck; but by sending our heavy baggage around to Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir and the shikar base for hunts in all that part of the country, by the Rawal Pindi route, and going into the valley by one of the foot routes for which he would furnish us a guide, we would pass through the greatest leopard or panther country in India and might get a chance at a tiger. This we decided to do, and in the couple of days which were necessary to get pack coolies together had the chance of enjoying a morning with the cheetahs after buck, a unique and exciting sport of which I shall write at another time.

The best route for our purposes, the old man said, would be the direct one—nineteen stages and 178 miles long—from Jammu to Srinagar, but as this was practically the private way of the Maharajah and its use would have entailed considerable red tape, it was decided that what is known as the Pir Panjal route should be followed. It is customary to start on this route from Gujrat, on the main line of the Northwestern Railway, but by making a couple of days' march across country to Nowshera we were able to save retracing our steps and, what was more important, to get the benefit of the old "cheetah master's" help in rounding up a good lot of "hill" coolies. The Pir Panjal route is practicable most of the season for ponies, but as we were venturing in very early in the spring coolies were considered preferable in case the road was badly torn by slides. The arrangements were perfectly made, and, thanks to the care with which the men had been picked, our transport for this part of our journey proved the most efficient we had all summer.

Just about 90 per cent. of the success of a Himalayan journey depends upon the transport, and with this working well such incidentals as failure to find game, an abnormal lot of rain, wettings at river fords and the like are rarely of much moment. But it is a rather unfortunate circumstance that the well planned trip is always the one about which there is the least to write, for it is a fact that nine-tenths of one's "material" consists of mishaps. Because our transport was so well handled there were no mishaps on this stage of our journey, and I am passing it over somewhat more hurriedly than it deserves in order to arrive the more quickly at some later incidents which befell further along. It is just as well, in fact, that one should set himself resolutely against attempting descriptions of scenery from the moment the first of the Himalayan foothills are entered, for the task is beyond him in kind, in the first place, and, in the second, there is too much of it. For Kashmir, therefore, all the description I shall attempt, in this article, at least, is that "it is a full-size land of lakes and mountains and rivers, for the making of which Switzerland might have served as the '1 to 10' working model."

The hunting proved to be all that the old dogra had claimed for it, and although we did not get a chance at a tiger, the ideal conditions for panther shooting furnished all the sport we had any right to hope for. Even our shikar went smoothly, however, and although Fowle realized his ambition of breaking his regimental leopard record by bringing down an eight-foot five-inch male, there were few moments of real excitement. Two or three of the incidents may, nevertheless, be of some interest. But first a word regarding the terms "leopard" and "panther."

In many accounts of hunting in India one finds them referred to as two distinct species of the cat family. The larger of the so-called species is referred to as leopard, and is claimed to differentiate from the other in having a brighter color, with a smooth coat, and an elongated skull with a pronounced occipital ridge. The smaller animal, called panther, it is averred, has a paler color,

rough coat, round skull and no occipital ridge. Fowle, who has made an exhaustive study of the subject, holds that the panther is simply a younger member of the leopard family, and that, with age, it gradually takes on all the averred differentiating characteristics of the latter. As he took occasion to expatiate on his theory over the body of every one of the dozen or more of the big cats that fell to his rifle during this stage of our journey, I had ample opportunity to master the intricacies of his argument. The subject is, however, too technical a one to go into here.

We did not have the time to set bait and watch over it at night, and our hunts usually consisted of spirited drives of four or five hours at the end of each short day's march. The village were always ready to run out on an occasion of this kind for two or three annas—four to six cents—apiece, and, unless there was some particular place where they had a panther located, the usual procedure was to have a line of from twenty to forty of them beat "down the wind" to us in a "nullah" or ravine. These drives would nearly always bring down black buck, nilgai, antelope, chikari and wild boar, but save when in need of meat these were usually allowed to pass unmolested. The panthers, if they had not stealthily slipped back through the line of the beaters, would come slinking along, dodging from bush to bush, long after the first flight of frightened deer and pigs had passed, and often only just ahead of the yelling natives. Indeed, the latter were ones who took the real chances in the hunt, for it is very rarely that a well-placed bullet will fail to stop the charge of the maddest leopard. The cleverness which these sturdy hillmen sometimes show in saving themselves from attack was well illustrated on our afternoon hunt at Thanni Mandi.

The beat came along the hillside and put up a strapping black and yellow beast, which came trotting directly down upon Fowle, who was seated upon a boulder. It broke back at a gallop as he stiffened up to fire, and only one of his two quick shots took effect. The wound was the merest scratch, evidently, for we found only a tuft of fur and no blood, but it seemed to have made the big cat very angry and reckless of consequences. Straight back at the wavering line of beaters it charged, and then, disdainful to take advantage of the gap they opened up to let it through, sprang upon and bore down a grizzled old hillman who had been beating a sheep's hide drum. His companions scattered like chaff, but neither Fowle nor I dared shoot immediately for fear of hitting the beater. The panther, which was an unusually large one, had ample time to maul fatally the native before we could get in a position for a safe shot, and this it appeared was what was about to happen. To our surprise and relief, however, we saw as we closed in, not a mangled, lifeless body beneath the cruel jaws and paws of the snarling cat, but rather a very cool and deliberate old fox of a hillman who was calmly "feeding" the folds of his loin cloth into the mouth of his adversary. Fowle crumpled up the animal with an almost point-blank shot through the spine, and we dragged it off to find the plucky beater considerably scratched, but hardly nibbled by the terrible teeth. It was quite the coolest thing of the kind I ever saw, but, it appears not quite so extemporaneous as it looked. The "first rule," it seems, on being attacked by a leopard, is to provide him with something to chew in order to divert his attention from one's own anatomy. The butt of a gun, a revolver, a stick or a sun helmet are the usual prescription, but since the unlucky beater had none of these things, and since his drum and drum-sticks had been knocked from his hands, he offered up his loin cloth, the only thing he had left not of flesh and blood.

At one of the villages—Allabad Sarai—we had the satisfaction of "delivering" the neighborhood from an especially vicious leopard which had been decimating the flocks and even attacking the villagers themselves. This incident was interesting in that it marked the passing of an animal that was apparently rapidly becoming one of those terrors of the Himalayan villages, "a man-eating leopard." The beast in question

had been preying on the goat flocks of the village for some months, and appeared to be just reaching that stage where it was beginning to kill in pure wantonness rather than for food alone, when one of the herdsmen, wrapped in a brown rizar or blanket, fell asleep in the midst of his flock one day. Taking advantage of the occasion, the leopard in question charged into the flock and, evidently mistaking in the confusion the hairy brown bundle for one of the goats, seized the man by the leg and dragged him into the bushes. Here he was found by some of his friends, who had rushed to his assistance on hearing his cries, with just enough life left to be able to tell how the thing had happened. The leopard continued to kill goats in increasing numbers after that, and then, about a week before our arrival, attacked and badly mauled a woman who had gone to the stream for water. Upon this the villagers, armed with spears, clubs and a single old blunderbuss, organized a hunt, and after cornering the beast in a dense thicket, succeeded in wounding it. Believing that, because they heard no movements, the animal was dead, one of the more courageous of them crawled in to investigate. No sooner had he disappeared from sight than a great commotion arose in the heart of the thicket, and right then and there, within hearing but out of sight of all of the yelling and drumming villagers, the venturesome hillman was chewed and clawed to death by the leopard. Finishing his greivous work, the latter charged out through the ring of natives, knocking a couple of them over, and made his escape, apparently little the worse for the slugs from the old "jazzall" which had been discharged at his already scarred sides.

News travels quickly in the wilds of the frontier, and for several days before our arrival at Allabad Sarai word had been coming to us of the progress of events in the terrorized village. Word had also gone ahead to the village of the presence of shahis on shikar in the country, and it was at Baramgalla, in the picturesque Rattan Pir hills, that a delegation came to us praying that we hasten on to the relief of the panic-stricken hillmen. Accordingly we started early and traveled late the following day, making two stages in one and arriving in Allabad Sarai in time to make a preliminary survey of the ground before dark. In spite of the presence of a herdsman, the leopard had charged into another goat flock that day, killed several of the animals and carried one away. The natives claimed to have him approximately located in a brush-covered hillside near the village, and this we made arrangements to beat the following morning.

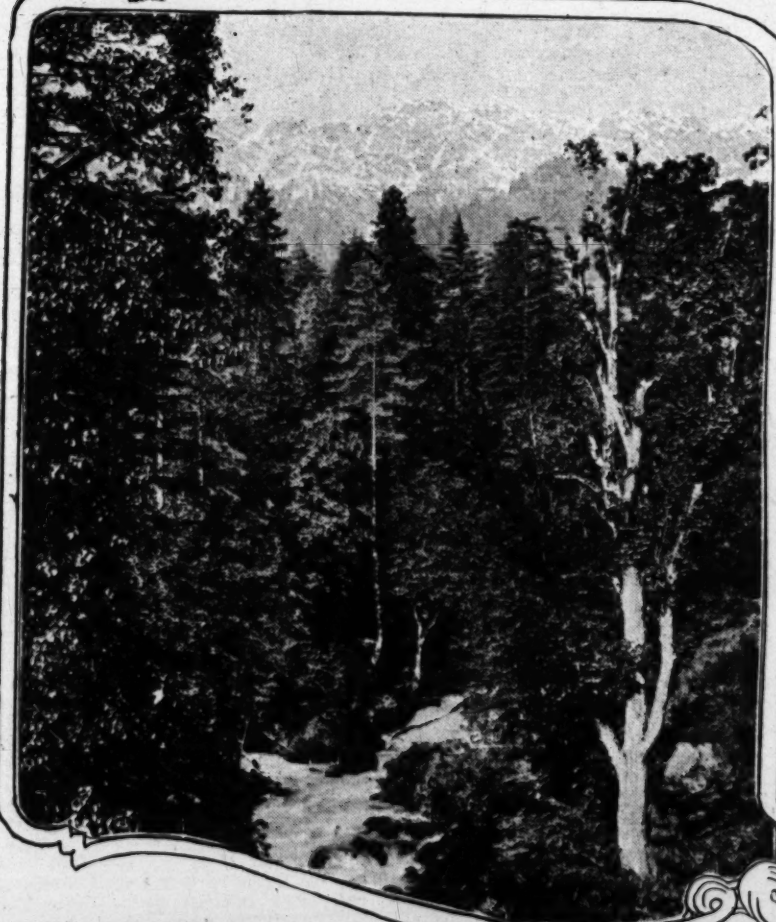
At daybreak one of the natives who had been set to watch the thicket came in to report that he had discovered the leopard lying asleep, and would take us out so we could kill it before it awoke. We marched gingerly off to the spot indicated, only to find that the native, whose imagination was overly active through the fact that he had been badly mauled by a leopard a few weeks previously, had mistaken the shadow-mottled leaves on the ground for the yellow and black spots of the village terror. A little further along, however, one of the natives picked up a panther trail and assured us that the object of our search was near at hand. Fowle, noting the lightness of the cover at this point, inclined to the opinion that the beast was hidden in the dense thicket farther up the hill, and gave orders for the beaters to deploy above while we went below to intercept the quarry. Half way down the hill two natives who were in the act of passing a small but thick clump of bush, broke into a run, and Fowle, who was a hundred yards above, also shouted some directions or warning which I could not make out. Stepping close to the thicket I peered in, but although the unmistakable panther odor indicated the imminent presence of such an animal, I was unable to make out anything. Gathering from my companion's gestures rather than his words that he was trying to tell me to get away, I started off, none too leisurely, down the hill. At the same instant the panther broke cover on the opposite side of the thicket

(CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN.)

Scenes Incident to Hunting in Kashmir.



Leopard and beaters.



Typical Kashmir view, which might also be Californian.



View on the road between Jammu and the Vale of Kashmir. (Note similarity to Yosemite.)



Typical oak bungalow and camping ground in the Kashmir woods.



Bringing in the game.

streets, July 19, 1857, Dr. Carter reading the services, and Rev. Dr. Smith—at that time president of Princeton College, New Jersey—preaching the sermon. St. Luke's parish was organized August 23 of the same year, with Dr. T. J. White, Dr. Mathew Carter and William Shore as trustees. Services were now held in a building rented by the organization on Main street near Second, with Dr. Carter officiating every Sunday.

Mr. Birdsall, a Protestant Episcopal missionary, preached his first sermon in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Downey Block. The Episcopalians took over the unfinished church on the hill from the Protestant Society. The building was completed, and christened St. Athanasius Church. Here the Episcopalians continued to worship until Christmas, 1883, the property being sold to the county for the erection of the Courthouse, when a new church site was purchased on Olive, between Fifth and Sixth streets, and the name of the organization, a little later, changed to St. Paul's Church.

But in the meantime churches of other denominations were coming into existence. The first Baptist sermon was delivered in Los Angeles by a Rev. Mr. Freeman in 1853, the first regular services being conducted by Rev. Mr. Fryer, during 1860. He continued for a year, after which there is a blank in the local history of this church until 1874.

In 1862 the Congregational B'nai B'rith was formed under the pastorate of Rabbi A. W. Edelman, the synagogue being built in 1873, on Fort (now Hill) street between Second and Third streets. It was a good brick structure, and the church prospered from the beginning.

The Rev. Alexander Parker preached the first Congregational sermon in this city. He was a Scotchman by birth, and a graduate of the Oberlin Theological Seminary. Notwithstanding his birth and his holy calling he had fought in the Union army. He had been captured, and thrown into the Andersonville prison, where so many of the Union soldiers died of neglect and starvation. He was fortunate enough to be among those who made their escape.

"The little man did not find a very warm welcome when he arrived in Los Angeles," avers Mrs. Amada Scott, an octogenarian. "He had been a 'Yank,' and the city was full of Southern sympathizers and ex-Confederates. Arrangements were made for him to hold his first services in the Courthouse. As Saturday drew to a close he made an endeavor to procure the key. He was told that there was to be a 'Southern Chivalry' meeting that night, and that he could not have the key until the following morning. In the morning he went to the person who was supposed to be in charge of the key, and was directed to a party who had attended the meeting out on Main street. Thither the

parson bent his steps, only to be directed to a person at the other end of the town. After much traveling, the good man finally received a key, being told by the donor that he was not sure it was the right one. Hurrying to the Courthouse, the parson found some of his congregation already assembled at the door. It was a hot day, and he was tired and dusty. When he opened the hall a dense stench of stale tobacco smoke assailed the nostrils of all, and made their eyes smart. Chairs were thrown about in disorder, some of them under the table. The floor was thick with refuse. Thirteen big cuspidors, full to the brim, contributed to the general nastiness of the settings. But the little Scotch-Yank was not to be discouraged, and his congregation were ready to stand by him. The ladies gathered their skirts about them, and sat down resolutely. The sermon was a good one, and everybody heard it through, Southern chivalry notwithstanding!" And the bright eyes of the little lady pioneer snapped merrily. All of this transpired on July 7, 1866.

"When the Episcopalians took over the church which the Protestant Society had begun, it was with the announced intention of completing it as a non-denominational church. Because of this, contributions were made toward the building by Protestants of whatever particular faith. Judge of the surprise of the subscribers when, upon its being made ready for use, it was named the First Protestant Episcopal Church. A number of the Congregationalists told Mr. Parker that they were ready to fight, and sought his sanction, believing they would win. But the good little parson shook his head. 'I had enough of fight when I was in the army, and received thirteen months of imprisonment for my pains. Let them have the church. We will build another one.'

"E. J. C. Kewen and Andrew Jackson King were members of our church. H. K. W. Bent was Sunday-school superintendent for fourteen years. When Carlton came out here, it will be remembered, Northerners and Southerners alike were compelled to take the oath of allegiance. Kewen and King held out, and flatly refused. They were put into an ambulance and taken to San Pedro, with the intention of sending them to Alcatraz for imprisonment. King was engaged to be married to a very lovely and wealthy girl at the time. He did a good deal of thinking on the way to San Pedro. He knew that there was another fellow trying to win the girl, and he reflected that he was playing into the hand of his rival. He reconsidered, and took the oath before the time of embarkation. Kewen went to Alcatraz. But he did not remain there long. Mrs. Kewen, his wife, made her plea to Col. Wright, and on her knees with many tears she won her husband's freedom. The colonel was called 'Granny Wright' ever after."

"Were you not one of the seven charter members of your church?" I asked.

"There were really only six of us besides the rector," she replied. "Mrs. M. W. Childs, Miss Betty Childs, Mr. and Mrs. Merrick, Mrs. A. Parker and myself. Mrs. Jotham Bixby was to have made the seventh. Living at Long Beach, she had come up by stage to be present at the meeting. But the trip proved too much for her. She was ill, and confined to her bed at the minister's home. Our church was organized July 21, 1867, with six members. We purchased a lot on New High, north of Temple, where the Beaudry wall now stands. The church was opened on Sunday morning, June 28, 1868. The cost had been \$3000, and our debt was only \$400."

When the congregation came to church one Sunday morning, they were surprised to find all of the seats cushioned. No one knew whence this luxury had come. A short time before the Rev. Mr. Parker went away he had occasion to go to Mr. Lazarre's store. "By the way, here's a little bill I wish you'd pay," the merchant said. "Bill? What bill?" was the surprised response. "Why, for those cushions." It transpired that an officious lawyer, who had a great desire to run things, was responsible for the item, which he had provided without consultation or approval, charging it up to the church. The little Scotch parson did not hesitate to speak plainly when he met the guilty party. But the said guilty party laid vindictive hands on his pastor. When he realized what he had done, he and his wife wasted no time in leaving this part of the country, in order to avoid an invitation to do so. The fine little parson never mentioned the episode. And the church paid the bill.

Three moves have been made since by the church, the last one to the \$100,000 edifice on Hope street, near Ninth.

The Christian Church, like many denominations preceding it, made its start in the old Courthouse in 1874, the sermon being delivered by G. W. Linton. The organization started with a membership of fifteen in the following year, with Rev. W. J. A. Smith as pastor. The first edifice was built on Temple street, near Broadway, the next move being made to the \$25,000 building on Hope and Eleventh streets. A \$25,000 church of the same denomination stands on Broadway near Temple, this latter having been generously assisted both financially and morally by the late B. F. Coulter, who acted as its pastor during his life.

In March, 1877, the first Unitarian services were held at the home of T. E. Severance, under the conduct of Rev. John D. Wells. Rev. Eli Fay, intensely intellectual and rather aggressive, came to Los Angeles in 1885. "His sermons," writes a pioneer, "bearing a rather rasping flavor of egotism, were models of powerful reasoning. . . . Like many other shrewd saints who came here

from many countries, his faith in Los Angeles real estate seemed to be second only to his faith in the reality of the land of Canaan, or, in other words, in 'choice lots' in the 'New Jerusalem.'"

Services were held for a time at the Masonic hall on Spring street, and later, after reorganization, in Childs's Operahouse. Dr. Fay contributed liberally to the building of a \$25,000 church on Seventh street near Broadway, dedicating it June 16, 1889. Three years later it was destroyed by fire, the congregation then purchasing the building on Hill and Third streets from the Baptists, originally built by the Congregationalists. From here, in 1900, the Unitarians moved into the new church built by them on Flower between Ninth and Tenth streets.

The Reorganized Church of the Latter Day Saints—Mormon—organized in 1832; the New Church—Swedenborgian—organized 1894, later having erected a \$3000 church on East Ninth; Seventh Day Adventists, organized 1880, with a \$6000 church on Carr street; the Friends' Church, organized 1897, with a \$4000 church building on the corner of Third street and Fremont avenue—these are but a few of the many churches now in existence in Los Angeles, which number somewhere about forty, and cover many creeds and sects from the furthest Orient to the extreme Occident. Beautiful churches and cathedrals of all denominations bear witness to prosperity in these, as well as all other channels of activity. But the nearer we approach modern times, the more our church history takes on the character of other metropolises, and loses the unique charm which colored everything connected with the romance of the early days of Los Angeles.

A MODEST DISCLAIMER.

The following letter has been received by the Los Angeles Times Illustrated Magazine, from Mr. J. P. Widney. It speaks for itself, proving its own title to publicity:

"In the article upon the old-time physicians of Los Angeles two errors occur in connection with my name. Will you kindly publish this note of correction? I did not, as therein stated, give the medical college building upon Aliso street, but furnished it, rent free, for a number of years. I made, however, a provisional offer of the property as a gift to the school; but as the location was not deemed the most suitable, the offer was not finally accepted.

"In the matter of the giving of money, the whole faculty gave, and gave freely for the support of the school. I gave my share. The statement as published is an unintentional injustice to the other members of the faculty, who cheerfully bore their share of the burden; and the burden was not light either in time, toil, or money. I wish to bear this testimony to the sacrifices made by my co-workers in establishing the first college of medicine in Southern California. They were men whose worth I know, and for whom I have always had the highest esteem, gentlemen, as well as educated physicians and surgeons.

"The article misses, in the light of early physicians, the name of John S. Griffin, an old-time army surgeon of the Mexican War, who settled here in the early '50s; a gentleman of the old school, a man of marked ability and strong character, and who was the leading physician and surgeon of those early days."

This letter is entirely characteristic of the fine, simple modesty of the writer, and it is a pleasure to the author of the Old California articles to make such amendments as the above conveys.

G. F. B.

The Mollycoddle. By Percival J. Cooney.

HIS FIRST FIGHT.

IT WAS Ted's first day in the country school, and he was sadly puzzled. In sharp contrast there came to him vividly the memory of the only other school he had known—the long-halls, the many rooms, and the hundreds of neatly dressed boys and girls, marching out to the throbbing of the drum. Then he glanced around at the two score of ragged boys and girls about him, and his heart sank.

In the seat ahead of him the red-headed boy struggled laboriously over his slate, his shoulders bent, his tongue protruding, his bare legs swinging. Then, with a gleeful grin of anticipation, he exhibited the slate for Ted's inspection. Across its surface, in large sprawling capitals, appeared the words, "You are a dood." Two little girls in a neighboring seat caught sight of the inscription and giggled behind their books, while an audible titter ran around the room.

The tired, nervous young woman at the big desk glanced at the clock, dismissed the class from the floor, announced recess, and a wild rush for the door followed. Bewildered by the suddenness of their exit, Ted walked slowly from his seat, took his cap from the hook and passed out into the bright sunshine. They were waiting for him, and instantly he found himself, his back against the schoolhouse wall, facing a ring of wildly curious youngsters.

"What's yer name, Dude?"

"Theodore Joseph Ross," he announced loftily.

"Kin ye fight?" questioned several voices.

"Put him agen Reddy," suggested one.

"Yes, Red's about his size."

One of the larger boys grabbed Reddy by the collar and held him firmly in front of Ted.

"Kin ye lick him?" he demanded.

"I—I—I—don't know."

"Will ye try him?"

"I—I—I—I don't want to fight," he faltered, and then there flashed on him his mother's favorite admonition. With becoming dignity, he repeated it.

"I try to be a little gentleman."

Silence for an instant, and then followed a wild yell of angry derision. From the first moment of his arrival, in company with his mother, his neat new suit, his flowing blue tie, his shining patent leather shoes, his general appearance, so strongly in contrast with their bare legs and patched clothes, had been a hateful, though unspoken assumption of superiority. To have it thus flouted in their faces was maddening. A black-haired boy spat on the ground, wet his fingers in the moisture, and deliberately drew two dirty streaks across Ted's white sailor collar. Another leaned forward and spat on his shining shoes; his neat leather cap was snatched from his head and kicked across the playground; a dirty fist was thrust in front of his face, while its owner demanded scornfully, "Yu think ye're better than us, don't ye?"

"Make the Dude fight!"

"Make Reddy fight him!"

Again Reddy was pushed in front of him, some one reached from behind and placed a chip on Reddy's shoulder.

"Kin ye knock that off, Dude?" inquired the boy who had hold of Reddy's collar.

Reddy's eyes, looking directly into his, were decidedly friendly, there was an amiable grin on the freckled face. Ted flipped off the chip with the back of his hand, and instantly Reddy's fist caught him on the cheek, piling him in a heap against the schoolhouse wall. Crushed, bewildered, humiliated, he turned his face to the ground and burst into sobs.

"Ye-e-e-e-e-e-e," a scornful yell of utter disgust burst from every throat.

"Cowardly cowardly custard, eat a barrel of mustard," chanted the black-haired boy, and the others gleefully took up the refrain.

"Stop annoying that little boy," came the teacher's voice from the window. The group scattered. Then they scampered out the gate and across the road to engage in a squirrel chase along the rail fence.

For the next two weeks Ted's school life was a repetition of the first day's experience. He was teased, challenged, insulted and tormented, all with one object—to make him fight. But he had given his mother a solemn promise that he would never fight. Nor was it possible for him to carry the story of his woes to either of his parents; instinctively he felt they would not understand, and would probably take the matter up with the teacher—a result, which, boy-like, he wished to avoid. Besides, he had

no desire to fight, and shrank from the very thought of conflict as disgusting and disgraceful, for such had been his training. Persecution brought no furious wave of anger to his soul, only pained surprise, mortification and tears. "Cry-baby Dude," they called him.

"A fight, a fight!"

Ted, who had been tramping along the dusty road toward home, in the rear of the straggling group, saw some of the larger boys run ahead, and hurrying after them he found Fred, the black-haired boy, and Reddy fighting furiously. Around each other the little fellows circled, their fists pounding each other's faces. Fred reeled back with a bleeding nose; he wiped it on his sleeve with a hasty gesture of disdain and landed his left on Reddy's chin. The latter staggered, and jumping at Fred with a screaming oath grabbed his cheek with one hand and his hair with the other. Shrieking cries of protest rose from the boys, and the tall form of Bob Goodwin intervened. Twisting Reddy around by the collar till his blackened eye and swollen lip were visible, he commanded sternly, "Yu little cat—fight like a man, with yer fists—no clawing and hair-pulling like a girl, see!" And he shot Reddy toward his opponent.

Without a second's hesitation they closed again, each raining short, fierce blows on his antagonist's head; panting, bloody, disheveled, the center of a ring of wildly excited admirers.

At the first blows Ted's timid heart sank

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE.)

near the corner of Court and North Spring streets, in the vicinity of Los Angeles, California, in the year 1881, when the first regular Mexican Government military recruited the missions, a staggering blow was dealt

Photo from Mrs. Amada Scott's collection. Father Peter Vergerien.

Padre Roscano became the first regular Mexican Government military recruited the missions, a staggering blow was dealt

Brief Anecdotes Gathered From Many Sources

Papa Foiled Again.

[London Tit-Bits.

taught," replied Grace, convincingly.—[San Francisco Star.

old down the banisters."—(San Francisco Star.)

"I'm sorry I said that, Mrs. Grumble. I

Prepared to Defend Himself.

"I happen to need me."—(Lippincott's,

back be fed. We must have thought he was

Said Mary: "I recognized your bonnet."
—[Portland Spectator.

"Well, my dear," came the genial reply. "I don't shuffle the horses."—[London Ex-

...want to see how tall you are."—[Lapping
cott's.

He Learned His Value.

Easy Money-making.

day and saves his food." [Chicago Record Herald.

Earliest Churches and Preachers in Los Angeles.

By Genevieve Farnell-Bond.

RISE OF RELIGION.

HERE was only one creed in the beginning of Los Angeles, at her founding in 1781, and there continued to be but one creed for some eighty years following, as far as outer demonstration was concerned. Why should it not be so? Was it not the mission fathers who opened up this region, and brought the promise of its fertile soil to fulfillment? And it was at the instigation of the good Padre Junipero Serra that Los Angeles received her first house of worship.

In those earliest days, the settlers of the pueblo were obliged to travel four leagues in order to attend religious services, held at the San Gabriel Mission where Salvadea, Sanchez and Estenago were successively the spiritual guides of the community. San Gabriel was the only one of the early missions, by the way, not established by Junipero Serra personally. When this noble soul visited Los Angeles on his last pilgrimage from San Diego to Monterey—making the 170 leagues on foot at the age of 70—he felt that there was need of more convenient opportunity for religious devotion among the settlers. In the following year a little adobe building was erected on Aliso street, where the faithful might gather. This was abandoned when a later chapel was put up on Buena Vista street and Bellevue avenue, at the extreme north end of the lumber yard which now embraces the site. There is still a trace of old adobe ground work on the spot. Here a Franciscan friar from San Gabriel said mass each Sunday and on holy days, until the time of the building of the church on the plaza.

There is some disagreement among different historians as to the date of the erection

the religious organization. And although the Mexican republic, with Santa Anna as President, later restored, by formal act of Legislature, all of the mission property to the Roman Catholic Church—at Micheltorena's instigation—the backbone of the mission system was broken.

But the Catholic religion remained, and all foreigners who came to settle in our region in the very early days found it not only expedient, but practically necessary to embrace the Catholic faith, if they would remain. They did not seem to consider it a hardship—and indeed why should they, when it gave them residence in this wonderful country, wives whose beauty and charm were unexcelled, and entrance to a family life whose warmth and courtesy might well serve as model for our colder and more calculating domestic relations? Fathers Martinas, Sanchez, Bachelot, Estenaga, Jimenez, Ordaz and Rosales are among those who served successively in the Catholic church from 1831 to 1851.

In the beginning, the floor of the church was only the bare earth. In 1841 extensive repairs were made by the still practically enslaved Indians, who were considered too filthy to sit in the place of worship with those they served. In 1861 the building was remodeled into its present form. The old adobe parish house was torn down and replaced by a brick structure. The fresco work, inside and out, and the lettering were done by H. Penelon, the pioneer photographer of Los Angeles.

Padre Anacleto Lestrade, a native of France, was the incumbent from 1851 to 1856. Padre Blas Raho followed, with an administration of great liberality. He was the first vicar general under Bishop Amat. Mora was later made bishop, when Padre

Peter Verdaguier—that most eloquent Spanish orator—became pastor of the old church. "Father Peter," as he was widely known, was immensely popular. He was later made bishop of the diocese of Texas. It was he who collected the silver coins that were put into the casting of the second bell by the old Mexican for the church at Agua Mansa.

When California became a United States possession a change took place in the religious character of Los Angeles. The gringo population was rapidly increasing, which meant that the Protestant element was growing numerically. In the month of June, 1850, the first Protestant sermon was preached in Los Angeles by a Methodist minister, the Rev. J. W. Brier, at the residence of J. G. Nichols—an adobe house immediately north of the old Phillips block site on Spring street. Mr. Brier had come to Los Angeles by the Salt Lake route. At Death's Valley he placed his wife and two children on an ox, while he walked beside them, thus entering Los Angeles in 1849. After preaching here for several months, he went north.

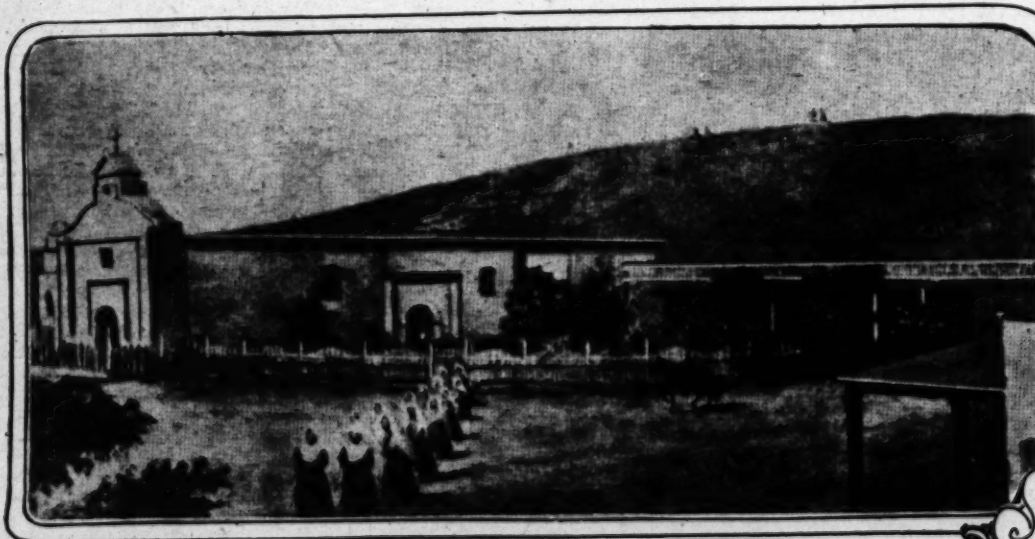
The Rev. Adam Bland was sent in 1853 by the California Conference as a missionary to Los Angeles. J. W. Potts—"Prophet Potts"—was Bland's earliest ally. It in no wise detracted from the good work that was done because services were held in a frame building that had once been used as a saloon. Mrs. Bland presided over a girl's school in this "Methodist Chapel." Plans were made for the building of a brick church as early as 1855, but they were not destined to come to fruition until more than ten years later. In 1868 the little brick Fort street church was dedicated. J. McHenry Caldwell, W. R. Peck, Elijah Merchant, Baird Tuthill, C. Gillett, A. P. Hernden, A. Coplin, A. M.

Hough, P. U. Cool, S. H. Stump, J. W. Campbell, George S. Hickey, M. M. Bovard, E. S. Chase, P. F. Brazee, R. G. Cantine, are among the ministers who have served.

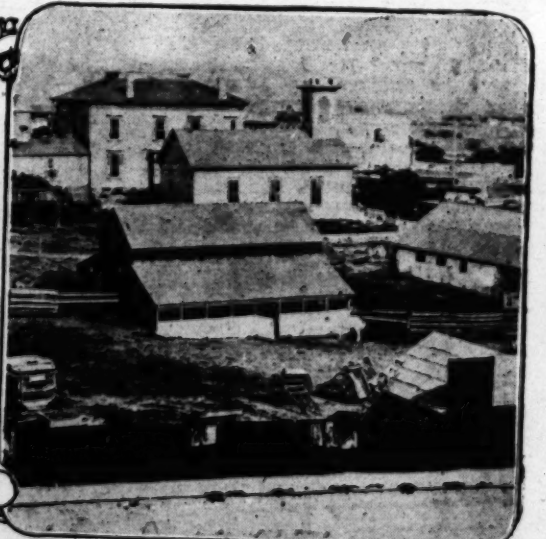
"When I came here in 1854," writes H. D. Barrows, "there was only one church building in town—that fronting the Plaza; and no regular Protestant church edifice at all." But Rev. James Woods, a Presbyterian, was holding services where Brier had held them a few years previously. Mr. Barrows assisted in the music, playing on his flute, assisted by Mr. Granger, lawyer and ex-minister, who led the singing. Previous to this, Mr. Woods had held his services in a little carpenter shop on Main street, where the Pico House was built later. In 1855, organization of a Presbyterian church was effected, having a membership of twelve, and holding services in the old Courthouse at Spring and Franklin. A Sunday-school also was instituted.

Mr. Woods's successor, Rev. T. N. Davis, held the pulpit until his departure—some time in 1856—in discouragement because of poor attendance and a condition of criminal license which culminated in the murder of Sheriff Barton. "When the bodies of the four members of Sheriff Barton's party, who were killed in January, 1857, by the Juan Flores bandits, were brought here to town from San Juan for burial, there was no Protestant minister here to conduct funeral services." The Masonic fraternity performed these last rites for the two non-Masons, as well as for their deceased brothers.

Rev. William E. Boardman—author of "The Higher Life"—arrived in Los Angeles with his wife, February 6, 1859. His first sermon was preached in the Bath street schoolhouse on the 26th. He immediately reorganized the Sunday-school, and issued a



Origin church of our Lady of the Angels.



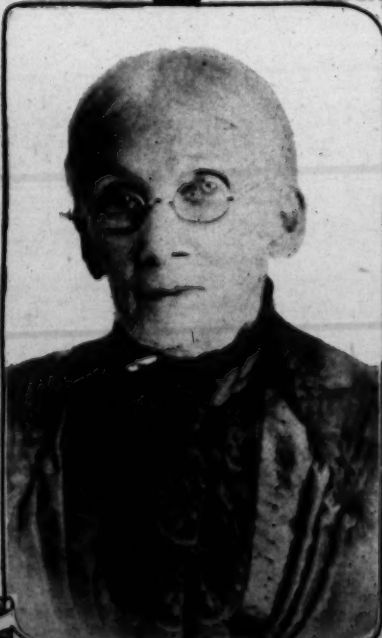
First Congregational church erected in 1868.

of the Church of Our Lady of the Angels. The corner-stone was laid and blessed on August 15, 1814, by Father Gil. It is claimed in some records that the original site lay east of the Plaza, and that the stone was removed to its present location because of the rising waters of a flood in 1815. According to Bancroft, the contribution of 500 cattle and seven barrels of brandy, worth \$575, helped to raise the building to the window arches by 1821. It is said, too, that the pueblo colonists were too lazy to lend their efforts to the speedy completion of the building, and that the Indian neophytes from San Gabriel were put to work at 12½ cents a day, the missions collecting and retaining these wages. The missions contributed funds to the building, and the erection of a house for the curate near the northwest corner of the church was soon made possible. All of the work was brought to completion, and the dedication took place on December 8, 1822. San Gabriel mission loaned a bell, and Capt. de la Guerra acted as godfather. The occasion was at once solemn, festive and military, in that the boom of cannon and the rattle of musketry mingled with the salvos.

Padre Roscano became the first regular pastor, serving until 1831. In 1832, when the Mexican government arbitrarily secularized the missions, a staggering blow was dealt



Father Peter Verdaguier.
(Photo from Ingersoll Collection.)



Mrs. Amanda Scott.
(Photo from Ingersoll Collection.)

call for all Protestants to unite in a common cause of Christian worship, because he saw that there was not sufficient support for a church of any single denomination. The First Protestant Society was formed, composed of individuals of different denominations, and some of no denomination. The constitution was signed by W. E. Boardman, William H. Shore, A. J. King, Thomas Foster, Isaac S. K. Ogler, William McKee, C. Sims, Charles S. Adams, William S. Morrow, D. McLaren, N. A. Potter, J. R. Glitchell. Glitchell, McKee and H. D. Barrows were assigned the duty of obtaining funds for the society.

Services were continued in the Courthouse. At length a lot was donated by Mr. Wilson, on the southwest corner of Temple and New High, and the foundations, walls and roof of a brick church erected. But when Mr. Boardman went away in 1862, the work was discontinued. Not until after the arrival of Rev. Elias Birdsall in December, 1864, was the building completed.

Until 1857, there had been no Episcopal clergyman in the vicinity of Los Angeles. In that year Dr. Matthew Carter was appointed by the bishop of California as "lay reader" for the southern district. He held his first services at the rooms of the Mechanics' Institute Hall, a sheet-iron building near the corner of Court and North Spring

Hearts and Frills. By Mabel Lockman.

THE WAY OF A WOMAN.

AT THE door of the anesthetic room the young house surgeon collided with the person he sought, to wit, the newly-appointed head surgical nurse. Their meeting was characteristically and professionally laconic, though in the interim since their last, he had taken—and enjoyed—a long vacation, and she had graduated from her training school, had weighed, considered and accepted, at least temporarily, a position in the hospital.

"Hello, Jac."

"Why, Clint! Heavens, man, don't touch me, I'm scrubbed."

"Don't worry, I can't shake hands with a rubber glove. Who's operating?"

"Stickles, emergency. Beat it, Clint, or go in and talk to the girls."

"Nothing doing. When are you off?"

"At four. Look out, Clint, the cart is going in! Miss Baker, an emesis basin, please. Have a can of ether ready."

"Four, then, at the home," he flung after her, and vanished. "Takes it out of them, this nursing business," he muttered, tearing down the stairs regardless of life, limb, hospital rules and professional decorum. "Jac is a womanly looking little thing. Heart, too, lots of sympathy. Jolly little pal, true as steel. But for femininity, sentiment—oh, you nurses!"

And the small, trim representative of the much maligned profession he apostrophized went on deftly handling instruments and threading needles with exquisite skill and dexterity, and if she wore a slightly heightened color, and if her pulse was just a trifle accelerated—well, it was a big op, and it was close in the operating room; besides, was not Dr. Stickles the most dreaded, the most exacting crank in the profession he so adored?

At five minutes past four the same afternoon, Jac Dysart dropped into a big Morris chair opposite the obviously fidgeting young surgeon, who had, with illogical impatience, awaited her coming.

"Get it off your chest, Clint," she advised with the Spartan brevity and in the vernacular both of which accorded so ill with her voice and appearance.

"You're on," he grinned fatuously. "Pal, I've been and gone and done it."

"Meaning?"

"The answer is I'm roped, tied, branded. The sweetest little bundle of feminine frills has lassoed and pasted her monogram all over me."

In his embarrassment the young surgeon noticed nothing of the effect of his announcement on his companion, and after a moment's stunned silence she laughed easily, naturally.

"Your metaphors are mixed, Clint. Lacy and frilly people don't rope, brand and tie. Now, I am making every allowance for an imbecile condition, and I will stand for all the rhapsodies. You are serious, of course?"

"Serious—great guns!" he fairly spluttered.

"Easy, easy," she laughed again. "Granted, then, you are serious. Well, then, let's hear."

"The answer is I'm roped, tied, branded. The sweetest little bundle of feminine frills has lassoed and pasted her monogram all over me."

In his embarrassment the young surgeon noticed nothing of the effect of his announcement on his companion, and after a moment's stunned silence she laughed easily, naturally.

"Your metaphors are mixed, Clint. Lacy and frilly people don't rope, brand and tie. Now, I am making every allowance for an imbecile condition, and I will stand for all the rhapsodies. You are serious, of course?"

"Serious—great guns!" he fairly spluttered.

"Easy, easy," she laughed again. "Granted, then, you are serious. Well, then, let's hear."

"The answer is I'm roped, tied, branded. The sweetest little bundle of feminine frills has lassoed and pasted her monogram all over me."

In his embarrassment the young surgeon noticed nothing of the effect of his announcement on his companion, and after a moment's stunned silence she laughed easily, naturally.

"Your metaphors are mixed, Clint. Lacy and frilly people don't rope, brand and tie. Now, I am making every allowance for an imbecile condition, and I will stand for all the rhapsodies. You are serious, of course?"

"Serious—great guns!" he fairly spluttered.

"Easy, easy," she laughed again. "Granted, then, you are serious. Well, then, let's hear."

"The answer is I'm roped, tied, branded. The sweetest little bundle of feminine frills has lassoed and pasted her monogram all over me."

In his embarrassment the young surgeon noticed nothing of the effect of his announcement on his companion, and after a moment's stunned silence she laughed easily, naturally.

"Your metaphors are mixed, Clint. Lacy and frilly people don't rope, brand and tie. Now, I am making every allowance for an imbecile condition, and I will stand for all the rhapsodies. You are serious, of course?"

"Serious—great guns!" he fairly spluttered.

"Easy, easy," she laughed again. "Granted, then, you are serious. Well, then, let's hear."

"The answer is I'm roped, tied, branded. The sweetest little bundle of feminine frills has lassoed and pasted her monogram all over me."

In his embarrassment the young surgeon noticed nothing of the effect of his announcement on his companion, and after a moment's stunned silence she laughed easily, naturally.

"Your metaphors are mixed, Clint. Lacy and frilly people don't rope, brand and tie. Now, I am making every allowance for an imbecile condition, and I will stand for all the rhapsodies. You are serious, of course?"

"Serious—great guns!" he fairly spluttered.

"Easy, easy," she laughed again. "Granted, then, you are serious. Well, then, let's hear."

"The answer is I'm roped, tied, branded. The sweetest little bundle of feminine frills has lassoed and pasted her monogram all over me."

"Well"—he shifted uneasily. "Oh, hang it all, Jac! You need to fall in love yourself. You're so cool, so damned omniscient, so critical! Regular iconoclasts, you nurses."

"We get most of our training from the physicians," she reminded him demurely. Yet she had stiffened just a little, and what was it he glimpsed in the brown eyes raised for a moment? He noted vaguely, and for the thousandth time that they were pretty eyes and the thousandth time wondered what kept Jac from being a beauty. She had all the hall-marks, and yet she wasn't.

"What's she like Clint?" she was insisting.

"Like? Edith? Like an angel," he responded promptly, though he reddened under her quizzical gaze. "Golden hair, pure pale gold, and scads of it. Very, very blue eyes. Tall for a girl, tall and slender with a sort of swaying grace. What are you laughing at, you wretch?"

"The very professional and highly ethical young house surgeon waxes poetical," she observed dryly. "Is that all?"

"All!" He waved his hands with a gesture of impotence.

"Well, well! Don't paw the air for adjectives. Regular seashore summer girl, isn't she?"

"You've said it. Say, Jac, she has the most beautiful hands; long, tapering white fingers. Cool, white and fragrant, you know."

Jac's downcast eyes happened to be resting on a pair of small acid-roughened hands with square-cut nails, chemical-stained, and she nodded thoughtfully.

"And feet, too"—he was warming to his subject now—"always so daintily shod."

She groaned faintly: "Daintily shod! Such a bromide, a banality! You have got it bad."

He ignored the interruption. "Shoes to match everything she wears. And she always wears—Jac, she is so fine and sweet and feminine and frilly."

"I see." Her gaze had wandered to a small square-toed, common-sense sanatorium shoe, uncompromisingly ugly, which her short white skirt mercilessly revealed. "So you came straight to tell your pal soon as you struck town, didn't you, boy? Not afraid of breaking my heart, are you?"

"I should worry about your heart! Say, she knows all about you, told her how you stuck to me through that smallpox scare, pest-house and all. Oh, don't depreciate it. She and her father will be here next week. Now see here, pal, you and I are going to frame up a surprise for Edith. You see, I have always spoken of you as Jac, good old pal, and all that. Funny! When she began to speak of you as 'he,' 'him' or 'Mr. Dysart,' I realized I had never once said 'she' or 'her.' Well, after that I avoided doing it, went out of my way to frame every speech. See? Now I'll come and get you, take you to call on her, and then we will do our explaining. You and she have just got to be awfully good friends. Why, it couldn't be otherwise—my pal and my wife."

Jac rose determinedly. "Now you just must go. Since we have an eight-hour law here I do a beauty nap every afternoon."

"You need it, too," he commented gruffly.

"I like that."

"I mean you're pale, you're working too hard, Jac."

"Too hard; eight hours a day! Clint, I never felt so rested. The surgery was close, and whenever Stickles operates I have to assist him myself. You know his hobby—'Nothing but mistakes in rapid surgery.' Now listen. When am I to meet your Edith-Angel-girl?"

"They'll be here Wednesday. Say Thursday afternoon?"

"Late afternoon, then; I'm on duty till four."

"All right, see you tomorrow, Jac. You know, of course, that I've an appendectomy tomorrow. Yes? Well, let Louis run the op, and Peggie and Tilly scrub for me, and I'll be everlastingly grateful."

"I will, but you won't be grateful. I've yet to meet the surgeon who is. I'm glad you're in harness again. Good-by, Clint."

"So long, Jac."

She stood long at the window gazing unseeingly at a couple of wheel-chairs propelled by pupil nurses. Long indeed she stood with furrowed brow, her slender forefinger worrying a full red under lip. "It isn't woman's love, it isn't life-long devotion, that counts; it's just—the frills," she said at last aloud. A long, long pregnant pause, then, "I think," she said slowly, "I think we'll succeed in surprising Edith."

On Thursday Clinton Murdock performed a laparotomy at one o'clock. He was alternately preoccupied and irritable. He spoke curtly to the nurses and created some surprise by rebuking a distracted prohibitioner. He had had a bad half hour this morning with the angelic object of his adoration. Engaged to lunch with her at 1:30, he swore softly but with great unction and considerable fluency when at 12:30 this emergency case summoned him. Edith had not made it easier for him. Indeed, temper, tears and reproaches had been his portion since his excuse for not meeting her at the depot on her arrival had been a consultation with two eminent surgeons who admired and appreciated the keen and clever young man and whose approbation meant so much to him.

At five minutes before the appointed hour he was awaiting Jacqueline in the room that had witnessed their last meeting. Punctual always to a fault, she entered ere the clock had ceased striking.

He was leaning against the mantel, back to the door, when he heard her voice. "It's the fifth book from the top, Clint—I can't reach it, and all the rest of me is done." He wheeled, stared, gasped.

"Well, for pity's sake, Clint!" Exasperation, impatient surprise, perfectly simulated were in her voice. (Oh, Jacqueline! Disciple of Florence Nightingale, but true daughter of Eve!) He could only gasp, gurgles and emit a choked "What—what the deuce, Jac!"

"Is anything wrong?" meekly. Then still more meekly: "They're the frilliest I could get."

He sank weakly into a chair. "I should hope so!" he groaned. "Heavens!"

"What's wrong?" she persisted, and how could he answer? For the picture before

"I like that."

"I mean you're pale, you're working too hard, Jac."

"Too hard; eight hours a day! Clint, I never felt so rested. The surgery was close, and whenever Stickles operates I have to assist him myself. You know his hobby—'Nothing but mistakes in rapid surgery.' Now listen. When am I to meet your Edith-Angel-girl?"

"They'll be here Wednesday. Say Thursday afternoon?"

"Late afternoon, then; I'm on duty till four."

"All right, see you tomorrow, Jac. You know, of course, that I've an appendectomy tomorrow. Yes? Well, let Louis run the op, and Peggie and Tilly scrub for me, and I'll be everlastingly grateful."

"I will, but you won't be grateful. I've yet to meet the surgeon who is. I'm glad you're in harness again. Good-by, Clint."

"So long, Jac."

She stood long at the window gazing unseeingly at a couple of wheel-chairs propelled by pupil nurses. Long indeed she stood with furrowed brow, her slender forefinger worrying a full red under lip. "It isn't woman's love, it isn't life-long devotion, that counts; it's just—the frills," she said at last aloud. A long, long pregnant pause, then, "I think," she said slowly, "I think we'll succeed in surprising Edith."

On Thursday Clinton Murdock performed a laparotomy at one o'clock. He was alternately preoccupied and irritable. He spoke curtly to the nurses and created some surprise by rebuking a distracted prohibitioner. He had had a bad half hour this morning with the angelic object of his adoration. Engaged to lunch with her at 1:30, he swore softly but with great unction and considerable fluency when at 12:30 this emergency case summoned him. Edith had not made it easier for him. Indeed, temper, tears and reproaches had been his portion since his excuse for not meeting her at the depot on her arrival had been a consultation with two eminent surgeons who admired and appreciated the keen and clever young man and whose approbation meant so much to him.

At five minutes before the appointed hour he was awaiting Jacqueline in the room that had witnessed their last meeting. Punctual always to a fault, she entered ere the clock had ceased striking.

He was leaning against the mantel, back to the door, when he heard her voice. "It's the fifth book from the top, Clint—I can't reach it, and all the rest of me is done." He wheeled, stared, gasped.

"Well, for pity's sake, Clint!" Exasperation, impatient surprise, perfectly simulated were in her voice. (Oh, Jacqueline! Disciple of Florence Nightingale, but true daughter of Eve!) He could only gasp, gurgles and emit a choked "What—what the deuce, Jac!"

"Is anything wrong?" meekly. Then still more meekly: "They're the frilliest I could get."

He sank weakly into a chair. "I should hope so!" he groaned. "Heavens!"

"What's wrong?" she persisted, and how could he answer? For the picture before

him would have drawn the holiest hermit from his cell. Velvet-brown eyes in a small face, the features and coloring of which were perfect, nothing less. Glorious chestnut hair—was it the same that he had seen for years strained in a tight knot under a severe white linen band—rioted all about her face in babyish rings and waves and fluffs. A clinging gown, leaving no room for what he had termed her "trained nurse stride," of shimmering palest blue encased a small perfectly rounded figure. One arm was covered with an elbow-length glove, the other, bare and childishly dimpled, was perfect in its creamy whiteness and adorable curves. Equally perfect the Clunderella feet and ankles, silk encased. Speechless, his mind reeling with its burden of conflicting thoughts, he gazed and gazed, and found no words.

She broke the silence, speaking gently and a little sadly. "I see. I don't look the part. I am too—too womanly?" Inwardly he groaned: "And much too sweet! Oh, how sweet!" Then in an outburst of anger: "That she would not understand, that is the least part of it, Jac. The very least! It's that I've been cheated, cheated!"

"Cheated?"

"Yes, of my friend, my chum, my little pal. I do not know this—this beautiful stranger. Oh, Jac!"

"You've lost nothing, Clint. I've found something. My newly discovered femininity, if you call it so, detracts nothing and adds much to your little pal. Don't get your sense of values distorted; and get this straight, Clint, your pal is on the job, having lost nothing of any quality that goes to make a good friend. You've been cheated, forsooth, because I've come into a tithe of my own, of which I've been cheated, lo, these many years! As for Edith not understanding—have you reason or right to doubt her? Granting for the sake of argument that she might not, give her at least the benefit of the doubt. Love will stand any test." Her voice took on a tone as new to him as her beauty, and even in his angry perplexity he noted its tender cadence and afterward recalled it.

They were silent for what seemed to Jac a long time. "Oh, you men! You lords of creation, who would fain keep us what your fancy has made us! The time is long past for that. We are individuals, separate entities—yes, leaders!" And again silence. Then, "Let's go," abruptness matching brevity.

They went, and returning one hour later stood in the same spot.

"You're a brick, Jac." His voice was husky when at length he broke the silence. "A perfect brick, not to care. You made it easier, in a way, but—I've just got to hand it to you, it was hard not to make comparisons, and that's not disloyalty to her, but justice to you."

"We're out getting acquainted," she smiled back. "And Edith—give her a chance, Clint. It was a shock."

"She'll learn sense," he rejoined grimly. "We've all lots to learn. Lord, Jac! What are mere frills compared—"

"They help some." She smiled.

The Mascot and the Cowboy. By Estelline Bennett

HOBSON SEES RED.

THE dog belonged to the soubrette, but it was the leading woman who suggested taking him on the road. She said a big dog with a theatrical company was a mascot.

There was no doubt about Hobson being big enough. Neither was there any doubt about the howling need of the Thornton Theatrical Company for a mascot. We had been playing to the worst business the oldest pessimist could remember. In the midst of it we came to the little Nebraska town where the soubrette's family lived and there we acquired the dog. He was a beautiful big St. Bernard, unpopular in the neighborhood because of his taste for live poultry and his distaste for red neckties. We had to argue some with the manager to be allowed to take him, but Lottie's family needed no persuasion to part with him.

He made friends with each and every

member of the company, and wore with obvious pride the huge blue ribbon bow that Miss Hetherton, the leading woman, tied on his collar. He was very blithe and gay as long as he was around with the rest of us, and we found him a decided acquisition. But Hobson was a gregarious animal. He loved people. That is, he loved some people and loathed others. He adored Lottie and Miss Hetherton and DeLyle, the comedian, and he hated the baggage man. He hated everybody he saw in the baggage car. He didn't consider that they belonged in his set at all, and he objected to riding with them. His objections were so emphatic that Lottie and Miss Hetherton and DeLyle had to go back and ride in the baggage car with him, and sometimes they would have preferred even the questionable luxury of a day coach. At the hotels, too, he was something of a care, but at the theater he always lay contentedly in the wings, and altogether he wasn't much more trouble than had little twin babies.

and business improved wonderfully. Now and then Lottie had to precipitate herself into a dog fight in the middle of the street and drag away her belligerent property, and several times different members of the company had to go to the rescue and apologize profusely to men who insisted he ought to be shot without waiting for sunrise, but on the whole, for such a big, carelessly brought up dog, he did pretty well until we came to a little town in the foothills called Bonnie Forks. Miss Hetherton, DeLyle, Lottie and I were up in the parlor of the hotel trying some new songs, and we thought Hobson had gone with McNabb around to the kitchen to be fed. We must have thought he was having a table d'hôte, the length of time we were allowing for him to stay.

The hotel was quiet. Only an occasional footstep sounded through the halls. Voices came faintly from the office below. Suddenly the drowsy afternoon stillness was shattered to smithereens. Surely a mad-

dened menagerie was unexpectedly let loose on a world that had wrought it injury. We all rushed out like fire horses at the sound of the alarm. We knew that mad menagerie. The air was thick with growls and curses, and at the head of the stairs was a confused mass of tawny, curly dog, white sombrero, and scarlet handkerchief.

A moment later Lottie, cheeks aflame, eyes sparkling indignantly and little white hands clutched in the leather collar of her vicious darling, was facing an irate young cowboy whose brilliant scarlet handkerchief tied in a knot at the back of his neck, almost matched the color in his cheeks and brought out the remarkable black of his eyes and hair. He was very good to look at.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Lottie wailed. "He didn't bite, did he? I never knew him to bite, but he sounds so terrible."

"The cowboy's dark scowl vanished utterly under the pleading of Lottie's big baby blue

and business improved wonderfully. Now and then Lottie had to precipitate herself into a dog fight in the middle of the street and drag away her belligerent property, and several times different members of the company had to go to the rescue and apologize profusely to men who insisted he ought to be shot without waiting for sunrise, but on the whole, for such a big, carelessly brought up dog, he did pretty well until we came to a little town in the foothills called Bonnie Forks. Miss Hetherton, DeLyle, Lottie and I were up in the parlor of the hotel trying some new songs, and we thought Hobson had gone with McNabb around to the kitchen to be fed. We must have thought he was having a table d'hôte, the length of time we were allowing for him to stay.

The hotel was quiet. Only an occasional footstep sounded through the halls. Voices came faintly from the office below. Suddenly the drowsy afternoon stillness was shattered to smithereens. Surely a mad-

dened menagerie was unexpectedly let loose on a world that had wrought it injury. We all rushed out like fire horses at the sound of the alarm. We knew that mad menagerie. The air was thick with growls and curses, and at the head of the stairs was a confused mass of tawny, curly dog, white sombrero, and scarlet handkerchief.

A moment later Lottie, cheeks aflame, eyes sparkling indignantly and little white hands clutched in the leather collar of her vicious darling, was facing an irate young cowboy whose brilliant scarlet handkerchief tied in a knot at the back of his neck, almost matched the color in his cheeks and brought out the remarkable black of his eyes and hair. He was very good to look at.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Lottie wailed. "He didn't bite, did he? I never knew him to bite, but he sounds so terrible."

"The cowboy's dark scowl vanished utterly under the pleading of Lottie's big baby blue

A Righter of Wrongs. By Dix Drummond Osmun.

THE HOLD-UP.

THE big cowboy pushed through the circle of dilapidated-looking people until he was face to face with the old woman sitting on a broken trunk surrounded by a miserable assortment of household goods.

"What seems to be the matter, ma'am?" he asked politely, taking off his broad-brimmed hat.

The woman did not cease her weeping, and Jim glared angrily around at the gaping crowd.

"If you low-down critters has been tormentin' the ol' lady, I'd sure be pleased tuh know about it," he declared menacingly.

"We ain't done nuthin', mister," explained a man. "She's been turned out fer not payin' her rent."

Jim stared. "Yuh mean that some snake-livered coyote put that po' ol' dame out fer not payin' a little money?"

"Sure—dat's what they done."

"How much?" he asked tersely.

"Nine dollars an' six bits," volunteered a woman. "Bad luck to the hard heart av him who done it!"

"Same here, lady," responded Jim. "Howsomever, the first thing tuh be done accordin' to my notions is to put her back agin. Such a trifling sum ain't nuthin' tuh me, an' I'd be proud tuh help an old lady tuh that amount, an' then some fer grub an' things which it looks like tuh me she ain't had plenty of in some time."

"Hiven bless yer fer that, mister," cried the woman who had spoken before. "May the blissid saints—"

"Sure, that's all right," broke in the embarrassed Jim. "Now, who's goin' tuh help get this truck back?"

There were a score of willing hands at his service.

The old woman could not understand at first what was happening, but when she did she made her rescuer exceedingly uncomfortable by her voluble thanks. He hastily shouldered the trunk, and, guided by a small urchin, traversed dirty halls and ascended even dirtier stairways until he arrived at a squalid room, lighted by only one window, and that opening into an air shaft. He set the trunk down and looked about him in consternation.

"Why, this ain't fitten fer no human bein' tuh live in," he stated emphatically. "Say, what got inter the feller that built this place? Looks tuh me 'sif he was plumb locoed."

"Guess you ain't wise to the city," answered his guide. "This here place is what they calls a tenement, and they puts as many rooms in as they can so's to git more rent."

Jim scowled; it was not his idea of making money.

"Who owns this shack, son?"

"I dunno—nobody don't know. I guess the guy would be ashamed to let on."

"How does he get the rent, then?" asked the unsophisticated Jim.

"Oh, a agent gits it."

Jim waited long enough to see the old woman installed, and leaving her a generous roll of bills, departed and retraced his steps back to the hotel at which he was staying.

"Say," he told the clerk, "I just seen the hellover thing," and narrated his experiences, leaving out only his generosity.

"There was a donation took up," was the way he explained that part of it.

"I'd feel real pleased tuh know the name of the skunk that owns that there shack," he concluded wrathfully.

The clerk leaned over the desk and whispered a name in his ear.

"Yuh joshin'!"

"No, I'm not. That's straight goods. My cousin is his agent."

"Why, th' ornery dog!" exploded Jim, "an' him the richest man in the State!"

After expressing a few more uncompimentary remarks, Jim went up to his room, and was still boiling when sleep cut short his maledictions. He awoke the next morning with a well-defined frown, and ate breakfast in a melancholy silence.

"What yuh sore about?" asked a voice in his ear, as a newcomer pulled out the next chair and sat down.

"Shack! Well, by Crispe! I was just wishin' yuh was here. When'd yuh git in?"

"Minute ago. What's doin'?"

"Hellover lot. Listen here."

"An' I'm cravin' revenge," he wound up, "just like that feller we seen in the show last winter."

"What yuh goin' tuh do? Course I'm in with yuh. He'd oughter be strung up, that's what, only this darn country's gettin' so blame ladylike."

"I dunno. I can't think uh nuthin'."

A gloomy silence fell upon the two. They finished their meal and trailed out into the office.

"Get over your mad yet?" asked the clerk pleasantly.

"No, an' I ain't goin' tuh," replied Jim. "Me an' my pardner here is plinn' tuh do somethin', but we cant figger out anything."

"By the way," said the clerk casually, "old Lawrence is going out to his ranch—the Arrow Seven, you know—in his automobile this morning. Funny how that road winds along in that gulch. I've often wondered he didn't have a hold-up, going back and forth, as he does, with only his kid chauffeur."

"Why, it does seem sorter resky," assented Jim. "Come on, Shack," he added to his friend, "we gotter be goin' if we want tuh keep that business engagement."

"What business have we got tuh tend tuh?" asked Shack when they reached the street.

"We're goin' tuh take a ride, me an' you, an' we gotter git another cayuse besides ourn."

Shack looked surprised, but as the younger man of the two it was not for him to ask questions. Not until they were fully five miles from the city, following a trail-like road, did Jim divulge the "business."

"An' here's the spot," he wound up. "When we see him comin' we'll each git one side uh the road, an' if he don't stop, plug a tire—that'll break in on his hurry—any."

Some minutes later the red touring car of Randall Lawrence was held up in approved bandit style. The owner, being a timid man, offered no resistance to the masked robbers who ordered him to alight.

Mr. Randall was not a western product. He had lately come from the East with money to invest, and had proceeded to invest it wherever the promise of dividends seemed largest. At first the people of Benson City and the surrounding country had hailed with delight the advent of a real live capitalist within their borders, but a growing familiarity with Mr. Lawrence's methods tempered their delight considerably. It is even probable that had the majority of citizens who abode in that section of Wyoming seen the great financier in his present position they would not have been greatly displeased.

"Now, Mr. Lawrence," said Jim gruffly, "this ain't no picnic, an' then agin it ain't no proper hold-up. We ain't after your money, but yuh is our pris'n'r just the same. First thing yuh does is tuh shed them duds, an' put on some we has 'special pervided for the 'casion. An' we must ask yuh tuh cut off them whiskers, unless yuh would rather for us tuh do the job. I got the scissors in my pocket for cuttin' 'em."

"This is an outrage," fumed Mr. Lawrence, his fat, puffy face livid with anger, "a dastardly outrage."

"Uh-huh," assented Jim calmly. "That's the way it would look tuh most people. Howsomever, if you'll just change them duds and the rest of it, it'll save time an' trouble."

The capitalist looked keenly at the other, and failed to find any comfort in the cold eyes shining through the mask. He made one last attempt.

"I don't know what your game is, but I have \$200 with me, which I will give you in exchange for my liberty, and let it end the matter. I am a busy man, and my time is worth money. I—"

"It's no use," snapped Jim. "I told yuh what tuh do, and I'm gittin' pretty tired uh waitin'."

While the magnate was disgustedly following out the humiliating orders under the direction of Shack, Jim led the chauffeur to one side.

"Now, son," he explained, "yuh want tuh do everything just as I lays it out for yuh. First off yuh goes on tuh the ranch and say that your boss sent yuh out fer sunthin'. Then yuh have a tire bust or the machin'ry explode, an' let on yuh can't get home till tomorrow. Then about sundown tomorrow, yuh gets powerful excited an' rip aroun' an' say that yuh just can't keep still no longer—that the boss done got held up by two desperadoes. Got that straight, son?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy.

Good! Yuh seem tuh me tuh be a real

sensible young feller. Well, about two days from now, yuh come tuh the house which is writ on this paper I'm goin' tuh give yuh, an' yuh'll find the boss there safe an' sound, an' maybe git a reward. Now, son, I ain't goin' tuh be harsh with yuh, but if yuh don't do exactly as I tells yuh, there'll be sunthin' comin' your way, an' it'll come good an' plenty. Yuh'll be good, won't yuh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Right! An' now there's one thing more. After yuh git the boss out, yuh let on that yuh knows who's been keepin' him captive. It was Jim Hunter an' Shack Morley. Don't fergit them names—Jim Hunter an' Shack Morley."

"You want me to tell on you?" asked the amazed chauffeur. "Say, I don't care what you do to him. I won't tell anything if you'd rather not. He's the meanest man I ever worked for, and he's got a lot coming to him. He—"

"Easy there, son," reprimanded Jim. "Don't yuh ever run down a man when yuh takin' his money. If yuh don't like him, quit yuh job an' then shoot yuh mouth off some if it'll help yuh any, but 's long as he's yuh boss stand on his side. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now hike along an' do's I said."

Randall Lawrence, bereft of his Van Dyke beard, and clothed in overalls and a blue flannel shirt, rode through the streets of Benson City between his two captors late that evening, and was duly imprisoned in ville quarters. He languished in his cell for some two days before he was discovered by his chauffeur and released. Coincident with his rescue he received news which caused him to procure warrants for the arrest of Jim Hunter and Shack Morley.

These two young men took the matter philosophically and refused to talk about it.

"Yuh wait till the trial," was all they could be induced to say.

Disbelief marked by considerable heat was the attitude of Jim's and Shack's friends.

"If them two boys swore on the Bible that they held up that there ol' skunk, I wouldn't believe it, unless uh course they done it fer some kind of a joke," declared the foreman of the Bar O outfit, which numbered Jim and Shack among its members, and his declaration voiced the sentiments, not only of the Bar O people, but also of everyone who had ever come in contact with the two culprits.

The day of the trial saw the population of Benson City considerably augmented by a rough and noisy element who loudly voiced their belief in the prisoners' innocence, and evinced a readiness to pull Benson City apart if the jury should decide otherwise.

In the crowded courtroom Jim and Shack listened to the ravings of the prosecuting attorney with unmoved faces. Mr. Lawrence was equally serene. He told his story simply and truthfully, dwelling much on the discomforts of his imprisonment.

"Gentlemen," he said impressively, "the room where I was confined was not fit for a hog to live in. I breed some pretty good hogs, and I'll tell you honestly that if they had found themselves in that room they would have died for lack of air and sunshine."

The jury laughed, and Mr. Lawrence descended from the witness stand well pleased with himself.

At last it was the turn of the lawyer for the defense, Jim Hunter.

He lazily stretched his six feet of height upward till he was standing erect.

"Now, Judge, I don't know much about this law business, an' I wants tuh ask yuh, Judge, cayn't I tell the thing in my own way, an' will yuh kindly keep that there feller that's been roasin' me an' Shack, quiet till I gets through?"

The judge nodded.

"Well, then, Mr. Judge, an' fellers on the jury. Me an' Shack done kidnaped Mr. Lawrence, an' we done put him in a pretty mean room. I admits that what he says about them there pigs uh his is right, 'cause that room wasn't fitten fer no pig tuh live in. There wasn't no fresh air, as he says, and the smells was sunthin' ortful, but I don't see why Mr. Lawrence is raisin' such a holier about it. That there room was in a ten-minut house at No. 2 River street, an' Mr. Lawrence owns it, an' if it's so plumb bad fer him tuh stay two days, what's it like fer them po' folks that's there all the time?"

That's what we shut him up fer—so's he could know what it was like."

The courtroom laughed—yelled is a better word. In vain the judge rapped for order. Even the jury rocked back and forth holding its sides in merriment. Mr. Lawrence rose hastily and tried to reach the door, but the crowd held him back. The prosecuting attorney attempted to make a speech, but he himself recognised its futility. Already the jury had reached a decision, and nothing that he could say would alter it.

"I feel plumb mean about it," said Jim some time later to an admiring audience, who were thrusting upon him and Shack every token of its worship—for a joke is still a joke in the West.

"I feel plumb mean about it," he repeated. "We mighter done 'most anything tuh him, an' he'd 'a' got over it, but tuh make him a laughin' stock like we done—it's goin' tuh stick tuh him fer the rest of his life."

Deer Horns for Medicine.

[Consular Reports:] China wants deer, reindeer and wild-sheep horns, which are used in Chinese medicine, and United States Consul George E. Anderson, writing from Hongkong, says that city, as the chief center of trade in Chinese medicines in South China, imports a considerable quantity of such goods annually.

Prices realized for some such goods in prime condition, Mr. Anderson says, are high. At present the chief source of supply of reindeer horns is Siberia, the horns being obtained in the Far North, brought to the seaboard by rail, and imported into Hongkong through Vladivostok.

"Supplies of stag horns," continues Mr. Anderson, "are from the mountain districts of West China, particularly in Szechwan and Yunnan provinces, and from Southeast Siberia. There is also a considerable import of wild-sheep horns from the mountains of India and Thibet and from the mountain frontiers of Indo-China, Siam and the Malay states."

"Apparently there is no reason why reindeer horns from Alaska and stag horns from other American territory should not be brought into this trade. The first requirement in all such goods is that they shall be in prime condition for Chinese purposes. The horns are used in the manufacture of pills and other medicines, and, as is usually the case with Chinese medicines, other elements than actual medicine qualities enter into their valuation."

"Horns must be shipped entire, must be without scar or blemish, and with the hair or growth on them. They must be shipped in the dry state free from salt and other preservative. They should be shipped in sealed cases in the winter months, the trade here running from November to March. If the skull can be shipped intact with the horns, the latter will be valued at something like 20 per cent. additional to the normal price. Horns at present imported range from \$9 to \$14 local currency, or \$4.30 to \$6.70 gold per pound. Reindeer horns weigh two to ten pounds, and are usually shipped in cases with thirty to forty pairs of horns to the case."

"Stag horns are highly esteemed and at times command very high prices, some extra fine specimens for Chinese use recently bringing as high as \$9 gold per ounce. To command any such prices, however, the horns must be in prime condition from the Chinese standpoint. These stag horns weigh four to fifteen pounds. Wild-sheep horns in prime condition bring something like \$3.60 to \$5.75 gold per ounce."

"All these horns are ground into powder and mixed with other ingredients to form a sort of pill tonic—'strengthening pills,' as the Chinese term them—and are used largely by old people and people in debilitated condition. Some of the large medicine factories in China maintain herds of deer for their horns."

The Cubist Lovers.

He clasped her slender cubiform

In his rectangular embrace;

He gazed on her rhomboidal charm

With passionate prismatic face.

He stroked her rectilinear locks;

Then with a sound like prying strips

From off a trapezoidal box,

He kissed her squarely on the hips.

—[Fall Mail Gazette.]

The City and the House Beautiful.

By Ernest Braunton.

Gardens, Grounds, Streets, Parks, Lakes.

Garden Escapes.

SOME EXPERIENCES OF A SAN DIEGO WRITER.

IF ONE desires to naturalize garden flowers there is no dearth of good material for that purpose. A full score of fine flowering subjects have escaped from the garden and, under conditions more or less favorable, have established themselves in the wilds. More especially is this true along stream banks and in damp soils.

Chicory and the salsify or vegetable-oyster are two very persistent plants. Fuller's Teazle, Sweet Alysum, Domophtheca, nasturtiums, several species of poppy, all are local escapes from gardens in and about Los Angeles. The various horticultural forms and colors of our native California poppy are also gradually extending to the wilds and in time to come the botanist, ranging afield, will be sorely puzzled to know where to begin or where to stop in classifying these variations.

In response to an article in this department concerning the drought-resistant qualities of the poppy family, F. H. Mason of San Diego writes as follows:

"Three years ago I planted some blue corn flowers, but they did not do well under garden conditions, so, with characteristic Californian thoughtfulness, they were pulled up and thrown into the adjoining vacant lot. Each year since then that lot has been gay with corn flowers, and they have spread until they can be found over a hundred feet away from where they were originally thrown. The young plants come up with the wild oats and grasses, and last well into July, long after the grasses have withered. What surprises me is their persistence. The lots have been burned over each year, but it does not appear to kill the seeds. Flowers of as true a blue as the corn flower are rare, and, as they do so well under natural conditions here, it occurred to me that the idea of planting them in vacant lots might be worth handing on to your readers."

Floral Societies.

ORGANIZATIONS whose members are interested mainly in promoting the recognition and general use of one specific flower are rapidly becoming numerous. Among these are many whose official findings are not recognized by higher bodies of unquestioned authority.

Among these is the British Gladiolus Society. Their determinations have not always met with the approval of the Royal Horticultural Society. One case in point lies in the former "turning down" a gladiolus known as Gen. Kuroki, a grand variety in all parts of the United States, England, and in fact, wherever grown. It has been passed by the American Gladiolus Society as one of high value, and summer visitors to England declare it grows equally well there.

Parcel Post a Nuisance.

IN SPITE of the great good accomplished by the parcel post, it still has many serious drawbacks and interferes with the free distribution of much valuable garden literature. For example, plant and seed catalogues published on the Atlantic Coast cost two or three times as much as formerly to send to the Pacific Coast, and this has already proved a serious handicap. Foreign catalogues entering eastern parts and going to interior or far western points are forwarded to the address collect. This class of catalogues have this year cost the present writer, on an average, just 8 cents each for "postage due." Thus the generosity of our good foreign friends is turned into a genuine hold-up by our Uncle Samuel.

Go Afield.

THIS season has been, is, and is yet to be one of unusual wealth in its display of native wild flowers. Conditions have proved exceptionally good for all classes of native vegetation and both early and late rains have extended the usual period of growth and blossom in a most pleasing display, and the present is a good time to go afield and enjoy the floral stories of



GLADIOLUS "WHITE LADY."

Gladiolus "White Lady."

THERE is, but one pure white gladiolus in commerce, though some closely approach purity. The one pure white is known in England and America as "White Lady," though a German variety came to us under the name of "Weisse Dame." It is believed by plant breeders to be an albino sport appearing in a lot of seedlings. It is absolutely infertile so far as seed-bearing is concerned, though its pollen is as potent as that of any other sort. Therefore, its crosses are numerous. The writer made 200 of these in one year. The claim has been made that White Lady is the only sort with white anthers, but the writer has at least two seedlings of "near whites" that have pure white anthers. White Lady is famous for "clearing" away cloudy shades of color in breeding.

Gorgeous Godetias.

A MOST pleasing display of dazzling annual flowers may be had by sowing seeds of mixed godetias, natives to various parts of California. They range in color from white to maroon and purple, and some yield blossoms four inches in diameter. Among native flowers few family groups will furnish a floral display to equal a bed of mixed species of godetia.

Straightening the Map of Asia.

[Indianapolis News:] The Turco-Persian boundary has heretofore been one of the problematical features on the map of Asia. As far back as 1843, a mixed commission attempted to define this frontier with only partial success, and since that time repeated efforts have been made by the great powers, as well as the two countries immediately concerned, to complete the task, but the boundary has remained rather a zone of debatable territory than a definite line. Finally in November of last year, a complete understanding on the subject was reached, and a protocol was signed in Constantinople in accordance with which a commission consisting of British, Russian, Turkish and Persian delegates will undertake a survey of the boundary. This is expected to require at least eighteen months, and will doubtless be productive of interesting geographical results.

Rock Gardens.

WHY should not California parks and gardens have rockwork in plenty? Surely we have the "rocks" both literally and figuratively. Also, we have the plants for such gardens, all native to the Golden State. After building scores of rockeries the writer is convinced that boulders and cobblestones should not be used for the purpose except they are broken.

Round stones never look well in large rock gardens unless very sparingly used, with a predominance of plants. As edging or borders for drives and walks they are, as a rule, used most atrociously, looking like rows of giant horses' teeth. All such rocks should be partially buried in the soil with the greater diameter below the soil and the smaller end up. Thus will they look as though in natural position, resting upon or in the soil. Stuck up on end, it is altogether too manifest that man so placed them, and that with a mere touch they would fall over. Every stone used should appear to be firmly fixed in its place. It is a perfectly rational and sensible scheme in using them to let them lie, for position, as they fall, merely burying the lower part somewhat in the soil.

Plant Family Groups.

THOSE having a penchant for planting groups of plants of one family will find much pleasure in the use of the trumpet flowers, members of the Order Bignoniaceae. Three species at least may be used as shrubs: Tecoma stans, T. capensis, and T. Smithii. Others assume a half-climbing habit, and still others are as ambitious as any vines in general use locally. All these are known locally as Tecomas and Bignonias, though to be scientifically correct they should bear other names. Those given are, however, known to all dealers.

A Valuable Orchid.

A NUMBER of years ago there grew in a glass house at Eastlake Park a long, rambling vine of an orchid known as Vanilla planifolia. This plant is particularly distinguished as the only member of the great orchid family having economic value, yielding as it does the vanilla of commerce. This species is not especially handsome as regards flowers, though in general form and outline the blossoms are much like those so common, yet brilliantly colored, in the local floral shops—the laellias and cattleyas. The vanilla flowers are not, however, highly colored.

Send Us a Lock of Your Gray Hair

We Will Send You a Free Trial Treatment By Return Mail.

To prove to any woman (or man) whose hair is turning gray that Mrs. Nettle Harrison's 4-Day Hair Color will restore it to its youthful appearance, we will send a free Trial Treatment. Make the test in the privacy of your own home at our expense.

Just send your name and address and the Trial Treatment will be sent by return mail at charges prepaid. Contains no lead, sulphur or other harmful ingredients. Used for 20 years and endorsed by thousands of satisfied users.

Large size at all druggists \$1.00.
Mrs. Nettle Harrison Co., San Francisco.

LOLA MONTEZ CREME
A true complexion beautifier
3 months' treatment
at all druggists 75c



Write for this
Nursery Catalog

MISSION AND MANZANILLO OLIVES
Trees, Plants, Shrubs, Roses, etc. We have the finest Ornamental Stock in California. Our packing and shipping facilities are unsurpassed. If you anticipate planting Apples, Roses or any other stock, write for our beautiful 1913-14 Nursery Catalog, which is full of fine illustrations and of interest to every planter. Claremont Nurseries, Inc., 1500-1502 Indian Hill Blvd., Claremont, California.

Gladiolus History.

THE first crosses of wild species of gladiolus were made less than a hundred years ago. Four species, all natives of South Africa, have been the main contributors in the make-up of the common garden gladiolus, although a few contain other "blood." It was not until about sixty years ago that the gladiolus came into general favor, and they have ever since steadily grown in popularity. During the past score of years the very best work of hybridization has been done and is still continuing, with the outlook exceedingly promising in new forms and new colors. The discovery a few years ago of the yellow species, G. primulinus, will add a new chapter.

Heat or Moisture?

AN ARTICLE in these columns regarding slowness of growth in local sabal palms has elicited replies from several quarters, from which we are unable to clearly determine any factor that stimulates growth. As a general rule we have found that species of all classes of plants native to our Southern States and quite similar climates suffer from lack of atmospheric humidity. It is, however, an open question whether this proves a deterrent factor in regard to vegetable growth. In the case of several species of sabal palms it would seem as though heat is far more of a necessity than atmospheric humidity, for those in hot interior sections make a much faster growth than any growing at coastal points.

Have You Seen Our New Nursery Salesyard?

It is a place where any grower will enjoy a half hour looking around, whether he wants to buy or not.

Our tremendous buying power places us in a position to offer the choicest stocks at most attractive prices.

Now is the time to plant evergreen trees and shrubs—write for quotations.

Please mark letter Dept. E.

German Established 1879
SEED & PLANT CO.
326-328-330 SO. MAIN ST.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Kentucky Blue Grass

and Dutch White Clover. The best lawn seed in the city. Our "Shady Lawn" is good for that shady spot where other grasses do not thrive.

Morris & Snow Seed Co.

425 S. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Eucalyptus Seeds

Write for free pamphlet, "Eucalyptus Culture." It gives full directions for sowing the seed, raising the plants and planting out into the field. Sample packets 15c each, 2 for 25c, 4 for 50c, 9 for \$1.00.

THEODORE PAYNE, 345 S. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

MODERN

IRRIGATION

METHODS!

Write for our Brown Book (Eighth Edition)
Kellar-Thomason Co., 1230 East 28th St.

Murphy Wall Bed Company
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HARDWOOD & MANUFACTURING COMPANY.
Licenses for Southern California.
Infringing our patent rights, and unless they at once settle with us for the damage caused by their infringing acts, we shall be compelled to apply to the U. S. District Court for injunctions restraining such unlawful use of our patented property.
Display Rooms 620 S. Main St.
1811 S. Main St.
Phone 60671
Main 7689

To Clean Morocco Leather.
To clean Morocco leather prepare a rather strong solution of ammonia in water. Dip a clean cloth in the solution, wring it out, and rub over the leather. Then, rub over with a clean cloth dipped in the well-beaten white of an egg and the leather will look like new again.
When the children return home from school and complain of hunger, as the average school child does, have prepared on the back of the stove some warm drink, either a cereal or some soup or hot milk, and let each have a supply. A warm drink is much more nourishing than bread and butter and does not spoil their evening meal as a heavy luncheon often does.
[253]

A Tramp Over Dartmoor. By J. S. Chase.

TWENTY MILES AFOOT.

"River of Dart, O River of Dart,
Every year thou claimest a heart."

TO RUN the words of an old song that rang in my brain as I left the door of the Pack Horse Inn in the little Devonshire village of Brent. I was starting for a tramp over Dartmoor, that desolate expanse of rock and heather that occupies the middle of England's fairest county.

Brent is the scene of the yearly fair of Dartmoor ponies, a hardy, shaggy race that has bred on the moor for centuries. It is a lively sight, the village street filled with the excited, half-wild animals, the air ringing with their shrill neighings and the shouts of the men and boys in charge. The moor is divided, for stock purposes, into four regions, each under the care of a moorman, and each division having a separate mark for its ponies—a piece of strong tape of a certain color tied through a hole punched in the ear.

The hedges were in their full beauty, for it was the middle of summer. Here and there a tree-fuchsia dropped its crimson rain over some garden wall. In this favored county a bush of fuchsia ten feet high is not an unusual sight. Wild roses everywhere enameled the solid banks of verdure that formed the roadside. But above all, the foxgloves are the glory of the Devon roads and commons. In my walk of twenty-five miles I was hardly ever out of sight of their tall spikes of rosy bells. Every gateway corner and every hedge and bank are enriched with them. And the ferns! For miles at a time you pass between solid banks of them, from the great generous harts-tongues down to little sprightly fairies of ferns, sprouting out of the mossy stones in absolute myriads.

A few miles of delightful road brought me to a tiny village of a dozen cottages, a farmhouse, and a church. This was Dean Prior, and here came in one of those pleasant surprises that are frequent in rural England. It is always worth while to look into the old churches. This I found to be one of which Herrick, that tuneful old blackbird, was rector from 1629 until his death in 1674. A tablet commemorates him with some lines from his "Hesperides," ending:

"Our Mortall parts may wrapt in searclothes lye:
Great Spirits never with their Bodies die."

Calling at the farmhouse to buy a glass of milk, I noticed in the hall of the ancient stone house a telephone. So, slowly but surely, modern ideas are creeping even into rural England.

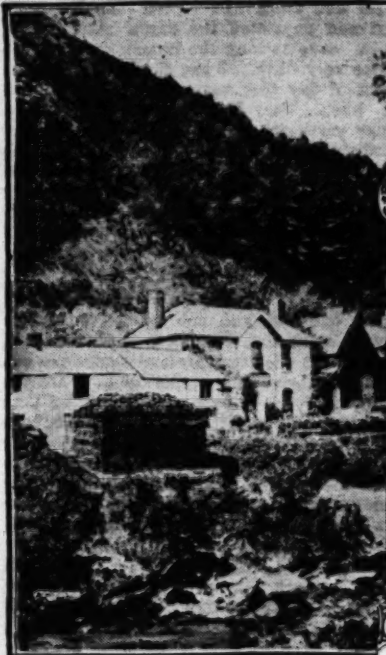
A mile more of ferns and foxgloves, under an arching avenue of elms, brought me to the small town of Buckfastleigh. It is a quaint old place, full of courts and alleys, and twenty times a day you will see a herd of the red Devon cattle come stampeding out from under some unexpected archway, and charge up or down the narrow street with a boy clattering on horseback after them. As I strolled about, I noticed a few stone steps leading off casually from a side street. Asking a passer-by where they led, I was told to the church. So I went up till I had mounted no less than 195 steps; and I was not surprised to find that service was held only once each Sunday.

Very proud and very tenacious is each little place of its little privileges. Seeing an old board stating the toll rates for Buckfastleigh Fair fastened to an ancient building, I asked two old men who were loafing on the bridge when the fair was held. They said it was not now kept up, and had not been held for many years; "but," very knowingly, "us could hold un now, any time. 'Th' owld board it fell down yance; aye, but us put un oop again quick, us did." From the pride with which they gazed up at the well-nigh undecipherable relic, it was plain that though they had allowed the fair to die, the ancient right to hold it was guarded as jealously as ever.

I put up for the night at the comfortable King's Arms, and next morning started for the twenty-mile walk across the moor. An hour took me to the village of Holne, birthplace of Charles Kingsley. In the church here I noticed a list of the incumbents of the parish, beginning with a John de Somethyng or other back in the fourteenth century, with a note, "Names of predecessors at present not discovered." Then, turning up the steep path toward the moor, a great hillside of purple heather rose before me. The morning mists were still clinging about

the tors, or rocky hills, that rise from the moor, but the sky showed spaces of blue, and the wide expanse lay before me in broad patches of sun and shadow. Here and there a clump of dark green gorse was still starred with golden blossoms. Soon I began to come upon wide stretches of yellowish moss, and these it was wise to pass around, for they mark the presence of some of those bogs that have been known to engulf both men and horses. So many of these latter, indeed, have been lost in these "mires," as they are called, that they have become known as "Dartmoor stables."

Below the bogs, too, are the abodes of



A North-Devon village.

the pixies, the Devonshire fairies, said to be the spirits of babies who have died unbaptized. Many are the stories you may hear by peat fires yet of the "pisgies" deeds, good and bad, and you will often hear old men or women say, in regard to some action, "Planze God and the pisgies."

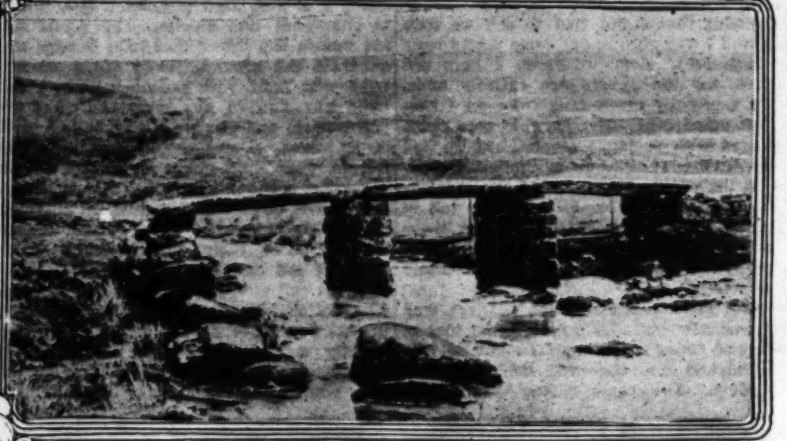
But if one wants gruesome horrors, it is the wisht-hounds of Dartmoor that can provide them. For instance, it is related that a moorman, riding home late one night from Widdicombe Fair, heard the horn of the wisht-huntsman and the baying of his hounds. He was a jovial soul, and, so far from crossing himself, as he should have done, he must needs call out, as the uncanny hunt swept past: "What sport, huntsman?" "Here, take this," came the reply, and a skeleton arm flung him a heavy object. When he had unfasted the wrappings, he uncovered—the dead body of his child!

There is something weird, too, in the shapes of the tors themselves, fantastic groupings of enormous slabs and blocks, forming arches, tunnels, chimneys, gables. Each tor has its name, often that of some object that its shape suggests. And here I recall another peculiarity of the locality. Asking an old man: "Is that Vixen Tor?" the answer was "Ees, zur, that be he, zhure enough." There is an old saying that in Devonshire everything is a he except a tomat, and that's a she. It is said that a schoolmaster, once asking a small child what creature was producing the lusty cock-a-doodle-doo outside the schoolroom, was told that it was a stag, and when the rooster coming into view, he repeated the question, he was again told: "Yes, sir, please, her's a stag."

From the number of "hut-circles" and "stone rows" found, it seems that Dartmoor must have been once well populated. Their builders are believed to have lived in the early bronze age. There are on the moor thousands of the ruins of these stone huts, often with a diameter of fifteen to twenty-five feet. They were usually placed at the end of the stone rows, long, straight avenues lined with stones, some of which required the strength of several men to lift. One such avenue extends for two and a half miles, going straight over hill, valley and stream, and ending in a circle of large upright stones. The use of these stone rows is a matter of surmise. It is thought



Buckfastleigh, typical Devonshire village.



A "clapper-bridge" on Dartmoor.

probable that the ancient bridges over the moorland streams, known as "clapper bridges," built of great single slabs laid upon piers of rough granite slabs, are also the work of these long-vanished people.

Soon after noon there came on one of the sudden, thick mists to which the moor is subject. Now and then, through a rift in the fleecy veil, the strange shape of some tor would be revealed, to vanish again like a specter. From far beneath came the "cry" of the river, as the moormen call it. It is in these sudden fogs, which sometimes last for days, that the moor becomes a place of danger, by reason of the "mires" before spoken of. Another danger is the snakes, which in the last few years have much increased in number. Adders are fairly plentiful among the rocks, and particularly affect the dry old stone walls of the abandoned huts. On the western side of the moor, near Crockern Tor, is a spot where they are said to abound. It is a small piece of the original forest, and is known as Wistman's Wood. It is a weird place of stunted, misshapen oaks, whose roots grimly grapple the granite blocks among which they grow. I think a first-rate nightmare might be gained by taking an indigestible supper following a visit to Wistman's Wood.

Two or three miles away to the south I saw the dim outline of a huge, square building. It was Dartmoor Prison, England's greatest convict establishment. It is a grim place for a grim structure, and was an ugly object to intrude upon Nature's peace. Then, skirting the edge of Great Mis Tor, I found myself approaching the western edge of the moor, and beyond, a far-off, hazy line marked where Plymouth Sound lay. Four miles ahead of me lay Tavistock, the birthplace of Drake. Armada days came vividly to mind at that juncture. It had been my intention to spend the night in the old town, but I was feeling so fresh after my walk in that exhilarating air that I determined to diverge a mile or two to a village bearing the odd name of Peter Tavy, on the banks of the Tavy River. The village is connected by a "claim," or narrow wooden bridge, with another village called Mary Tavy. It is said that a judge was once misled by the names of the twin villages into summoning Peter Tavy and Mary Tavy to appear in court, and on his clerk beginning to explain the impossibility of this being done, the

judge testily ordered that an injunction be served on them, forbidding their leaving the county. There, sure enough, I found them, and ended at the Tavy Inn a very delightful day.

An Enormous Waste.

[Washington Star:] The enormous sum of \$150,000,000 was the aggregate loss sustained by the United States in meat animals as the result of disease and exposure in 1913, according to estimates announced by the Department of Agriculture recently. Losses from disease of cattle, hogs and sheep were about \$122,000,000 and losses from exposure of cattle and sheep about \$28,000,000. The loss in meat, it is declared, would have been more than sufficient to furnish a normal year's supply of meat to the entire population of the New England States.

The figures indicate a total loss of 7,005,000 hogs, valued at \$73,000,000. This represents more than 1,000,000,000 pounds of meat, destroyed mostly by cholera. This loss would have produced nearly 800,000,000 pounds of dressed meat and lard, which, officials say, would have been sufficient to furnish every family in the United States, with an average of 4½ persons, about forty pounds. "If there had been no such loss," it is stated, "probably increasing scarcity of meat would have been largely prevented."

The hog-cholera epidemic of 1913 caused an estimated loss of about \$65,000,000. "No other animal disease produces such a loss," says the department. "It is estimated that in 1913 there were 107 hogs lost a thousand from cholera, and indications point to a further increase unless preventive measures are used. Such an enormous loss is nothing short of a calamity." Co-operation of all interests concerned is urged to combat the disease.

The total loss of cattle from disease and exposure for 1913 is estimated at 1,737,000, valued at \$68,611,000, and that of sheep at 2,124,000 head, valued at \$8,581,000. The aggregate losses of farm horses and mules was 523,000 head, valued at \$59,100,000. The losses of cattle and sheep, however, were less than normal.

The department estimates are based on reports from its correspondents and agents in the field.

"Home, Sweet Home" - For Wife and Mother. For Daughter and Maid.

DINING-ROOM DECORATION.

Pottery and Chinaware.

[Chicago Inter Ocean:] If you have a blue dining-room and have some really good Japanese or Chinese porcelain, or china in blue and white, use it, and use nothing else, unless it be some interesting little Japanese or Chinese knickknacks in brass—a gong or a tiny idol perhaps.

Wedgwood is a beautiful plate-rail decorator if it is used, alone; but unfortunately there are few who possess enough of it to furnish a whole plate rail.

If modern pottery is used, it is well to choose the whole furnishing of the plate rail at once. There is a certain brown and cream colored ware in the market now that could be used effectively in the room where yellow or brown predominates. The ware is decorated with peasant scenes.

There are many good designs in Royal Doulton of various sorts that can be chosen. Only they should be selected with a definite idea in mind of the other pieces with which they are to rank and of the room they are to decorate.

Candlesticks and Coloring.

In the charming dining-room of a man who has traveled much there is an interesting collection of candlesticks on the plate rail. But the candlesticks gathered there are all brass, wood or copper. They come from the ends of the earth. There is a seven-branched candlestick from Jerusalem, and a rudely-hewn, weather-worn candlestick from a peasant home in Holland. There is a highly-wrought candlestick from Florence, and a lamp from Pompeii. They are as different as candlesticks could be, but they are all in harmony because their colors harmonize. The owner of these brass, copper and wooden candlesticks possesses many others, of many different colors and materials. He judiciously keeps these in other places, and groups them in such a way that they harmonize with each other and with their surroundings. That is the whole secret of making the plate rail successful.

PLANTS AND GARDEN.

Fresh Without Watering.

[Ladies' Home Journal:] To keep plants fresh without watering them when the house must be closed the following plan is given in the Ladies' Home Journal: The writer says she has kept her plants in this way for three weeks: Take all the plants to the cellar or some other cool place and set them in tubs, with an ordinary brick under each flower pot. Pour into the tubs just enough water to cover the bricks. It is best to place the tubs by an east window if possible.

Shrubby for Border.

The shrubby border of the old-fashioned garden may contain such plants as: Philadelphus, lilac, spiraea, deutzia, azalia mollis, hibiscus, berberis, springa Persica, verbum lonicera, crataegus and leutzia.

Kneeling Plank.

Every gardener will appreciate a kneeling board. It can be used when planting, weeding or cultivating the flowers. It is made from a piece of wood, 12x24 inches, with a support three or four inches high, to keep the board at a comfortable angle. The upper surface of the board should be padded.

CLEANSING PROBLEMS.

The Velvet Suit.

[Washington Herald:] Before putting away your velvet suit it should be cleaned. First brush the article to be cleaned with a soft brush to remove all the dust. Then put it on a coat hanger and suspend it from the bathroom ceiling, taking care to keep it clear of other objects. Turn the hot water in the bathtub and close the room up tight for about a half hour. This process, says the Washington Herald, raises the nap as efficiently as a professional cleaner.

To Clean Morocco Leather.

To clean morocco leather prepare a lather of soap in warm water and sponge well with this to remove the dirt; then rub over with a clean cloth dipped in the well-beaten white of an egg and the leather will look like new again.

THE FANCY WORK.

Knitting-Bag of White Linen.

[Modern Priscilla:] One of those quaint little Dutch knitting bags is a veritable treasure trove to the woman who knits or crochets, as it holds the ball of thread safely while one works. It is also of sufficient capacity to hold the needles and the roll of knitting when the work is to be laid aside. It is light in weight, easily made, easy to launder, and makes an acceptable gift. The bag measures twelve inches in length by eight inches at its broadest part. Cut the top laid on a fold of material, seam up the sides and across the bottom. Fold back the edges of the arm openings and feather-stitch in place and the bag is finished. Made of white linen, feather-stitched in pale blue, with one's monogram embroidered in blue across the front, it is very attractive.

Pins are Aids.

If, when transferring an embroidery design or initial through carbon paper you find it difficult to get the design into its exact place, try sticking pins in the article you wish to stamp, so that the heads of the pins outline the exact spot, says the Dallas News. You can then feel the pinhead through the carbon paper and so know where to place the design.

THE PAID SERVICE.

For the Lady's Maid.

[Washington Star:] To be worn with a maid's uniform is a trim, white kismet cloth apron which is tied in the back with a medium-sized bow. Both the skirt and the bib portion of this apron are neatly scalloped. A turn-over collar, turn-back cuffs, and becoming little bow for the head are finished with the same sort of scallop that is used on the apron.

To Serve at Luncheon.

After luncheon or before, if the general houseworker is expected to wait on the luncheon table, she will change to an afternoon dress. This can be black, if it is preferred, or it can be of any light color. The very newest thing is Quaker gray. The correct afternoon apron is short and bibbed and there must be collar, cuffs and headpiece to match the apron. The smartest thing is to have apron, cuffs, collar and headpiece made of white cable net. Black ribbon about two inches wide is run through the belt of the apron and tied at the back of the waist.

A maid dressed in Quaker gray sateen with collar, cuffs, apron and headpiece of white net suggests efficiency and contentment in appearance.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Play Cage for Baby.

[Baltimore American:] Take two high-backed dining-room chairs, set with front of seats together. This leaves the backs at each end. Then measure the sides of the two chairs and make a light frame of that size, to which tack small wire fencing. Tie frame at top and bottom of chair posts and thus the cage is completed. It can be easily put together and taken apart at pleasure. Put baby in with playthings and cushions. This keeps baby off the floor and away from draughts. Baby can stand or sit or even walk a little, as the fancy seizes him. Baby will be delighted and so will his mama.

Tags for the Children.

Now that warm weather is coming and the little children are outdoors so much it is well for mothers to put a tag around each child's neck with full name and address, then if the little one wanders away from home anyone seeing the tag will know where he belongs.

When the children return home from school and complain of hunger, as the average school child does, have prepared on the back of the stove some warm drink, either a cereal or some soup or hot milk, and let each have a supply. A warm drink is much more nourishing than bread and butter and does not spoil their evening meal as a heavy luncheon often does.

LAUNDRY MATTERS.

Selecting Ironing Board.

[Christian Science Monitor:] In selecting an ironing board, often one makes the mistake of getting a board too short for practical work. It is well to have the board long enough to permit ironing a skirt from hem to band without moving the garment on the board.

The board having been selected, attention should be given to the matter of covering. If the board is well covered the ironing will be more expeditiously, as well as more satisfactorily, accomplished. There is nothing better for covering the ironing board than two or three thicknesses of padding, such as is used for silence cloths on the dinette. Over this stretch a piece of unbleached muslin. Old sheets are sometimes used, but they soon look soiled, and the task of covering must be repeated.

Laundry List When Sending Out.

A good laundry list for the household, and one that will last a long time, may be made as follows, says the Ladies' Home Journal. Write on a narrow slip of paper in a good plain hand, or better still, by using a typewriter, an alphabetical list of the articles sent out in a family wash. Paste this slip of paper on a fairly heavy piece of cardboard. Take fifty-two strips of paper not more than an inch wide, make them into a pad, sew across the top on a machine—to perforate them so they may be torn off easily—and fasten the pad to the cardboard opposite the list of articles. Attach a pencil by a string; also a hanger, to fasten the list to a closet door or any other convenient place. When the washing is returned and checked off tear off a slip and the pad will be ready for next week's list. Do not write the items too near together.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[Montreal Star:] The stove front can be painted with black stove enamel instead of blacking it daily.

If oatmeal is put to soak overnight in cold water it will take only half the time to cook in the morning.

The juice of a lemon added to a pan of water will freshen wilted vegetables. Let them stand in it for one hour.

It is a good idea to have a good-sized kitchen salt shaker filled with a mixture of salt and pepper. This saves time in seasoning.

The odor of kerosene lamps can be stopped by putting one teaspoonful of fine table salt into each lamp. The salt should be changed once a month.

DON'T SCRATCH BUT ONCE



Once you use Attig Ointment for Itching Piles you never will be without it. Best on the market. A 50c box will convince you. If you cannot obtain it from your druggist, will be sent postpaid on receipt of price.

JOHN H. ATTIG.
325 Cons. Realty Bldg.,
LOS ANGELES, CAL.
Ref. Barker Bros.
Citizens' National Bank.

HEARTSEASE.

Love Your Task.

[New York Tribune:] The thing one loves to do is never tiresome, and if you can teach yourself to enjoy the common routine, there will never be any depressing fatigue. Perhaps one can never grow to love the drudgery part of any work, but if the mind it kept above it by working toward a more efficient way of performing the task, or if not that, train the mind to do the homely things with the thoughts on something else, you will obviate much of the usual weariness, especially in the housework routine.

Today.

To be alive—in such an Age:
To live in it! To give to it!
Rise, Soul, from thy despairing knees;
What if thy lips have drunk the lees?
The passion of a larger claim
Will put thy puny grief to shame!
Fling forth thy sorrow to the wind.
And link thy hope with human kind.
Breathe the world thought—do the world deed.

Think hugely of thy brother's need;
And what thy woe—and what thy weal?
Look to the work the times reveal;
Give thanks with all thy flaming heart,
Crave but to have in it a part;
Give thanks, and clasp thy heritage.
To be alive—in such an Age.

—[Angela Morgan, in Cosmopolitan.]

(Brief Suggestions Invited from Practical Housekeepers.)

"PILOT"

Acetylene Lighting and Cooking for Country Homes.

Best Safest
Cleanest



Two and half to three million users of Acetylene.

Write us for free information.

Oxweld Acetylene Co.

654-656 P. E. Bldg., Los Angeles.

SAVE YOUR OLD HATS!

They hold undreamed-of possibilities for renewed service. Your old panama and felt hats can be cleaned and reblocked; your sewed straw hats can be resealed to a new shape. A post card will bring full information. Write today.

CARTER & STADSTAD,

445 Pine Ave., Long Beach, Cal.

Murphy Concealed Bed Patent

Adjudged Valid and Infringed

By Pacific Wall Bed

On March 13, 1914, U. S. District Court for Southern District of California, Enjoined the Manufacture, Sale or Use of infringing beds handled by PACIFIC WALL BED COMPANY OF LOS ANGELES.

On May 25, 1914, U. S. District Court for Northern District of California, Enjoined the Manufacture, Sale or Use of infringing beds handled by PACIFIC WALL BED MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that all users of these infringing Pacific Wall Beds are infringing our patent rights, and unless they at once settle with us for the damage caused by their infringing acts, we shall be compelled to apply to the U. S. District Court for injunctions restraining such unlawful use of our patented property.

Licenses for Southern California.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HARDWOOD & MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

Murphy Wall Bed Company

Display Rooms 620 S. Main St.
1811 S. Main St.

Phone 62673
Main 7682

in a high tree. For their fighting they use spears much like those of the knights of the Middle Ages. There is a Spaniard who makes these spears and sells them to the Indians for rubber. Some of the tribes poison their spears with a venom which they make from a certain plant mixed with the juice from dead bodies in a state of putrefaction. The poison is put up in earthenware jars, or in joints of bamboo, and it forms an article of commerce among the Indians. It is also used on the arrows, and that for the killing of game. It does not injure the meat.

The Jivaro Indians are superstitious. They have witch doctors, who make a drink called hahuasa from the root and leaves of a shrub, boiled into a tea. This stuff is something like opium, and it makes one see visions and dream dreams. Mr. Taylor tried it. Shortly after he had drunk, spots came in front of his eyes, and a little later on he saw pictures of saints. The witch doctors told him to concentrate his mind on his family. He did so and saw snakes, but a little later his family actually appeared before his mind's eye, and that far more real than in any dream he had ever experienced.

Another most interesting man with whom I have talked about the Indians of the eastern Andes is a German explorer named Kroehle, who spent three years in traveling among them. He had a camera with him, and I was able to get some prints from his negatives. Some of these I dare not publish, for the figures are entirely nude, being especially interesting from an ethnological standpoint. Mr. Kroehle was twice wounded with poisoned arrows, and he had some narrow escapes from the head hunters in the neighborhood of the River Napo. He describes the Napo region as full of queer people. Some of the Indians there have in the lobes of their ears plates of wood or metal, as big around as the bottom of an average tumbler. The holes for them are first made when they are children, and are gradually enlarged by inserting bits of grass and twigs until they grow and become so stretched that they will hold the great ear plugs. The same custom prevails in

Burmah and in other parts of the Orient. On the highlands of East Central Africa I have seen earlobes so stretched that when the plugs were taken out they hung down from the ears like straps and their owners would fasten them over the tops of the ears in order that they might not catch in the branches as they passed through the forest.

Many travelers who have made their way along the eastern slopes of the Andes assert that cannibalism still exists among some of the Indian tribes. Some of Mr. Kroehle's pictures are of Indians he calls the Cachiro, who live along the River Pachitea. These people are wild and are cannibals. They hunt with blowguns and arrows tipped with a poison so deadly that the scratch of an arrow will cause death. They do not use money, and all of their dealings are by barter. They wash the gold from the streams and bring it to the traders in nuggets and coarse dust. In defense of cannibalism the Cachiro say they would rather be eaten by men than by worms, and they believe that if one eats a man he acquires all the courage and other good qualities that the man eaten had when alive.

Others of the tribes cultivate the soil in a rude way. They have little fields of yucca, and sometimes of potatoes and corn. The yucca root tastes like a potato. It is cooked over the coals and made into a cake; it is also used to make a beer which is somewhat like chicha. The Aguarunas are among the tribes that have houses and cultivate the ground. They are a warlike tribe who fight with poisoned arrows and build war towers for defense. They are polygamists and one man may have a half-dozen wives. These people, both male and female, wear short skirts of bark or cotton.

Another curious tribe along the Madre de Dios River, down which Mr. Avant traveled, is the Huachipalris. These people generally go naked, their favorite suits being coats of red and black paint. They cultivate the soil and weave cloths and ropes of wild cotton. They are like the Aguarunas in that they have several wives. They frequently make raids on the Quichuas, the descendants of the Incas, who live on the high plateaus of the Andes, and steal their

women to replenish their harems. They also buy their wives, the price of a woman being a knife or a hatchet. The Huachipalris make holes in the upper lip in which they put feathers or sticks. They are not friendly to the whites, and the Catholic missionaries have been able to do very little with them.

Speaking of the religion of the Indians of the eastern Andes, it is of the most primitive nature. Some of the tribes believe in a god, and some have a belief in a future life, with the soul going through a series of transmigrations much like that of the Buddhists. Certain tribes have their own ideas of the beginning of man. One of their ideas of the creation is that when the world came out of the original chaos all mankind lived in a great cave, the entrance to which was guarded by a tiger. The human race was kept in by the tiger, until one day the liberator of mankind, a giant among his fellows, fought with the tiger and killed him. Then mankind came out and populated the earth. After living in a cave so long the human race had become very dirty. When they came into the light of day they realized this and decided to wash. They heated some water in a huge earthenware jar. Those who got the first bath came out white, and thus the white race was formed. Those who had the next bath came out brown and formed the brown race. The last to bathe had only the dregs and the stains which were left in the jar, and they founded the blacks.

Some of the Indian tribes believe in two gods, one evil and one good. These two spirits fight for the control of mankind. Sometimes one conquers and sometimes the other. Others, such as the Conibos, are sun worshippers, as were the Incas at the time that Pizarro came; while others believe that the spirits of good people return to earth after death and live in jaguars or monkeys, while those of the bad go into reptiles or parrots. Nearly every tribe has its witch doctors, and all are honeycombed with superstition.

Altogether, the Indians of the eastern Amazon are comparatively few. The tribes are largely scattered, and many of

them are rather families than tribes. Prof. Orton, one of the best authorities on the Amazon, estimated that there are not more than 40,000 people living along that river and the Maganon, and there are probably less than 100,000 on the eastern slopes of the Andes. The Royal Geographical Society of Lima, Peru, recently estimated the number of savages in those regions at something like 150,000, dividing them into tribes that range in size from a few hundred to 2000 or 3000, the largest being the Huitoto, which are put at 20,000, and after that the Ticunas, numbering 15,000. Enock fixes his estimate at 150,000 or more, and classifies the Indians into 112 tribes, a large number of which have but a few members.

None of these tribes is equal to the best type of the North American Indian. The most of them are short, and they vary in color from red to black. Nearly all have high cheek bones and all have long, straight black hair and black eyes. Some are very muscular, and a few are brave. The majority of the whites that they have been practically enslaved by them in the work of rubber gathering.

Some of the tribes wear no clothes whatever. Others have clothes of bark cloth, and some wear short skirts made of the bark of a tree. Not a few make beautiful hammocks, also exquisite feather work, formed of the bright-colored plumage of the birds of the Amazon Valley.

Several of the tribes are musical. The Aguarunas have flutes of reed or bone and a kind of violin with three strings. They also have drums of tree trunks which they use for sending their wireless messages from one savage settlement to another.

None of the tribes associates with any other tribe. There is no union of government; and the chiefs are generally chosen for their superior ferocity and strength. The languages differ widely, and there is no method of writing. Some of the savages count on their fingers, and express the higher numbers by movements of the fingers; but all are in a low state of civilization and are sinking lower by reason of the vices and liquor brought in by the whites.

[Copyright, 1914, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

The Test. By Hazel H. Havermale.

TWO IN THE FOREST.

JOHN MADISON was a newspaper man of the metropolitan sort—a perfect type of the genus, with nose-glasses, pseudo-cynicism, a slight knowledge of the opera and an insatiable desire to elevate the literature of America by writing prize fight stories on his day off.

He thought he was in love with Bliss Gregory—he had met her at a gay little supper which the city editor's wife had given one night. Bliss Gregory wrote stories of striving young geniuses who made good at the crucial moment, and of flippant young things and their seashore banalities.

The two of them had gone about the city together, seeking quaint restaurants of Greek and Turkish atmosphere, dining from execrable food and comradeship, and collecting material conscientiously for their "efforts." Madison had even proposed and been left uncertain as to the impression he had made. Surely Bliss knew he was in earnest—he did mean it, for she was companionable and had a good way of wearing last year's suit with a new collar on it.

Bliss had gone to the mountains for her vacation and the conventional period of "thinking it over." Madison was to go up to the camp for the week-end, and Bliss was to—well, Bliss was to do the conventional thing.

He arrived at dusk on Saturday. Bliss greeted him gayly and took him to the camp where the fat little mother shook his hand and looked exceedingly knowing. As the girl busied herself about the camp, Madison saw a new beauty in her, a semi-barbarian charm in her browned throat and her black hair with its scarlet flower. He went with her to the stream to carry up the evening water. Together they listened to the noisy water as it puffed into foam over great boulders or clung close to the dank green bank where the mosses grew and the maiden-hair showered. Through half-shut lids the man watched her bend lithely over the stream; against the dark background of the bay trees her body stood forth sharply, brimming in every line with life and a something new, a something half-maddening and alluring that Madison had never seen before.

When the last ember of their campfire had died and the raucous howl of the phonograph in the pavilion had perished miserably, the mother trotted off to her tent, while Madison and the girl sat on the pine needles and watched the moon climb slowly, slowly over the black peaks, then loosening the last touch of the pines, swing out into the purple heavens in a great yellow fire. The steady monotone of the stream shifted a half-note, the thicket of alder and sumach behind them stirred, and the quail crooned softly.

"Bliss," said Madison quietly, "Bliss?"

"Not now," she answered breathlessly.

"Oh, not now!"

The moon glowed in her eyes; they almost startled the man—so hot they were, so alive with that elusive newness, a something as elemental, as primal as the woods. Soon she arose and went to the tent, and the man rolled himself in his blankets on the pine needles.

How simple and sincere were the pines, and how fragrant were the stars! Dreams of wood-lore fell upon him, and when the sun came goldenly through the canyon, he ran to the stream and plunged in. When he returned, Bliss and her mother were cooking at the sheet-iron stove.

Somehow the girl had known how he would look as he came through the trees. There was a touch of incongruity in the soft, open collar and the white line about his throat where the usual collar ended; and the added ease of khakis made him different. Younger, perhaps. It might have been the rakish knot of his red tie or the discarding of his glasses. But when he lifted the blackened coffee-pot from the fire and smudged his clothing with the soot and Bliss attempted to apologize, he simply said:

"Oh, don't bother! I hate new things for the mountain, anyway. They seem so crass."

For a moment she looked at him and smiled.

So the two of them started off for a day's tramp—the little mother was too short-breathed to go, and perhaps too wise.

Down the blue canyon they ran, laughing like children, peering joyfully into dusky nooks, hiding behind trees from Pan and his

satyrs. Once the man took her hand and tip-toed past a flaming thicket of poison oak.

"Hush!" he whispered. "Didn't you see the elves under there? They've danced all night, poor chaps, and they have to catch up on sleep today. Hi, you squirrel! Let 'em alone!"

She laughed and eyed him anew. Ah, she was glad, glad that he was different!

Time after time they crossed the ripply stream, the man splashing through and making a log bridge for the girl. Once he went across first and deposited the knapsack. Then he came back, and before she could gasp he swung her into his arms and carried her across. Out of the corner of her eye she saw the muscles of his throat and felt under her cheek the velvet strength of his shoulder. And once he had watched her swaying in the middle of the stream, arms wide apart, lips half-parted, and said softly:

"Jove! what a picture! You look like a naiad!"

She had blushed and hastily leaped across.

The morning grew warmer, more languid. Now they had left the trail and were following the stream down the canyon, past walls of tendrily wild grape, white banks of laurel, flaming tiger lilies and the crimson of wild honeysuckle. The perfume of buckthorn and bay hung in the air, the heavy sweet hemlock drooped and a sleepy, sluggish gold and black snake slid lazily from under their feet. The wild passion vine was sending out its first buds, and in the top of an oak a single scarlet flower hung.

"How lovely!" breathed the girl. "How lovely!"

The next instant the man was clambering up the tree. Breathless, she saw him swing out on the frail branches, and when he dropped down, the red flower was in his teeth.

"I shall decorate you," he smiled, as she reached her hand for it. Then he fastened it over her ear and flushed as the silk of the black hair twined about his fingers.

"Thank you," she said, but she did not look into his face.

And they were very gay again. A noon came, and they camped beside a green pool overhung with maples. The man built a fire

between two stones, and soon their lard pall sent up the intoxicating odor of coffee.

"Look," said Bliss, as she turned the crisp curls of bacon, "did you ever see a more gorgeous color scheme than this fire—red and blue flame, gray stones, green pool?"

"And black-haired nymph with wild-rose face in the foreground!" finished Madison.

"Jove!" he thought. "Bliss certainly is stunning in this setting!" Then he called: "Way down this canyon, Bliss, there's a peach of a haze—look through the tree—see, all smoke-gray!"

"It surely isn't smoke, John?" she asked.

"Naw," he answered, "just distance haze.

Heavens! that coffee is tantalizing."

Soon they dined from plates of maple leaves. The stream droned on, and a great yellow bumblebee buzzed, buzzed, and the man slept. The girl dabbled her hands in the water, made filmy boats of maiden-hair and sent a tawny lily bobbing down the stream. The air grew hotter and hotter, sultry and smoky smelling. The wee animals of the wood scampered restlessly in the thicket, but the girl dreamed on beside the water and the man slept.

Suddenly a shrill animal cry sounded behind her, and the man jumped to his feet.

"Lord! Where's all this smoke coming from! Bliss, have you noticed?"

She paled. "No!" she whispered.

The man turned and ran down the canyon. In a few seconds he was back.

"Hurry, Bliss! Give me your hand—it's a half mile down the canyon! We've got to notify the ranger!"

Scorn burned in her face as she ran. This a man, and running for help! Why, why didn't he go back and fight it himself and let her notify the ranger? He reached out to help her across a log, but she ignored his hand and clambered across alone. Ah, how she loathed him—a city-bred creature who was afraid—afraid to fight, and running for help!

The man stopped and grasped her arm; his face was drawn and white. Far down the canyon came the roar of falling trees and the crackle of underbrush.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN.)



The Head Hunters of the Andes.

By Frank G. Carpenter.

Strange Savages.

LIVE ON WESTERN SLOPES OF AMAZON VALLEY.

HOW HEADS ARE CURED WITH HOT SAND. POISONED ARROWS AND HOW THEY ARE MADE—A NEW STORY OF THE CREATION. QUEER SUPERSTITIONS IN THE WILDS OF EASTERN PERU AND BOLIVIA.

From Our Own Correspondent.

GUAQUI (Bolivia).—During my travels on the high plateau of the Andes, I have heard many strange stories about the vast unexplored country that slopes down to the Amazon Valley. In coming across Lake Titicaca I traveled with an American railroad contractor who is building a line through the heart of Bolivia. He has been taking a vacation of two or three months, and has just returned from a gold prospecting tour in the regions of the Madre de Dios, one of the high tributaries of the Amazon. The Madre de Dios rises on the other side of the great mountain wall that skirts the northern side of Lake Titicaca. It flows in a winding course into the Beni, and on into the Mamore and Madeira, coming out through the latter stream into the Amazon below the city of Manaus. The region where it rises is wild, and much of that through which it flows is known only to the Indians.

Some of the fish were as long as your arm and were of a delicious flavor. Among other inhabitants of the streams were alligators of various kinds. One had no scales, and its enormous head was more like that of a fish than of an alligator. The skin was of a bluish cast, with a few specks here and there. These reptiles are said to be dangerous, and the natives would not go into the waters where they live.

In talking of the Indians Mr. Avant said that the most of them are not friendly to foreigners. They are savages, who dress almost altogether in bark, and their chief weapons are bows and arrows tipped with poison. Some of the tribes are supposed to be cannibals and all are in a very low state of civilization.

It was at Lima that I met W. Bell Taylor of Boston, who had just come down from the coal mines in the high Andes near Cerro de Pasco, and had a chat with him about an expedition he had recently made from Ambato, Ecuador, down the eastern slopes of the Andes into the Amazon Valley. His trip took three months, and during this time he traveled on foot and in canoes for more than 1400 miles through the wilds. It took him nine days to reach Canelos, on the Rio Bobancho, during which time he walked and had men to carry his cargo. Each of the cargadores carried seventy-five pounds. The

after killing a man they cut his head off close to the shoulders, and as soon as they reach camp they open it and take out the bones of the skull. The skin of the head is then sewed together from the crown to the base of the neck. It is now a kind of bag. This is filled with hot sand, but is kept as far as possible in its original shape. It is pressed inward during the drying, the sand being changed from time to time, until the head is reduced to one-fourth or one-fifth the original size. Before beginning the curing, the skin is painted with the juice of the huito, a fruit that looks much like an ahuate pear. This juice is a leather preserver. It is smeared over the head inside and out. As the head grows smaller a stone of the shape of a small skull is inserted and the skin is worked down upon it. This stone regulates the size of the head when it is cured. It is taken out before the skin has grown too hard, but after its features are fixed. The head is then hung up over the fireplace and allowed to cure in the smoke.

Mr. Taylor describes the Jivaro Indians as a well-made, good-looking people. He says they are polygamists, some of them having seven or eight wives. They multiply rapidly, but the population is kept down by feuds, during which one family will lay for another and shoot any of its members

on sight. In order to be ready to defend themselves they sleep in a sitting posture, each brave having his spear between his knees. While visiting one tribe Mr. Taylor saw three Jivaros who had just come in from the hunt. They were thin and gaunt. They described a raid that had just been made on their family, during which all had been killed but themselves. Mr. Taylor took a canoe and went with a priest to the place of the killing. There were women and children and old men lying on the ground. The heads of all had been cut off, and the captors were probably curing them as I have described.

"Another interesting thing about the Indians of the upper Amazon," said Mr. Taylor, "is their use of the blowgun and the poisoned arrow. This is common among most of the tribes between the Napo and the Marañon. Their guns are long tubes just large enough around for the arrows, which are wrapped with cotton at the ends to make them fit close. The arrows are small, not more than a foot or a foot and a half in length, and not much thicker than a wooden toothpick. The poison is so deadly that it will kill almost anything that the arrow goes into. It comes from Brazil. The Indians can send these arrows from forty to fifty feet at a shot, and they can hit a monkey or a bird



Cannibals who live near the source of the Amazon.



Rio Napo Indians.

Mr. Avant traveled on foot down this river. He started out from Cuzco, at an altitude of over two miles above sea level, with a guide, an interpreter and eight Indians, and he descended to regions that are less than a half mile above the sea. The mountains he crossed were more than 16,000 feet high, and his way led from the glaciers and perpetual snow down into a tropical jungle, with crocodiles, boa-constrictors, palm trees and rubber.

As we sat in the rude hotel here at Guauqui this morning Mr. Avant told me something of the animal life of that region. He says that the country swarms with game. The woods are full of wild turkeys, that look like peacocks, each bird having a topknot and very bright plumage. The flesh is excellent, and it tastes like our wild turkey. Another bird of the same species is called the pabogil. This is twice as big as the largest American turkey, and its flesh tastes about the same.

I asked as to wild beasts, and Mr. Avant replied that he saw droves of peccaries, or wild hogs, and also tapirs and jaguars. The jaguars came around the camp at night, and were now and then to be seen as the party made its way through the woods. Much of the journey was along the banks of the streams, and the party did not lack for fish. Whenever they wanted a fish dinner all they had to do was to explode a dynamite cap in the water, and a moment later the surface would be covered with dead fish. From one such explosion they took out 300 pounds.

whole way was through the jungle. At Canelos the party took canoes and floated down one of the Amazon tributaries to the mouth of the Ucayali, which is one of the sources of the Amazon. The Ucayali flows into the Marañon, and the latter goes down into the main stream. Mr. Taylor visited Iquitos, the chief rubber port of the upper Amazon, and then came back overland through Peru. He describes Iquitos as a city of 25,000 inhabitants and as one of high prices. It cost him \$5 a day there for his food alone.

Among the most interesting stories told me by Mr. Taylor were those about the Jivaros Indians. These savages are head hunters who kill their enemies and preserve their heads as trophies of war. I have seen many of these heads during my travels and have made photographs of them. I was once offered a head for \$100 in gold, but refused it for fear that the ghost of the dead man might haunt me for the rest of my life. This head was about as big as my fist. The bones of the skull had been removed and the skin so carefully shrunk that none of the features was lost. The skin of the face was black and the long hair which hung down from the skull was of the same raven hue. The nose was almost negroid in shape, and the lips were sewed together with long cotton strands that hung down like a macramé fringe.

Mr. Taylor told me the story of how these heads are cured, as he got it from the natives. He says it is a drying process.



Dried human head of the Jivaros.



A head-hunter on the war path.



menting this with a cracked grain ration. Throughout the growing period of chicks there is probably no food of greater value than wheat bran. This feed is high in protein and in ash content, furnishing them the two food elements that are most needed for the growing chick. A well-balanced mash can be made as follows:

Wheat bran	50 lbs.
Ground oats	10 lbs.
Gluten meal	10 lbs.
Corn meal	10 lbs.
Alfalfa meal	10 lbs.
Meat scrap	5 lbs.
Bone meal	5 lbs.
Dry mash for growing stock on range	100 lbs.

This dry mash can be fed most easily and economically in large covered dry mash hoppers which will be kept open to the birds at all times. In the morning and evening grain rations of medium cracked corn and whole wheat will be found to be valuable supplementing foods. Using a system of this kind in feeding will give the smaller and weaker chicks an equal chance with the bigger and stronger chicks, which with grain rations alone, would get the greater part of the food given the flock. This system involves so little work that it adds to the possible profits.

The effort throughout the growing season should be to protect the birds from natural enemies, to watch their development and maintain a quick growth, and lastly they should be gotten into their laying-houses fairly early in the fall, usually by the latter part of September, so that their exact maturity can be more closely watched, and so that they can get accustomed to their quarters.

[Copyright, 1914, by Eugene McGuckin Company.]



[New York Sun:] Whitewash is the cheapest of all paints, and for certain purposes it is best. Lime, which is the basis of whitewash, makes a sanitary coating, and is probably to be preferred for poultry houses, interiors of stables and other out-buildings. Ordinary whitewash is made by slaking about ten pounds of quicklime with two gallons of water. The lime is placed in a pail and the water poured over it, after which the pail is covered with an old piece of carpet or cloth and allowed to stand for about an hour. With an insufficient amount of water the lime is "scorched" and not all converted into hydrate; on the other hand, too much water retards the slaking by lowering the heat. "Scorched" lime is generally lumpy and transparent, hence the use of the proper amount of water for slaking and an after addition of water to bring it to a brush consistency.

[New York Sun:] Wherever possible, the growing stock should be given a liberal range. It must be admitted that good chicks may be successfully grown in small runs, but this entails much additional labor, more attention to detail and greater care in keeping everything in sanitary condition. If an unrestricted range is available, and the chicks may be permitted to care for themselves, the problem is greatly simplified. It is almost universally conceded that other things being equal—stock grown on free range is much superior to that produced under intensive conditions.

[New York Press:] In the last two or three years the water glass method of preserving eggs has been tested out thoroughly, both on poultry plants and in laboratories. In a test a 10 per cent. solution preserved eggs so effectively that at the end of fourteen weeks they appeared perfectly fresh. In most packed eggs the yolk settles to one side and the egg becomes inferior in quality. Again, most packed eggs will not beat up well for cake making or frosting, while eggs kept in a water glass solution will give the same results as fresh eggs. "Water glass" is the popular name for potassium silicate or sodium silicate, the commercial article often being a mixture of the two. Water glass usually is sold in one of two forms, either a powder or a syrup-thick liquid. The retail price varies, but usually is in the neighborhood of 10 cents.

[Memphis Commercial-Appeal:] After eggs come out of storage and before they are placed in the retail market they are usually candled and graded. Candling is done by holding each egg before a candle or

other bright light in a space where the diffused light of the room is excluded. Expert candlers can detect the changes in the eggs and grade them with wonderful accuracy. By this process several grades of eggs are sometimes obtained, each grade worth less than the other. In the retail markets two of three different grades may appear side by side. The patron is permitted to believe the best grade are new laid eggs and that the others are cold storage eggs. Indeed, the better grades are sometimes labeled fresh eggs, and the joke of it is that usually the buyer does not know the difference when the eggs are used. The average palate cannot tell the difference between a new laid egg and one that may be called near fresh. This is especially true of eggs that are taken from the shell before they are cooked. Those who prefer to eat their eggs from the shell must have them new laid, as whatever flavors the egg contains are all retained. Even stale eggs may be used for cooking as a part ingredient of a dish and give little or no offense to the taste.

[Southern Farm Journal:] It is not necessary for a rooster to be among hens in order that their laying qualities may not be curtailed. The rooster, it is advised, should be allowed with the hens only during the breeding season, and eggs that are intended for hatching purposes should be fertile, as the infertile ones will not hatch. Fertile eggs spoil very quickly when subjected to the ordinary methods of handling on the farm and when marketed during the hot summer months under adverse conditions. Infertile eggs will keep in good condition in temperatures which will cause fertile eggs to rot. The department advises that on May 1 all male birds be either killed, sold, or confined until December 1 or as late as January 1 in some localities, inasmuch as it is not necessary to the laying qualities of a hen that a rooster be maintained in the flock. Moreover, his presence during those months means fertile eggs, which mean bad eggs, and the consequent loss to the producer and the consumer.

[Baltimore American:] Producing soft roasters will make cull cockerels most profitable. Such roasters bring the highest prices when produced through caponizing. This operation yields the largest possible bird. The larger the bird the higher price paid per pound. The South Shore section of Massachusetts is noted for its large numbers of tender, juicy, soft roasters, and the high market prices received for them. Having decided to raise soft roasters, select the best cockerels for the breeding pens. This can be done when they are three or four months old. Caponize all other cockerels and feed them two or three months longer. By this time they will weigh eight pounds and be in prime market condition. Cracked corn, beef scraps and water should be kept constantly before them. Feed them some green food in the shape of cabbage, sprouted oats or green rye. Capons will reach the desired weight in a few weeks without other forcing than the above simple diet. Soft roasters are in demand all the year round, but bring the best prices in the early summer. It is well for those who have been selling their cull males for low market prices to caponize and fatten them. It means greater profits. Caponizing not only increases the size and weight of the male at killing time, but the capon's flesh is more tender, juicy and finer flavored than the ordinary fowl. This is the reason that caponized soft roasters bring more per pound.

Transposed Seasons.

The gentian and the bluebell so
Can change my calendar,
I know not how the year may go,
Or what the seasons are:
The months, in some mysterious wise,
Take their expression from her eyes.

The gentian speaks to memory
Of autumn long since gone,
When her blue eyes smiled up at me,
And heaven was flushed with dawn;
'Twas autumn then and leaves were sere,
But in my heart 'twas spring of the year.

The bluebell says a message too
Of springs long passed away,
When in my eyes her eyes of blue
Gazed and 'twas close of day.
Spring spread around her fragrant chart,
But it was autumn in my heart.
—[Madison Cawein, in New York Sun.]

[Boston Transcript:] "How will you have your hair cut, sir?"
"Without any mention of baseball, please!"

The Test.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN)

"Bliss," he said hoarsely, "I—you'll have to make it alone! I can't go on!"
"Go on!" she screamed shrilly. "What are you going to do—sit here?"
"Bliss, I'm sorry," he repeated, "but you'll have to make the ranger's cabin by yourself. I can't."

"Why?" she sneered.
"Why? Why, I've got to go back! Don't stand here talking, but go on, go on! Do you hear me? Go on! I know it's hard for a city-bred girl like you to have to do a thing like this alone—but you'll have to do it! I've got to go back and fight. Hurry, Bliss, hurry!"

"Why?" she repeated dully.
"Don't you understand?" he shouted, shaking her. "I must go back and fight the fire—I tried to get you home, but I must stay here. Bliss, will you kiss me?"

"Aren't you afraid?" she quavered.

"Afraid?" he echoed.

A clinger flattened on her cheek as she touched his shoulder.
"John," she sobbed. "John!"

He crushed her close and kissed her again and again. She sobbed and shook in his arms.

Then she flung herself away from him and laughed.

"Ah!" she cried. "I love you, for you are a man, John, a man! And we are both savage!"

Then she turned and stumbled on over the unburnt ground, and he plunged back into the hell of fire.

Many Historic Swords.

[Washington Herald:] The sword collection in the United States National Museum, comprising some 180 pieces, proves perhaps of greater general interest than any other of the many extensive exhibits.

It not only covers a long period of history, but shows the development of the sword as a weapon and as a badge of rank and office. All the specimens are not as yet grouped in one series, but form parts of specific and personal exhibits.

One good-sized collection turned over to the museum by the War Department some years ago is representative of all branches of the war service for the different periods in United States history, and includes several foreign naval and military types. By comparison it is seen that the types changed all over the world every ten or twenty years.

In the ethnological division in the new building there is an instructive exhibit of swords and cutlery which forms part of the George Kennan collection, and includes Turkish and Arabian yataghans, two Russian swords, a Scotch dirk, a Crusader's sword and a sample of a two-handed weapon dated 1710. In the Mason family collection, loaned to the museum by Mrs. Julian James, there are several American swords, bayonets and cutlasses, besides many implements from Japan, China, Turkey and North Africa. Two other notable collections are the deposits of the late Dr. Charles W. Hickman of Augusta, Ga., and Capt. J. R. R. Hannay, U.S.A., which include seventy weapons and implements of exceptional rarity.

Among the individual exhibits are numerous swords connected with important epochs in American history. The earliest types are those of the Revolutionary War, particularly those which were presented by the Continental Congress to John Hancock and Col. Return Jonathan Meigs; a service sword of Gen. Peter Gansevoort, Jr., and another engraved "The Sword of Rochambeau," a cutlass from the Bonhomme Richard presented to Lieut. James B. Safford in 1784, and several swords of the period, the ownership of which is not established.

In connection with the later wars there are specimens pertaining to the following American officers: Decatur, Shulbrink, Ripley, Gansevoort, Brown, McGruder, Morgan, Shields, Paul de Peyster, Vincent, Howard, Hancock, Custer, Grant, Sherman, Kilpatrick, Trenchard, Mason, Wilkes, Schley, Phillips, Capron and Ord.

[Ladies' Home Journal:] A marine was testifying about the explosion of a gun on a war vessel—an explosion which had sent him to the hospital for some months.

"Please give your version of the explosion," he was asked.
"Well," he said, "I was standing beside the gun, there was an awful racket, and the doctor said: 'Sit up and take this.'"

Leopard Hunting.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWELVE)

and went bounding toward the summit of the ridge. It looked like an easy shot, and, forgetting that the first rule of panther shooting is never to fire at an animal above you, I let drive with a half-aimed snap. Luckily, it missed, and Fowle's frantic roar of protest prevented my endeavoring to plant a bullet that might have brought a wounded leopard rolling on top of me. Fowle, considerably, also held his fire, as a result of which the beast gained the top of the ridge and found temporary safety in the dense cover of a "nullah" which opened up beyond. After two hours of beating had failed to bring him out, we returned to camp for a rest and more natives.

We found some difficulty in getting out all the beaters needed for the afternoon hunt on account of a rather deeply-rooted belief many of them seemed to have that in case of the failure of the chase the leopard would ultimately take his revenge piecemeal on all who were engaged in it. Fowle's tact and a sensible old headman managed to overcome this feeling sufficiently to give us a couple of score of men, however, and with these we moved on the nullah where the leopard had taken refuge. Here we had an interesting example of native reasoning. The animal had showed himself once or twice, and while we were endeavoring to locate him for a shot we noticed the several natives accompanying us, instead of keeping quiet, were talking even more vociferously than usual. On Fowle's telling them to shut up, they replied that they were talking noisily on purpose; that while silent stalking was all right for an ordinary leopard, this one, because he had eaten of men and knew his ways, would believe that we were stealing upon him in case he heard no sound. Therefore they talked loudly and carelessly to make him think they were not in search of him. Whether these subtle methods had anything to do with it or not I cannot say. At any rate, our quarry strode nonchalantly out into the open presently, and Fowle's raking shoulder shot brought down one of the largest leopards ever killed in India.

To a Mosquito.

Gaunt Paganini of the air,
Fiddling harmonics on a hair,
You think I clapped for you? Take care!
I did—but missed.
Also (though doubtless you don't care)
I hurt my wrist.

So to you'll devil's rigadon
You mean to make me dance? But soon
You'll fiddle, friend, another tune
When I get at you.
You're silenced, eh? Well, that's a boon.
You—got me—drat you!

Well, buzz! Maybe it's in your code,
Even as old-time knights of the road
Were wont to pay the scores they owed
With jocund ditties.
I thank you for the grace bestowed,
But—nunc dimittis!

What! Bite again! O wing'd Omar,
Suck on! Drain the dream-laden jar,
Till, gorged, inert, you—tapped so—are
A red splash merely!
'Tis oft the one last step too far
That costs us dearly.
—[Jefferson B. Fletcher, in Youth's Companion.]

Who is Your OCULIST?

There is just the same necessity for discriminating in choosing a good eye specialist as there is getting a good tailor. We like to fit glasses for people who are hard for the ordinary optician to satisfy.

C. C. LOGAN, M. D.,
Oculist and Optician.
442 SOUTH SPRING ST.

Are You Suffering from Painful Afflictions of the Feet, Broken-down Arches, Callouses, Bunions, Etc?
Call on us for relief.

There are numerous Arch Supporters put on the market to correct flat feet that are made over a form, and in some cases answer the purpose. There is no ready-made Arch Support manufactured in this way that will give the desired results in more than 10 per cent of the cases. The reason is that there are different ligaments in the foot that may be affected and thus cause pain in the various joints. Our Arch Supporters are made by personal measurements and are guaranteed to relieve every case. WESTERN ORTHOPEDIC APPLIANCE CO., 721 South Grand Avenue, Los Angeles.



"VOTES for women!" shriek the London viragoes, mad as the menads of the French Revolution, without their excuse in besotted ignorance.

"Votes for women!" and thick-necked, hard-headed, behorned old John Bull and all his progeny, steers, cows, helters and calves, are in a blue funk undecided what to do.

You mortals are never satisfied, never have been and never will be. You are always reaching out after something you have not got, and often after the impossible. One of your poets has said: "Man never is but always to be blessed."

The Eagle admires without bounds the proverbs of you humans which embody in fossilized language the wisdom of all your ages. One of these says: "Necessity is the mother of invention," and another: "Discontent begets development."

It is all very well if you only knew what to be discontented about, and if your development were always to a really higher plane of living. The Eagle wants to know why the London menads are so hungry for the privilege of voting, and what they will do with the privilege if they secure it.

Here in America, the Eagle's own country, we have had a campaign for female suffrage, and thank heaven the American women conducted the campaign with more reasonableness, dignity and humanity than their English cousins are carrying on theirs. The Eagle would be thoroughly ashamed of America if the women of the country ran wild attempting to get by coercion what is more easily had by persuasion. Many of the American women were hungry almost to starvation for the right to vote, and now

that they have got it—that is all. They have just got the privilege, and in a multitude of cases fail to exercise it. It will be just the same in England, in the opinion of the Eagle.

Oh, human nature is such a complicated jumble of conflicting, utterly unco-ordinated sentiments, desires and passions! And that brings to mind another proverbial human saying, that anticipation is much more than possession in the enjoyment it brings to the souls of you human beings. Your women know this just as well as they know anything. So that the woman who "throws herself at any man's head" is sure not to succeed in her campaign for a man, though she may pursue it as wildly as the London viragoes do the right to vote. Indeed, the more wildly she chases a man the faster he flees. With him the pleasures of the chase far surpass the pleasures of fruition.

You humans abandon the possibility of enjoying the good things of this life by pursuing them too persistently, too constantly, too unrelentingly, and never taking time to enjoy your possessions, madly chasing others that you have not yet secured.

Ah, your mythical stories are as beautiful as your proverbs are philosophical. The Eagle loves the myths of the human race, and recalls now that one of poor old King Midas, who was so greedy of wealth that the gods of his time, less wise and benevolent than the God of our time, granted him his wish. One of the great desires, indeed necessities, of the human race is a god, and at last you have got the God, all-wise, all-benevolent, all-beneficent, who knows what is best for you and often in love denies you your heart's dearest desire because if you possessed the thing it would harm you, and going without it does you good.

Well, the story of old Midas? He wished everything that came within his reach to turn to gold, and the gods of his time, not wise and not beneficent, let the old foolish king have his way. He was greatly overjoyed at the new power given to him, and went into the streets picking up cobblestones which immediately turned to twenty-four-carat gold. He touched the furniture in his house, and chairs and tables glowed in their solid metallic yellowness. He touched the walls of his house and they

became like the floor of heaven. So with the doors.

But now see what happens to the greedy old fool. He touched the windows through which the sunlight came, and they turned to his desired precious metal and became as opaque as a brick wall, and his house was as dark as the pit of Erebus and his gold furniture lost its luster. He touched the garments he wore and they became sheet gold, stiff and uncomfortable, and cold to boot. This was only the beginning of troubles. It was beautiful when he touched a goblet and it turned to gold, but horrors! As soon as a draught of cool water from its lips touched his lips it solidified into a chunk of gold and he could not quench his thirst. It was all very well to have the utensil with which he fed himself turn to gold, but when the bread and meat became solid metal and starvation stared him in the face—well, that was another story.

But the worst, by far the worst, was yet to come. This greedily-foolish old king had a beautiful daughter, dearer to him than the ruddy drops of blood that visited his glad heart as she came into his presence. She came running in and said: "Oh, papa, how glorious you are on your golden throne, in your golden house and in your golden raiment! You are as glorious as a god!"

The child rushed joyously into the man's arms, and immediately her clothes, her hair, her flesh and very bones became a solid image of brilliant gold. She was beautiful to look at, but not so beautiful as the living child he had known and loved. There was no soft pressure of the arms of flesh around the old man's neck, no sparkle of love in the bright blue eyes, and no warmth in the kisses he showered upon the golden lips of the transformed child.

A myth, did you say? No, not even ancient history. It is a matter of current events right down to the very moment at which the Eagle is spinning off this story, and on down to the very moment that you humans in thousands are reading this brilliant June morning. There are millions of Midases in the world today who are only saved from the fate of the foolish Asiatic king because the God of today, your Father, dear humans, and the Eagle's

Father, the dear God who loveth us, who made and loveth all, and will not grant them their desire or give them the power they are so hungry to possess.

The heart of man is not changed, but the God of today is different from the gods of Midas's time. It is His wisdom and goodness that prevents us from turning the leaves of the trees, the stems and branches, into solid gold, who keeps the liquid water clear and crystal in the fountain, in the goblet at our lips, and down to the inmost recesses of our bodies where it cools and refreshes us. There are multitudes of people just as foolish as Midas, who would do just the same foolish acts if the gods of old were here to permit them. They would turn the very air into gold and suffocate for breath. Yes, and ten thousand times worse, they would touch the dearest creatures in life and convert their hearts into gold instead of palpitating fountains of love.

Yes, and in spite of the goodness of the all-Father of today they do that which is much worse than old Midas ever did or ever could do. They make a treasury of their own heart for gold so that no love or affection can get into its fast-locked recesses where only wealth is admitted, where gold is its king, its master and its god. Their very souls become metallic, hard and stiff and unyielding, cold and empty of love and affection.

The Eagle is not preaching a homily against aspiration or ambition or desire for improvement in you humans. He is just warning you against a groveling after things you cannot use, and trying to teach you to be content with less and spare time from the chasing of wealth still beyond you to enjoy what is already under your hands. The Eagle would hate to see re-enacted among you of today that which was done on the bald burning desert under the gleaming top of Sinai when the children of Israel made a calf of gold and fell down and worshiped it.

Yours,



THE LANCER

IT IS a thousand pities that the matrimonial advertisement cannot be elevated into respectable society. Advertising has long since been recognized as the only really satisfactory means of getting exactly what you want, whether it's a good customer or a good bargain. It is the advertisement that brings the right employer in touch with the right employee, the right client in touch with the right tailor, the right partners in touch with the right professions, the right traveler in touch with the right railroad. Yet alas and alas, when it comes to bringing the right man in touch with the right wife, the only reasonable and efficient means thereunto is debarred as disreputable.

One is profoundly impressed with the advantage of the matrimonial advertisement when reading such stories as Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive." It would never have been possible for the utterly adorable, feminine middle-class Alice to have met and married the famous artist through any other channel, yet they were obviously two souls that sighed as one.

Surely there is no nobler profession than that of a good wife. All men are agreed that that is woman's highest vocation—to help and care for, a husband, sooth his harassed brow, tenderly cater to his sensitive stomach, keep a lovable and industrious eye on his wardrobe, maintain an unflagging sympathy with his moods and tantrums.

And the world is full of amiable women who ask for no better fate. Such women can cook like angels, dress like queens on nothing a year, run a home luxuriously on three dollars fifty a week, exhibit just the right artistic perception in arranging the furniture and combining the colors (many

a home is blighted through the wrong combination of colors in the curtains and carpets) and manage the housekeeping in that easy gliding way that permits one to forget that housekeeping is packed with petty tribulations—a fact of which no diplomatic wife would ever permit a husband to catch a hint.

But it would be shockingly immodest for such sweet women to advertise for a man to take care of. Oh, utterly shocking. So they have to see all those brilliant accomplishments run to waste in a two-room spinster flat.

And in the meantime some poor devil of a man whose ideal wife would naturally be just such a person, is lured in selecting one of the specious over-dressed, under-trained bunch that present themselves in his restricted social set—with the usual rotten results. Like the good doctor, the good wife dare not advertise, so the spurious substitute gets all the trade.

A Crying Need.

AN EFFICIENT matrimonial bureau, established on a responsible basis, is one of the crying needs of the age. Since, even in this suffragette era, the vast majority of girls want a husband, and an amazing number of men still want wives, it is almost the duty of the State to give them an opportunity of acquiring the right sort of mate. It would simplify things so happily and save such a lot of disappointments. There should be a comprehensive register wherein the man would state his own qualifications and requirements. "Self-made business man, spattering of education but plenty of good horse sense, social ambitions, two automobiles, not afraid of two cocktails, willing to devote two hours a day to caresses. Careful but not mean. Wants pretty wife, with a taste for stunning clothes, good bridge player, no children."

At present that sort of man is almost sure to get a woman with intellectual leanings and a weakness for talking Brieux, who believes in self-development and self-expression, loathes periodic caresses and yearns for a higher life. While the nice scholarly chap with a yearning for intellectual sympathy and a eugenic baby, gets the pretty bridge player of the "Babies! Not likely!" order.

At the present moment I know a highly competent widow who can cook for the gods, with all the exquisite attributes of

home-running fully developed—and she earns her living as a stenographer in the law courts because it wouldn't be possible to advertise for her kind of job. And the pathos of it—she is a very inferior stenographer! Talk about wasted genius!

And to think that the Kaiser has just condemned the matrimonial advertisement in Germany and forbidden the army officers to secure their brides that way. Ah, me, it's a perverse world.

Anti-Billboard.

MODERN billboard artists are feeling very bitter. Nobody seems to appreciate their best chefs d'oeuvres. They feel pretty certain that if only they could be palmed off as "old masters" the public would appreciate them at their true value and pay handsomely for the privilege of having them in the streets.

As it is, the vulgar-minded public, uncultured, ignorant, not content with not admiring these fine works of modern art, are actually trying to abolish them from the world! It's the same old ridiculous story—no man is appreciated until he has been dead a long time.

This kind of modern art, which calls for such intimate commercial study, such subtle publicity perceptions, such buoyancy of inspiration, such strength and breadth of portrayal, leaves the common herd cold and unappreciative when it is not actually antagonistic. There is small solace in the fact that 200 years hence 1914 billboards may be fetching thousands of dollars as fine old masters, which the male furies who will then be clamoring to have the vote restored, will slash with maniacal idiosyncrasy in the art galleries, destroying with wanton wickedness the nation's treasures. Oh, it makes one furious!

Charity Bridge.

AGREAT many people get very sarcastic about those little bridge soirees with which the various women's clubs are wont to aid the cause of charity. The Ebells had one last week for the sake of the poor Children's Hospital—very successful affair, realized quite a nice little donation.

"It's scandalous" roared a reforming friend of mine who thinks that bridge-playing women are necessarily degenerate. "If they had any real charity in their hearts they could give the money without bemirebracing their souls with gambling."

It sounds very nasty put that way. But on the other hand we must not forget that personal labor counts for so much more than mere filthy lucre. And these people are giving of their best when they put forth all the bridge skill of which they are capable in the noble cause of charity. Many of them know no higher accomplishment. To numbers of them it represents their life's work. Such genius and brilliance as their meager mental equipment could generate has been concentrated on the allied games of bridge, auction, nullo, and five hundred, and in serving the poor through this channel they are in much the same position as the great surgeon who donates his professional skill to the free hospital. Er—very nearly, you know. Anyway, that's how they feel about it, and we must be gentle in our judgments.

And in that way they can think of the Children's Hospital a whole afternoon—at intervals—whereas by just throwing the 50 cents into a contribution box they would miss so much of the divine sensation of exaltation that goes with the whole-hearted worker in an unselfish cause.

Ye Exclusive Amateur.

THE International Amateur Athletic Association has settled an anxious question. That unpleasant amateur-cum-professional controversy which has caused so many social heartaches. As usual, money is the root of the trouble.

But the decision is going to turn some of our leading golf and tennis players into rampant professionals if it is to be taken literally, for the very first definition set forth is that an amateur is a person who competes only for the love of sport.

And I could name dozens of wealthy enthusiasts who would roar like Hades to hear themselves classed as professionals who nevertheless compete in golf and tennis tournaments for no other reason than to win a pot. This is quite irrefutable since their ill-temper, unsporting insinuations, frequent cheating in the bunkers, and behavior generally are conclusive evidence that they are not enjoying the "sport," their smiles being reserved exclusively for the day on which they win.

But this is a horrid subject to pursue. It almost blasts one's faith in Sport—that sacred idol of the nations. Which generally manages to generate as much bitter controversy as any other religion.

This Human Body of Ours.

By C. L. McCleery, A. B., O. D., N. D.

Plain Truths and Simple.

Dietetic Experiments.

OF DIETETIC experiments there is no end. Everyone interested in the health of an individual has his own idea of what will keep the human body in good health, regardless of the fact that different people, like different degrees of health, require different treatment. One man cannot drink milk, and it would therefore be unwise to recommend to him a milk diet, though another person will grow fat and strong by consuming enormous quantities of milk daily, and practically nothing else. A certain amount of experimenting is necessary in every case.

Just now an attempt is being made to prove a new theory of the amount of food a person requires. Students at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, Pa., are to be divided into classes according to weight, and the amount of nourishment to be given them daily will accord with their weight, and all feeding is to be done scientifically. Such a system has never been worked out among large groups except in the case of athletes. In the present unscientific way of living the amount of food consumed by different individuals practically depends upon the size of their daily appetite. A small person with a large appetite will eat more than a larger one who better understands how much food his body requires.

Information along the line proposed will have something more than a scientific result. It should have an economic effect, and in the present days when the high cost of living is under consideration it becomes a matter of considerable moment whether a person who weighs 135 pounds should pay the same price for food as one weighing 195 pounds. The "family" table at the boarding-house may be abolished and all the boarders given just what their weight calls for, divided among cereals, vegetable, albuminous and carbohydrate articles of food.

Many people eat too much protoid (meats, etc.) food, and the system wastes its energy in eliminating the superfluous substances. Brettle Scott, M.T.D., tells in Physical Culture how he built himself up on a course of food that practically eliminated meats. He learned his lesson by noticing how his horse thrived when fed in accordance with the directions in a horse book. He had not obtained any similar results in his own condition. He read Dr. Dio Lewis's book in which he was told how to live on 6 cents a day and yet gain in weight. He obtained a pair of apothecary's scales and weighed out his food in accordance with recognized quantities of each variety. The amount each day was surprisingly small for a man who had been in the habit of eating heavily. At first he was hungry between meals, but got used to it, and at the end of a month he found that by his method of scientific feeding he had gained fifteen pounds and was in better condition and better able to work than he had ever been before. He kept this up for three months with the same result. Twenty-five cents, he says, would cover a week's expense for his food. Later on, he married, and his wife not being a physical culturist, he abandoned his method of eating, but returned to it after a few months when his wife had to undergo medical treatment for stomach trouble. Together they dieted, ate nuts, fruits, olives (ripe), rice and some of the nut substitutes for beef. In three months he gained nearly thirty pounds, while under the old meat diet he had been unable to reach the same physical condition.

Dr. Graham Lusk, an eminent food authority, has recently submitted a remedy for the high cost of living by prescribing a diet that will sufficiently nourish a family of five and cost only 50 cents a day.

Foods in Fly Time.

Now that fly time is upon us, incessant care should be taken to prevent the contamination of foods by the disease-breeding insect. It is one of the most active disease propagators the human family has to contend with. It is found in the most unhygienic places, and it is found in the most unhygienic places, and it is found in the most unhygienic places.

spread on the table waiting its consumption by the family. The State food commissioner of Illinois has put out a list of "Don'ts" in an endeavor to minimize the amount of damage that may be done by flies and carelessness. They are as follows:

1. Don't buy food from any dealer who refuses to fight the fly.
2. Don't purchase fruits or vegetables offered for sale unscreened.
3. Don't patronize any dealer who hauls your food through the streets and alleys unprotected.
4. Don't eat fresh fruits without thoroughly washing or peeling them.
5. Don't keep garbage or refuse around the house.
6. Don't throw dish water and similar slops in the yard, as this "draws" flies.
7. Don't allow flies to get on the baby.
8. Don't allow your neighbor to be careless as to flies.
9. Don't forget to notify the local health officer of any fly nuisance.

Swat the fly.

The above are just as worthy of attention in California as in Illinois.

Liberalizing the Law.

It is with the greatest regret that the Journal of the American Medical Association sees any movement toward the liberalizing of the laws that have been enacted at the behest of the members of the association to prevent anyone but the "regulars" from having anything to do with the health of any individual. However the people are growing wiser all the time, and the greatest proportion of the people are thinking for themselves. They are realizing more than ever their heaven-born rights, and they are demanding less dictation than in the past. The growth of Christian Science has had much to do with this movement. It has been one of the hardest blows that the allopathic physicians have met. Besides the Christian Scientists the advocates of drugless healing have been increasing in numbers with unprecedented rapidity. The "regulars" claim that anything that has to do with the health of an individual is practicing "medicine" and they have succeeded in having all the medical laws so framed as to forbid anything of the kind, no matter how far remote it may be from the use of drugs (medicine).

The legislators of the State of Massachusetts have recognized the injustice of such a narrow interpretation of health offices, and have amended the medical practice act by the adoption of the following:

"Nothing in this act shall be held to apply to registered pharmacists, registered dentists or registered optometrists, or to restrain the practice of clairvoyance, hypnotism or mind cure, or to apply to any person who administers to or treats the sick or the suffering by mental or spiritual means without the use of drugs or material remedies."

Why Hair Changes Color.

The attempt to furnish a satisfactory explanation of why the hair changes from its youthful color to gray or white seems to be a vain one. The Journal of the American Medical Association says that the silvery gray appearance which is seen in aging persons is probably characterized to some extent by the occurrence of larger number of air cavities, and not by the destruction of the pigment. Hair pigment can be destroyed only by the most vigorous chemical treatment. Dry hairs contain more air and therefore will appear somewhat lighter in color than moist ones; but black hair may be dried to the utmost without becoming white, and the hair of mummies dried through the centuries still show their pigment precisely as do fresh hairs.

The explanation of the familiar color-changes of the hair is probably to be found, not in a destruction of pigment already present, not in any bleaching of hairs already formed, but rather in a complete renewal of the hair. Pigmented hairs fall out and are replaced by unpigmented or white ones. The appearance of gray or white hair is therefore attributable to the formation of a new hair coat rather than to the destruction of the old one.

in the fur of certain animals, dark in the summer and white in the winter, indicates that there is no change in the color of the summer fur, but the dark hairs fall out as the season advances and white hair grows in their places.

Artificial Illumination.

Every year sees improvements in the methods of artificial illumination. With such changes there would appear to be reason for an improved condition of the eyesight of persons who are compelled to work continuously by artificial light. Such would undoubtedly be the case were we not living a more strenuous life as the years advance. The eyes are subjected to more exacting duties today than they ever were before. Human effort is speeded up, and although an effort has been made to reduce the number of working hours such improvements and changes are made as will secure from employees practically the same amount of work in eight hours that was formerly performed in ten hours. This means that the eyes of the employees are taxed harder than ever before. The eye directs the brain and hand, and its duties are therefore incessant.

The new indirect system of lighting has furnished the softest and most comfortable light thus far produced. It is the nearest approach to daylight of anything today.

In recognition of the tax placed on the eyes more attention is being given to the lighting of buildings, schoolrooms and streets. Wherever so much light is required as to make it of blinding effect, it should be screened by opaque globes which are now so made that they actually give a more disseminated light than is obtained without them, besides rendering the light much more endurable.

In Germany they are experimenting with marble globes instead of glass globes, the marble being planed down so thin that it is translucent. The light thus afforded is almost the exact counterpart of daylight. One investigator has shown that a screen coated with aluminum powder, placed in front of a light, will produce an illumination so nearly like daylight that even colors can be distinguished with perfect accuracy. The day may therefore come when artificial illumination will become a perfect substitute for daylight.

Such an improved condition will not remove the necessity of wearing glasses by those engaged on exacting work, as the glasses are needed under certain conditions of the eyesight for the concentration of the vision, and therefore the reduction of eye-strain and nerve drain. Eyes will continue to be made of irregular shape and of varying strength, accidents will happen, so that glasses will be worn as much, if not more, in the future than in the past. Their use is a wise precaution even though in some cases not an absolute necessity. But what today is a precaution becomes a saving measure for the future. Overworked eyesight, the result of neglect or necessity, has been responsible for a large percentage of blindness among aged people, a condition that might have been partially, at least, prevented had better care been taken of the eyesight when it was subjected to its hardest usage. Too often people forget that they can have only one pair of eyes during this life.

Foster Parents to be Certified.

Chicago, which has taken the lead in the psychopathic study of youthful criminals, now proposes to demand a certificate of foster parents of their ability to furnish a proper home for the wards entrusted to their care. The wonder is that such care has not been taken in the past. To place an orphan child with a family that will bring it up to a life of ignorance or crime should be an unpardonable act of the court or its representative. Such a child can neither defend itself nor guide its course of life, and its receptivity makes it an almost absolute victim of its surroundings. Thousands of children are annually placed in homes with the expectation that their lives may be bettered by being taken from their old environments. Would-be parents should therefore be compelled to furnish evidence that their lives will be in harmony with the mental possibilities of the infant.

Preceded by Vaccination.

Five persons in Brooklyn, N. Y., were seriously poisoned last month by being vaccinated against typhoid fever. The serum was supplied by the Board of Health, and it was injected by the family physician. The preliminary circumstances therefore called for a proper result, but instead of being immunized two of the patients died.

As in the case of deaths from the use of neo-salvarsan for the cure of syphilis probably the investigation will not place any blame on anybody. There would have been no worse result had the persons been permitted to have the typhoid fever to which they had been exposed by the illness and death of a parent. Many a prison cell has been filled with persons who have unwittingly caused death by firearms or other deadly instruments. The number of cases of blood poisoning that have accompanied the administration of vaccines have proved that the serums belong in the same category with the "unloaded" gun, and there would appear to be no reason why the agent should not be held equally responsible for the loss of life.

Man May Eat Grass.

Recent experiments have proved that ground and prepared alfalfa is a substantial, healthful food for man equally with other articles of the vegetable kingdom. Therefore why would it not be of great economy, on account of the reported decline of foodstuffs, for the demonstration and introduction of a new line of foods that have heretofore been consigned to the use of cattle which after having been thus fed for a series of years are killed for food purposes. Properly prepared, there would seem no reason why man should not eat vegetable food at first hand. There would be great economy in so doing. Were all that a beef animal eats during its preparation for the market accurately charged up to it, we venture to say there would be little profit in its raising and marketing. If to the account were added the value of the lands devoted to pasturage and the income that might be derived if devoted to other purposes, the account would undoubtedly stand against the raising of cattle for food, unless it be on ranges at present applicable to no other purpose.

Many a vegetable food now in use has come on our tables with no more preliminary recommendation than alfalfa has at the present time. Many of the growths called weeds are considered of no other use than as cattle feed because their domestic value has never been determined. There is certainly a wide field open to the investigations of the domestic scientist.

Some experiments were recently conducted in Germany to determine the possibility of a greater utilization of vegetables as food. It was found that beans powdered and used in the form of a puree contained far more nourishment than string beans served in the usual form. Spinach, carrots and cabbage, similarly prepared, were enjoyed with singular freedom from the troublesome intestinal symptoms which so often follow their use. It was also found that ten ounces a day of vegetable powder, equivalent to six pounds of fresh plant, was easily assimilated—an amount which could not be tolerated in the natural state.

Possibly by suitable preparation such plant products as grasses, which have heretofore been excluded from the dietary of man, may yet be used as direct sources of energy in human nutrition.

Butter or Its Substitutes.

An experiment was recently conducted at Columbia University to determine the relative value of butter or oleo. Mice were used as the subjects, two lots being used at the same time, one lot fed on butter and the other on its substitute. In a comparatively short time a difference was manifest. The mice fed on butter grew rapidly and showed distinctly the greater efficiency afforded by its use.

Chemical analysis of butter fat does not clearly demonstrate the reason why it is superior to others as a relish and a nutrient, but the fact remains that it is, and it has a larger assimilative power than

DR. FRANK LAMB WILLSON
NATUROPATHIC PHYSICIAN
Office limited to Eye and Nerve Disorders
Cor. 2nd and Hill Sts., Astoria, Ore.
Res. 222 and 224 Exchange Bldg.
Merry 240 Broadway Bldg.

"Good boy, you gave it to him!"
and shouting encouragingly in his ears.
him on the back, handing him his book.
boys were crowding around him, patting
Slowly Ted came back to earth. The
the pain of the beating.
been thrashed by the smaller boy, as from
the back of the larger boy's head.

12971
a hun-
the mar-
amount
two bushels
to the car,
six
been shipped
375 sacks
of barley,
each sack
containing
more than
\$1 a hun-

break down a healthy mental attitude, and
of all helps in preserving physical sanity;
A healthy mental attitude is the greatest
their usefulness.
term, and of limiting their happiness and
of means of shortening their
cardrads of barley, 375 sacks
each sack
containing
more than
\$1 a hun-

By the Western Sea. Land of the Great Southwest.

Sinews and Soul of Prosperity.

THE industrial parade passing through the streets of Los Angeles on the morning of June 15 showed a broad and solid foundation for prosperity on this portion of the footstool. The great serpentine line passing through the streets reminded one of the little boy who went into a hardware store and asked if they sold all kinds of nails there. Receiving an affirmative answer, he bawled out over his shoulder as he retreated through the door: "Then, give me a pound of toenails!" There were sewer pipe, gas pipe, water pipe, wine pipes, tobacco pipes, and nearly every kind of pipes, including organ pipes. There was brick, common, pressed and glazed, hollow tile, cement, and every other kind of building material made out of the earth and rocks of the country. There was everything in the way of raw wooden material from a toothpick and a shingle to beams for bridges. In fact, there was everything of every raw material used in the building industry of the country. Then for things edible and potable there were about a thousand kinds of food made of the various cereals of the country, and almost as many made of the fruits, including many things bibulous. For the completed house, whether of earthen material or of forest material, there were paints and varnishes world without end. The writer has seen industrial processions many times in various cities, but never saw one more creditable to community or more indicative of prosperity than that of mid-June in Los Angeles, and never saw anything like it in a city of our population.

Poor Place for Doctors.

IN SAN FRANCISCO the other day the June bride of some former year became a June divorcee, and her husband told the court that \$40 a month was the most he could pay alimony. He was a physician, and set forth that in a climate like that of California very few people contract any kind of disease, and that the crop of doctors in the State was greater than that of patients. The guess is that the doctor was telling the truth.

Queer Bedfellows.

CALIFORNIA is the land of perpetual sunshine, and also of ever-blooming flowers. The bee loves the country as dearly as a saint loves Paradise, and works untiringly, laying up treasure that he will never need, but like the foolish man in the Bible, leaves it for someone else to gather. The other day near San Diego a man discovered in a hotel where he lodged under his bed an improvised hive which the bees had made and from which they took two water-pailfuls of honey.

Wonderful Imperial County.

THERE appears to be no end to the resources of the Imperial Valley, a wilderness a decade ago, now the garden spot of the world. From alfalfa-growing and barley fields through alfalfa the development went to oranges and other fruits, including melons and cantaloupes. Then followed cotton. The other day we were told that there probably would be developed there measures of petroleum. And now near Imperial in the Chocolate Mountains a prospector has discovered a vein of gold which runs \$124 in the yellow metal and \$6 in silver.

Another Imperial Valley Crop.

AN ENTERPRISING ranchman down near Brawley, in the Imperial Valley, is about to experiment with the creation of a flock of ostriches. There is no doubt of the success of the experiment if the birds are only properly cared for. They do very well in other parts of the State, and the Imperial Valley is more like their natural habitat in Africa than any other part of California. These great birds of the desert are not only an interesting, but a profitable, investment. The plumes are worth from 50 cents to \$10 apiece, and no sympathetic heart need beat one palpitation for the birds, which do not have to be killed to obtain the feathers, and scarcely suffer in the plucking. It is little if any more painful than shearing a sheep, and the beautiful plumes delight beyond expression the hearts of the ladies.

More Than Semi-Tropical.

IT HAS become customary to refer to Southern California as a semi-tropic region. The fact is that it is nearly 90 per cent. tropical. Why, the tropic runs around the earth just south of San Diego in Mexican territory. This is the reason our climate is so desirable, for both human and plant life. In La Habra Valley a horticulturist is experimenting with the growing of many really tropical fruits. The banana has been grown successfully near Los Angeles, and so has the pineapple. This man is making experiments with the cherimoya, which others have succeeded in cultivating heretofore, also the mango, and the zapoda blanca. If he will only pick out a sheltered place and care for the plants properly he will probably succeed.

A City of Half a Million.

THE annual edition of the city directory of Los Angeles is now in the hands of the printers. It contains 229,474 names, and on the usual estimate that gives the city a population of 516,317. When the century opened the city had just a little over 100,000, and the increase in the fourteen years is 400,000. The experts who compile the directory and use the ratios followed in other cities to estimate the population say that when the next census is taken the population will be 1,000,000, and by the time the second count is made it is prophesied that the city will contain 2,000,000 people.

A Wise Suggestion.

SOME wise and patriotic Californian has suggested to the national government to proclaim a day for celebrating the introduction of the citrus-fruit family into the United States, particularly the navel orange. It is wise because this crop is one of the most beneficial fruits to the growers of California and to the consumers of the whole country. The original habitat of this variety of the orange was Bahia, Brazil, from whence a couple of buds were shipped to Washington, and one of the small trees was sent to Riverside more than thirty years ago, the other going to Florida. This year the total citrus-fruit crop of California will run to not less than 45,000 cars, and the navel variety will account for not far from 30,000 cars. The climate and the soil of California proved ideal for this delicious and hygienic fruit, much more so than Florida. It begins to go to the eastern markets in January in good shape for food, and continues until June. Among all the blessings of Providence there are few of greater value to humanity than this California orange crop.

They Are All Here.

LOS ANGELES is headquarters for State societies composed each of members of some of the several States of the Union. Is there another State in the country which can boast inhabitants of every other commonwealth in the Union? It may well be doubted. That is exactly the condition of the population of California. Every State in the Union has its society here with headquarters in Los Angeles, and at the annual picnics of the individual States sometimes as many as 40,000 assemble. Not only that, but the population of Southern California is so nearly perfectly cosmopolitan that there are very few countries in the world not represented here in the nearly-million population south of the Tehachepi.

Ontario is Prosperous.

THE little city of Ontario, just across the border from Los Angeles county, in San Bernardino county, once known as the model colony, is in these somewhat slack times in business typical of all its sister cities throughout the Great Southwest in that little if any industrial depression is found there, prosperity running in a stream almost bank full. Almost half a dozen blocks of new buildings are either being constructed or contracts let for the immediate future. These are headed by a new hotel to cost \$50,000. The ground has been broken for a Y.M.C.A. building, and a new church is going up at a cost of \$20,000. Some of the buildings are two stories and constructed of brick to cost \$20,000. In new residences constructed during the current year nearly \$100,000 has been expended.

Six Months of Grapes.

FROM Seeley, in the Imperial Valley, Sweetwater grapes for table use were shipped to market May 29. Other grape crops will follow in all parts of the State in quick succession, culminating in September and October, and the last of this crop of the Cornichon variety will not be picked in the Santa Cruz Mountains until in time for the market for Thanksgiving Day, when they will be shipped into the cities fresh and dewy directly from the vines.

This is the Right Way.

THOSE who control the Rindge estate are going in the right way about the task of anchoring the business center of the city. The proposal of these people to construct an immense hotel building on the corner of Third and Broadway should be followed by similar action by other property holders in the neighborhood. There is no reason in the world why a hotel on that corner should not prosper. It is but a stone's throw from the Clark Hotel just erected by enterprising E. P. Clark on Hill street just south of Fourth, and then Mr. Braun has shown his faith in the north end of the city by constructing the Northern Hotel on Second street at the corner of Clay. Of course to justify these expenditures and to stimulate business along the business thoroughfares north of Third street, the tunnels under Bunker Hill should be driven with no unnecessary delay. The beautiful hills west of Figueroa all the way from the Normal School to the river afford building sites of entrancing beauty, and will be occupied when access to the business center is provided.

Vernon Active.

IT IS just thirty-two years ago that the writer bought a fifty-acre ranch in what is now the center of populous Vernon. The land was well improved with a fair house on it, and cost \$6000. At the present time there are improvements being constructed there at a cost of \$150,000, and the whole district which a generation ago was devoted entirely to agricultural and horticultural purposes is now one of the busiest industrial hives in the world. Vernon is in itself a city of no small pretensions. There is there an immense transforming station for the Pacific Light and Power Company, an immense planing mill, a plant for the Griffin Car Wheel Company which cost \$500,000, a new roundhouse for the Santa Fe Railroad Company, and the great Union Iron Works has an immense plant at the place. The Southern Board and Paper Mills is another fine industry at Vernon. The school buildings of Southern California are as fine as any that could be found in the country, and the Vernon High School stands proudly among the finest of them.

For Fine Highways.

THE Supervisors of Tulare county are considering the plan of appointing a highway commission for the construction of a good road under a big bond issue. The cost of the system is estimated at between \$1,500,000 and \$2,000,000. If the bonds carry, the Supervisors will buy State Highway bonds and at once go to work on the construction of the State highway through the county. Even if the bonds should fail the Board of Supervisors are considering other means to meet the difficulty.

In June.

Roses in the garden, blossoms on the clover;
Days of long vacation coming, coming soon!
Gay days, play days! School is almost over;
Oh, I am so happy when it's June!

In the morning glories honey bees are humming,
Daisies white are nodding to the sun at noon,
Gay days, play days, summertime is coming,
Oh, I am so happy when it's June!

Sometimes on the river, after daylight passes,
There's a golden pathway shining 'neath the moon;
Fireflies wave their torches o'er the meadow grasses,
Even night is lovely when it's June.

—[Anna Chandler Ayer, in Youth's Companion.

"Column Forward!"

FRESH REPORTS OF PROGRESS IN THE ADVANCING SOUTHWEST.

Surely any stagnation in business cannot be laid at the doors of the people. A good many of us are like the boy in the graveyard, whistling to keep up courage. It is better always to sing than to whine, and it is better to laugh than to cry. Bank clearings in Los Angeles for the second week in June were nearly \$1,000,000 less than the corresponding week last year, and fell almost \$2,000,000 below two years ago. It must be remembered that we have come to a point where in comparing this year with last year we are comparing one dull period with another. To get a really correct view it would be necessary to go back to 1912.

The Los Angeles Harbor Commission has placed a contract for 1,500,000 feet of lumber for work on a shed in the inner harbor.

The Tulare County Power Company is planning improvements and extensions with a bond issue of \$1,000,000.

At Bisbee, Ariz., the copper output for the month of May aggregated 15,000,000 pounds.

A ranchman living near Imperial in the county of the same name is cutting alfalfa six feet tall.

Grain growers in the San Joaquin Valley in the vicinity of Porterville are estimating an output of 275,000 bags, an increase of 50 per cent. over last year.

In the San Jacinto Valley the hay crop will aggregate 10,000 tons.

The Kern county Board of Supervisors have ordered \$180,000 invested in highway bonds, making a total for this county of \$590,000.

The first table grapes of the year were shipped from the Imperial Valley, May 29.

The discovery of kieselguhr ore in mines near Marysville has caused an advance in the price from \$10,000 to \$50,000.

The number of automobiles in the State of California is 102,545. The gross receipts for licenses at the office amount to \$1,300,000.

The Postoffice Department at Washington has raised the Santa Monica postoffice to a first-class status, and now the town wants a building to cost \$100,000.

The Oakland voters have authorized a bond issue to complete the million dollar municipal auditorium.

A sixty-acre orange grove at Alhambra has been exchanged for a 320-acre alfalfa tract in the Imperial Valley at an estimated value of \$200,000. The Alhambra property will undoubtedly be cut up into building lots.

A lot 50x113 feet on the east side of Broadway south of Eleventh street in Los Angeles has been exchanged for ranch property in the San Joaquin Valley at an estimated value of \$100,000.

The Buckeye Irrigation Company, near Phoenix, Ariz., is contemplating a bond issue of \$35,000 for the first drainage project in the State.

The Escondido Mutual Water Company has found a purchaser for its \$200,000 bonds to be used in installing a power plant and an electric light system.

The Tulare County Highway Association has been organized and contemplates the issue of bonds in the sum of about \$2,000,000 for county highways.

William A. Clark, former United States Senator from Montana, reports that the Salt Lake Railroad Company is about to build a line across the mountains from San Bernardino to Daggett at a cost of \$3,000,000.

can cook like angels, dress like queens on likely order. At the present moment I know a highly competent widow who can cook for the three dollars fifty a week, exhibit the furniture and combining the colors (many gods, with all the exquisite attributes of smothering their souls with gambling. If they had any real charity in their hearts sacred idol of the nation. Which latter controversy as any other religion.

even olive oil, which has become such a prominent part of the human dietary.

Pure Food Legislation.

The New York Legislature has been struggling with the pure-food question, particularly with the manufacture of macaroni and noodles into which coloring matter has been incorporated by some manufacturers in order to give the impression that eggs have been used in their preparation. Formerly there were no egg noodles made in factories, but those on the market were made by housewives in Germany. Now noodles both with and without eggs are made in factories and coloring matter is added to give the impression that eggs are used when they were not. The New York Legislature has therefore been asked to make it a misdemeanor for anyone to use coloring matter in the manufacture of these articles of food.

The food department of the North Dakota Agricultural Experiment Station has also received so many complaints regarding the same matter that it has put out the following standards:

1. The addition of annatto or other artificial color to such edible alimentary pastes as macaroni, spaghetti, vermicelli, and noodles, is held to be in violation of the food law of North Dakota.
2. Egg noodles, noodles, etc., shall contain not less than two eggs to each pound of flour.
3. Products devoid of eggs or containing less than two eggs per pound of flour, shall be labeled and sold as "Imitation Noodles."

Sunstroke and Its Treatment.

[Battle Creek Idea:] Hippocrates, who lived 300 years before Christ, had a very simple method of treating people for sunstroke. His plan was to have one person pour cool water on the patient while two or three others rubbed him vigorously. The application of cold water alone is dangerous because it drives the blood inward. If we apply cold water to the skin, and at the same time rub the surface vigorously, this brings the blood to the surface and keeps it there and the body is rapidly cooled.

Sunstroke is a very dangerous accident and is likely to prove fatal without proper treatment; but by the use of cold water poured from a height of five or six feet and with two or three people rubbing the patient vigorously we may expect a cure in nearly every case. Especial pains should be taken to wet the head and back of the neck, and keep these parts cool. Continue the rubbing until the skin is well reddened and consciousness restored.

The Dread of Disease.

[Youth's Companion:] Dr. Goldwater, the New York commissioner of health, has recently published an article advocating "the inauguration of universal periodic medical examinations as an indispensable means for the control of all diseases." As an illustration of the need and importance of such a measure, he cites the recent examination of the employees of a New York bank. Every one of them was found "abnormal," and "on the sure road to diseases of heart, lungs, kidneys, or blood vessels."

Possibly that discovery may have been useful and beneficial to a few of the men; that it was so to all may reasonably be doubted. It may have enabled some of them to ward off the diseases that threatened. In the cases of others, however, impaired health must have been owing to the conditions of life and work, conditions beyond the individual's control or power to remedy. To tell such a person about the damaging but unsuspected processes going on within him is to do him no kindness. His latent malady is far less likely to be progressive while he is unaware of it; ignorance acts as a stay of execution.

The danger of such universal medical examination as the health commissioner pleads for is that it would transform innumerable happy and to all intents and purposes healthy persons into melancholy watchers of their own symptoms who would never again dare to exert themselves hopefully and eagerly in the business of life. So far from prolonging life, imparting such dire knowledge of themselves to people would be the means of shortening their term, and of limiting their happiness and their usefulness.

A healthy mental attitude is the greatest of all helps in preserving physical sanity; break down a healthy mental attitude, and

the baleful germs that are in all of us will riot uncontrolled. If all the employees of a bank are, according to the medical examiner, pathological cases, what number of the employees of a factory or a department store would be pronounced entirely sound? Virtually all of us go through life with engines that are more or less imperfect, but that do their work satisfactorily enough as long as we do not watch them, tinker over them, and fuss with them. A compulsory, universal medical examination would probably result in widespread depression and despair.

To Keep Cool on Hot Days.

[Washington Star:] Assistant Surgeon-General Rucker of the Public Health Service has given out the following hints on how to keep cool in the hot weather:

"First of all, don't overeat," said Dr. Rucker. "A furnace is not stoked in summer the way it is in winter. Partake sparingly of meats."

"Eat largely of fresh vegetables and fruits."

"Avoid alcoholic drinks. Alcohol never made anyone cooler."

"Be sparing in the use of ice water. Drink plenty of water but not too cold and have no ice in it."

In the matter of wearing apparel Dr. Rucker advocated loose clothes of a light color and weight.

"It is a significant fact," he said, "that women are much more sensible about clothes than men."

"Keep in the air as much as possible and in the shade," he continued.

"In the matter of sleeping stay out of doors. Screen off the porch if possible and sleep in the open."

Cold baths are to be avoided, according to the Public Health Service physician. It is far better to bathe in lukewarm water in the summer than in cold water. Sponge baths are excellent for keeping cool, although too many should not be taken.

Salt for Constipation.

[Dallas News:] Salt is a simple but almost infallible remedy for constipation, and for that reason has a real beauty mission to perform. It should be taken, a half teaspoonful in a cup of boiling water, half an hour before every meal. Its devotees assert that it will cure very quickly even the most confirmed sufferers.

If you have the slightest trouble in this regard, it is a simple remedy for a really grave disorder. Few women realize the danger to both their health and their beauty in constipation. Two weeks of the trouble, even, will entirely spoil, for the time being, at least, what may before have been an exceptionally beautiful complexion; the pores will refuse to do their work properly and will accordingly get clogged up with dirt; the skin will become oily and muddy-looking, and the eyes will lose their brightness and vivacity. It is a condition you cannot afford to tolerate for even a day.

Putting Yourself to Sleep.

[Manchester Guardian:] The method I myself adopt for self-suggestion, says Prof. Marcus Hartog, is, when comfortably settled in bed, to count each full breath, inspiration plus expiration, and after every "five" or "ten" to make the verbal suggestion—each word formulated in thought, as if in silently repeating a lesson—that I wish to be accomplished. The formulation should be by rote without thought of the sense.

Thus my first suggestion was that I should sleep by the completion of 150. I found that this worked very well, but that I was apt to wake up suddenly after a short time, too sleepy to suggest and too wakeful to sleep. The next thing was to put in at the "tens" "My sleep shall be continuous," alternating with the other suggestion at the odd "fives," and this succeeded. Another difficulty was that in counting I got into a state in which again I could neither count nor rest. This difficulty was overcome by altering the "tens" suggestion, "My sleep shall be sudden and continuous."

From a ranch of 320 acres at Highline in the Imperial Valley have been shipped six carloads of barley, 375 sacks to the car, each sack containing more than two bushels of the grain. This makes the crop amount to 4500 bushels, and it is worth in the markets of the Coast cities more than \$1 a hundred.

The Mollycoddle.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN.)

within him. The smack of bare knuckles on the living flesh, the gleaming, furious eyes, the hard-drawn breaths, the bloody frightened and shocked him. A faint nausea affected him, and he thought wildly of running away down the road—a thought which was overcome by his curiosity as to which would prove the winner. He had not forgotten his humiliation at Reddy's hands.

At every blow Fred received, Ted winced. When Reddy staggered and cried, a wild wave of joyous exhilaration, such as he had never known, swept over him. And when they came together again, after Bob's intervention, his timorousness was gone. The blood of a thousand fighting Scotch ancestors rose up within him, and he watched the combat with a fierce thrill of delight. His own heart was pounding in his ears, his own fists closed and opened; his muscles flexed and his breath came quickly with excitement.

Fred rained a shower of blows on Reddy's face, and the latter went to the ground, beaten and disheartened. He sobbed a moment, with his face turned away, and then grunted "Nuff." Fred's bruised lips twisted into a satisfied grin of triumph, as he asked with a bravely assumed air of indifference, "Where's my hat?"

The fight was over. Every little savage exhaled a long, sweet breath of exquisite delight; their fists unclenched and their pulses returned to the normal.

From that time on Ted found the keeping of his promise doubly difficult. An insulting epithet now brought the red flush of anger to his cheek; his teeth set and his very soul was shaken with a mad desire to bruise, smash and tear the grinning face in front of him. But Ted was an obedient boy, holding his word a sacred thing. The memory of his promise to his mother held him fast, and he would turn away silently to hide the tears of rage that blinded him.

Phil Green, a boy a head taller than Ted, was the story-teller of the school. Not only could he improvise wonderful tales of witches and giants, but he often brought to school stories of a burglary in a neighbor's house, or the burning of some one's home, and told them with a vivid picturesqueness that held his young hearers spellbound, though they knew well he was lying. Ted, who played with the girls oftener than he did with the boys, had never discovered this peculiarity of Phil's.

"Dude," Phil began, as they trudged home from school, one evening, "your father was near hanged once. Did you ever notice the funny marks on old Ross's neck, fellows?" (The marks were there—the result of a serious accident, of which Ted had often heard his father speak.)

"It was this way," he continued, with a side glance at Ted. "Old Ross was boss in a lumber shanty in the woods once, and he had to pay all the men. One time when the money came—it was in a sack—\$3000—old Ross skipped out with it. But the men followed him and caught him. Then they put a rope around his neck and jerked him up on a tree, till he told them where the money was. And that was the way them marks came on old Ross's neck—the hangman's rope made them," he concluded impressively.

As the first sentence dropped from Phil's lips Ted stood still, a look of horror on his face. As the tale unfolded, every vestige of color faded, leaving it ashen. With a shrill scream, as of an animal in pain, he dropped his books and flew at Phil's throat; his small fists crashed, one after another, into the big boy's face, battering his eyes and smashing his nose. Then he caught Phil by the throat, and holding his head against the top log of the rail fence he pounded him incessantly, using his fist hammer fashion, while he sobbed. "You're a liar—liar—liar!"

He was no longer a little gentleman, but a fighting savage of the stone age.

"Nuff, nuff!" gasped Phil. But Ted heeded him not, till he was dragged away by the other boys. Phil was a pitiable sight, his mouth cut, both eyes rapidly blackening, and the front of his shirt daubed with the red stream that gushed from a broken nose. He leaned against the fence and sobbed bitterly, as much from the shame of having been thrashed by the smaller boy, as from the pain of the beating.

Slowly Ted came back to earth. The boys were crowding around him, patting him on the back, handing him his books and shouting encouragingly in his ears. "Good boy, you gave it to him!"

"Gee, but you soaked him!"

"Golly, you can fight, can't you, Dude?"

The coward had become the hero. The king was dead, long live the king! A look of ineffable happiness came into Ted's face. No longer was he the pariah, the outcast he had won his spurs. Never had the sky seemed so blue, the grass so green, never had this fair old earth seemed so glorious as in this the hour of his triumph and vindication. Then the tall willow hedge to the right caught his eye—the hedge of his father's orchard. His face clouded and with bowed head he walked forward, silently and alone.

But there was something he had not seen. Behind the hedge stood his father; he had heard and seen it all. His stern old face softened and his eyes moistened.

"He fought—for me; he thrashed that big fellow for me," he muttered with trembling lips.

"How did you scratch your face, Ted?" inquired his mother, as they sat down to their evening meal.

The boy was silent for a moment, and then there came into his youthful countenance an expression of grim determination.

"I had a fight today," he said, as he looked up bravely to meet his mother's stare of horrified surprise.

"I think, mother," and his father's calm gray eyes caught hers with a look of warning, "there are times when a boy just has to fight. Ted is not a quarrelsome boy, and he is old enough to judge for himself. After this, I think we may safely leave it to him."

One look of wondering gratitude and understanding at his father, and the boy bent silently over his plate, his eyes dimmed with tears of joy. At last, at last they understood!

Hereditary Accidents.

[The Strand:] Now and then one comes across cases of what might be termed hereditary accidents. A groom in the employ of a gentleman living at Dyserth, North Wales, was kicked to death by a mare belonging to his employer, who at once got rid of the brute. He then took the son of the dead man into his service in a similar capacity as his father. Almost exactly a year later the son was kicked and killed by a foal of the mare which had killed his father.

At the French railway station of La Ricamarie, a young man named Benoit Fonteville was employed as shunter. One day in September, 1903, he was crossing the rails just in front of a couple of carriages pushed by a locomotive when he was seen to stop suddenly. Before anything could be done to help him the carriages and the locomotive had passed over him, killing him instantly. On examination it was found that the heel of his boot had caught between two rails at the points. At the inquiry a witness stated that the father of the deceased had met his death in an exactly similar manner on the selfsame spot.

On December 20 of the same year an American named Samuel Turner was killed at Port Norris, N. J., in the same fashion as was Fonteville, namely, by getting his heel caught in the frog of a switch. Ten years earlier his father had come to his end by the same means at the same place, and the identical fate befell his grandfather, who was trapped in the same switch in the year 1883.

In August, 1906, two friends, William Connolly and Patrick Cantwell, were drowned by the upsetting of a float on the Grand Canal near Tullamore, in King's county. These two men had been born on the same day, thirty-six years earlier, they were baptized in the same water, and they were buried together after a joint funeral in the churchyard at Rahon.

HARRY BROOK, N. D., former editor Times Health Dept., still teaches how to cure chronic diseases, through dietetic advice by mail. Send for pamphlet. Dr.

Brook now edits **BRAIN AND BRAWN**, monthly, one dollar a year, ten cents a copy. Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles.

DR. FRANK LAMB WILLSON
NATUROPATHIC PHYSICIAN
Practice limited to Eye and Ear, Throat, Nose, Skin and all the various ailments of the human body. Address, 1201 Broadway, New York City.

THE TIMES MAGAZINE.

Established Dec. 5, 1897. Reconstructed Jan. 6, 1913
Jan. 4, 1913 and May 31, 1913.

Devoted to the development of California and the Great Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural resources and the word-painting of their wonders and beauties. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant editorials, correspondence, poetry and pictures; the Home, the Garden, the Farm and the Range.

Californian in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's Desire."

An independent weekly vehicle of present day thought, exploitation and description; a journal of views, opinions and convictions; the steady champion of liberty, law and freedom in the industries, holding up the hands of all good men and women, without distinction, who are honestly seeking to better their condition in life and to serve the cause of home, country and civilization.

The Illustrated Weekly, being complete in itself, is served to the public separate from The Times news sheets when required.

To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication in the Illustrated Weekly, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found available; but otherwise the return is not guaranteed.

For sale by newsdealers: 10 cents a copy. With the Sunday Times, \$3.50 a year; without, \$2.60 a year. THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers, New Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Entered as second-class matter January 6, 1912, at Los Angeles, Cal., under Act of March 3, 1879.

Los Angeles Times
Illustrated Weekly
Unique Magazine of the Southwest

Under the Editorial Direction of
HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

Regular Weekly Issue Over 91,000

EDITORIAL.

A Bas the Wild Women.

It is a queer age in which we live. Everything in economics, industries, mental activities, morals and religion, is in a condition of flux, wafted hither

and thither by winds of passion in a tumultuous ocean like the seas under a hurricane.

The wisdom of the ages wrought out a principle of government applied first and best in England until America was put upon the map, and then this country took a stride leagues forward in the development of this just and safest principle of government. It is simple and clear, and founded upon eternal justice. Expressed in words, it is "government by the majority." Among Teutonic races this principle is applied in what is known as representative government. Where this principle rules in the government of

the country it is the duty of the minority to submit to the will of the majority. It is competent for them to agitate and educate, and by peaceable means convert the minority into the majority whenever they can.

Government by any other means, on any other principle, is impossible, and means anarchy in the end. That is the trouble with us in the present day. No minority, however insignificant in numbers, however despicable in degraded ignorance and debauched immorality, is willing to submit to the will of the majority. The minorities of our day are not satisfied any longer with peaceable agitation, education and persuasion to convert their minority into a majority, but insist on ruling in spite of the paucity of their numbers or the inefficiency of their ability. It should be plain to the most ignorant and stupid that such a course is impossible.

Women in America wished the elective franchise and went about it in a proper way, and have obtained their desire in many States, and in the end will do so in all.

The women of England who desire the franchise are a small and would be a negligible minority were it not for their wild ways, their defiance of all law, disregard of order, and violent means of making the majority submit. If it were put to a vote in England as to whether women should be given the franchise or not it is probable that the result would be from three to five against votes for women to one for that so-called reform.

These English women who wantonly destroy works of art that can never be replaced, who destroy property of people innocent of any wrong toward them, and even burn down temples of worship dedicated to the service of God Almighty, are so lacking in all sense of governmental processes and of fundamental justice that under no conditions should they be allowed any hand in a government on which civilization rests.

Hanging is too mild a punishment for the wretch who placed a bomb under that ancient relic of English history, the throne chair, and endangered the existence of Westminster Abbey. The throne chair is one of the most precious relics in the world, and the abbey is, in the opinion of many, the most beautiful fane in the world. There are larger churches and many that have cost more money, but there is none which in architectural grace, in symmetry of outline, and in the beauty of its fretted vaults, can be compared to this ancient temple. Anarchy is emphasized in trumpet tones

by these attacks upon these works of art, these precious relics of the past, and above all in the attempted destruction of all churches, particularly such a treasure architecturally and ecclesiastically as the abbey at Westminster.

Graduate Gowns—Wedding Wear.

It is June in California! Leafy, flower-decked, warm, pulsating June! In little ripples the ocean breaks along hundreds of miles of salt white sand,

whispering: "Peace, peace," to its brother the earth. It dashes in silvery spray upon rock-bound headlands, playing with its big brother.

The fields are poppy-pied and the orchards are bending down beneath a great weight of luscious fruit. The mountains tower almost to the clouds, clad in raiment of royal purple and crowned with half a mile of snow. Everything in the Great Southwest and all along by the Sunset Sea speaks peace, abundance and contentment.

These things all relate to nature and her largesse of material gifts that bless every living thing that crawls, flies, or walks upon the earth or that swims in the sea. They are great as well as beautiful, and should make every human heart well up in joyful gratitude to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift" as the California song-birds swell their throats to bursting with their morning paeans of thanksgiving and their evensong of satisfaction.

Man was set by the Giver of all these good gifts as the head of all creation, and the earth is his throne and dominion. It is his part to make the most of all the wonderful opportunities placed before him and in this last and best age of the world, in this greatest of all countries, and in this cream of that best country, man and woman too are doing their full share to make use of the opportunities under their hands.

As June suns rest brilliantly and lovingly on the Great Southwest and flash from the waves by the Western Sea the schools are holding their commencements, when the young men and women who have been educated in these schools of learning are to begin life. That is the meaning of commencement, when the training time ends and duties begin.

And, believe us, the schools of Los Angeles, public and private, and those of all the Great Southwest, are worthy of the country in which they stand and of the people who built them, con-

duct them and maintain them. The other day at a big Christian temple in the city of Los Angeles the University of Southern California conferred degrees on a great army of young men and women numbering no less than 400. This was only one of our great schools, and the achievement, great as it was, is small numerically compared with the finished work for the year in the public schools.

The wealth of California's mines and fields is great indeed. The flowers of the Southwest are beautiful as the stars of heaven. But in wealth and beauty they are insignificant compared with the richness of the youth of California and the beauty of those budding human flowers of promise turned out from our great institutions of learning.

Graduating garments are works of art that show the handiwork of civilized men and worthily adorn the beautiful creations from the hand of the Creator in the young women and girls of Southern California. Little wonder is it if the graduating gown and the platform are changed quickly for wedding wear and the altar. June graduates and June brides exist in multitudinous degree in the Great Southwest and all along by the Western Sea, and of all the beauty and of all the wealth and of all the things we boast of, these human flowers, whether on the platform in graduating gowns or at the altar in wedding wear, outvie and outweigh everything else.

In business, in housekeeping or in matrimonial duties these young men and women go out into the world to begin life, and may the loving God look down upon them and bless every one of them with every good gift He showers upon all humanity.

Summer Planes.

He planned to roam in summer time
Where dust and strife are barred;
To seek the best of mother earth
Where dust and strife are barred;
The chances are he'll spend it in
His own back yard.

He planned to spend the summer time
Upon old Neptune's lair,
To turn his back on fuss and fret,
O'er rocking seas to fare;
The chances are he'll spend it in
His rocking chair.

He planned to spend the summer time
As aviators dare,
To soar above to dizzy heights
And find the coolness there;
The chances are he'll spend it in
His own hot air.
—[McLandburgh Wilson, in New York Sun.]

Herbert Kaufman—Reliability and Other Abilities

When every other ability fails you take a try at reliability.

Quite a goodly lot of scientists insist that your grandfather should be held to account for your slow wit, your dearth of imagination, or lack of vision, but nobody wants to blame him because you are untrustworthy.

Ever since first-class dogs have been setting examples in fidelity mankind refuses to condone certain forms of irresponsibility.

It happens that genius is a birth-right—you can't learn to be brilliant, nor be taught inspiration. No amount of midnight oil nor degree of daylight toil can sharpen a commonplace mind to a mental rapier.

Some attributes are natal endow-

ments. The hare is born swift, the tortoise deliberate.

The snail can't in a million generations increase his pace sufficiently to gain a reputation for speed, but he can always keep going straight ahead.

The sprinter's fleetness is given to few, but a steady walker can usually manage to reach any reasonable destination.

The high-strung, nervous temperaments which seem essential to daring and dazzling performances are usually incompetent of sustained effort.

Talent is essential to many sorts of undertakings, but tenacity is equally necessary to success.

While the Titans tossed up their mountain ranges overnight, the microscopic polyps have managed to

do very well, thank you, in an con or so of persistent reef building.

Utilize your strength to its utmost, and if trustworthiness is your most remarkable asset, value its virtue at true worth.

It's a scarce quality—the demand for which exceeds the known supply.

Somebody somewhere is constantly seeking a dependable man and willing to pay high for the certainty of efficient assistance.

There isn't an organization of any size that hasn't a vacancy ready for a sure-fire man—a close-mouthed, honest plodder, with an acute memory and a hair-trigger forgettery—a man with a timelock on his mouth—who won't talk after hours, and won't "open up" except

to the man who sets the combination.

Stability is essential to both a safe and safekeeper, and employees who can't be "burglarized" of their employer's secrets by the inducements of unscrupulous competitors are afforded opportunities to advance which are rarely open to weak-willed though brighter associates.

There is a living for every man on earth, and failure to prosper usually lies in the mis-marking of one's self.

Round pegs and square holes both have their uses, even if not in the same place.

Lots of us fall short, not because we are unfit, but because we don't fit.

(Copyright, 1914, by Herbert Kaufman.)

Queen's Ex. By May C. Ringwalt.

TWO HAPPY DAYS.

IF ELIZABETH HORTENSE had not been caught up into the seventh heaven of elation at the prospect of motoring to Del Monte with the Van Dyke Smiths she might have suspected—and tied up and muzzled her mother with promises.

But from so high a perch of happiness—with only twenty-four hours to decide what furbelows Suzette should pack in her suitcase—all objects down below became blurs, and she lost the hint that she might have gathered from the sudden return of briskness in Mrs. Benson's languid movements, from the light that had clicked on in the bored eyes when she heard her daughter's plans. Besides, at the moment of leaving-taking a distraction of another kind absorbed Elizabeth Hortense's attention. The rasping voice of a most vexatious disappointment buzzing in the ointment of gladness. For at the eleventh hour she found out that after all Weatherbee Bunting was not to be of the party, and she had so confidently counted upon their three days of enforced intimacy—free from every faux pas of her mother's presence—to establish her charm in his skeptical gray eyes.

"I wouldn't get so fussed about it, Lizbeth," her mother's voice timidly patted, as the young lady tantrumed over her bad news. "You and him will have plenty of chances to get better acquainted, now Bunting has moved into his new house and we're next-door neighbors."

"Next-door neighbors!" scoffed Elizabeth Hortense as the Van Dyke Smiths' machine purred at the curb. "We live in two separate, distinct, air-tight worlds!"

As soon as the red touring car flashed out of sight, Mrs. Benson darted upstairs into her bedchamber and locked the door.

There followed a long mysterious silence, now and again broken by equally mysterious small noises, then to the astonishment of the bought-at-an-auction-sale family ancestor who sentinelled the lower hall, a heavily-velled mother-bunch figure in an old-fashioned ready-made suit tiptoed down the stairs and shot out the front door.

At the street corner—with the glee of a child playing hooky from school—the little lady, who now always rode in limousine or electric, hailed a pay-as-you-enter car labeled Cliff House.

All the seats being taken, she clung happily to one of the white rods until somebody got off, when she contentedly slipped into a slit of space between an Italian laborer with breath redolent of garlic and a fat woman all hips and overlapping telescope basket.

At the line's terminus, Mrs. Benson hopped jauntily out, invested heavily from the freckled-faced tribe of small vendors swarming about her, then shot down the road to the beach.

Curled cozily on the sand, she quickly removed her enveloping veil, peeled off her gloves, hungrily began to munch a pink popcorn crisp—to dip eagerly into a peanut bag.

No longer was she the millionaire heiress of a cattle-king uncle, toeing the mark prescribed by an exacting daughter with social ambitions, but her old self—the every-day little woman of the every-day little town before greatness had been thrust upon her. Everybody on the beach within the radius of her chatter was quickly drawn into conversation, the repressed volubility of her social nature that had been shut up in cold-storage for a whole year pouring forth in billowy, laughter-crested waves.

The sea air stimulated her courage to a positive recklessness, and on the return trip the veil remained in her handbag.

At a downtown cafeteria, with the pride of a little dog for the first time trotting about on his hind legs and holding up his fore paws, tray in hand she went the counter's length, choosing all the "vulgar" contraband things she loved—Frankfurter sausages, a high haymound of sauerkraut, a ravishing bunch of green-topped onions, rice pudding thick specked with raisins, a gooey slice of jelly roll.

The afternoon was divided equally between two joys—movies and shopping for bargains.

She dined at a restaurant that served three 10-cent dishes for two bits, then went to a "show" at a south-of-Market-street theater.

The play was the "Great Ruby," and the little lady who for a twelvemonth had seen nothing more enlivening than grand opera, Shakespeare and Ibsen, thrilled until cold shivers ran down her back—and chewed gum as fast as her jaws could work.

It was midnight when she reached home, but she felt no sense of fatigue, and clicking on the flames to her gas grate sat down to talk it over with herself.

"I've had the time of my life!" she beamed. "A perfect pipkin of a day! And there's all of tomorrow besides!"

The dancing flames and the dancing light in her eyes plotted mischief together.

"I'll do it!" cried the little lady before the fire.

But whether she would have dared to live up to the midnight compact in the next morning's glare is doubtful, if fate had not played straight into her hands.

She had just finished breakfast when a summons of sickness in the family came for Rosie, the upstairs girl, while almost in the

same breath the Chinese cook asked for a day off to meet a cousin expected on an incoming steamer. As Suzette had already gone home during Elizabeth Hortense's absence, there remained only the butler as incubus to her plans. He was quickly dispatched on a fantastic errand to their new country seat at Menlo, and presto! Mrs. Benson was alone in the house—for the first time with a sense of being its mistress.

From attic to cellar she pattered about—with a born housekeeper's thoroughgoing zeal poked into dusty corners, climbed on chairs inspecting neglected top shelves, until she suddenly stumbled upon a glorious find and a new inspiration.

A drawer of luscious strawberries. No doubt, intended by Wang for a tomorrow's sherbet. But that did not matter. It was her day in court. Anything she chose to lay hands on was confiscate.

In a series of flashes, she built up the kitchen fire, weighed out sugar, hulled strawberries as fast as fingers—tipped a deeper and deeper red—could fly.

The kitchen was brim full and running over with the most delicious fragrance that strawberries, sugar and heat can produce, when suddenly the front doorbell rang.

The culinary genius presiding over the bubbling kettle with a long-handled spoon gave the jump of a thief who has inadvertently stepped on a burglar alarm.

"Thank goodness," she nervously reassured herself, "the folks Elizabeth Hortense keeps company with now ain't the kind to come round to the back door when they can't get in at the front!"

The bell rang a second time.

Elizabeth Hortense's callers would not consider it good form to ring twice. It must be a delivery man with some of her bargain buys. Her face alight with a child's eagerness, she laid aside her spoon and ran to the front of the house—not stopping to pull down her rolled-up sleeves, to wipe the perspiration from her crimson face.

She reached the door just in time. But the figure retreating down the front steps was not that of a delivery man. It was a well-set, well-dressed, well-groomed gentleman with a familiar look about his back.

At the opening of the door, he turned a fine, handsome face lighted up by keen gray eyes and a quick smile.

The crimson on Mrs. Benson's cheeks deepened to purple and the marble steps swam before her in white swirls.

It was Weatherbee Bunting.

"I beg pardon," he apologized, "but my telephone has suddenly gone dead, and I came over to see if I might—"

"Why, of course," Mrs. Benson interrupted eagerly, her mortification for the moment forgotten in the pleasure of being

of service. "Come right in and make yourself at home."

But back in the kitchen, the horror of what had happened swept over her afresh, and the spoon skimming the scum from the top of the kettle shook as though it had the palsy. Sooner or later Elizabeth Hortense would hear about it. And never could she forgive her mother for the humiliation—the disgrace.

The voice at the telephone stopped speaking, and there came a tap on the door.

"Come in," she said with twitching lips. "Thank you ever so much, Mrs. Benson," smiled Weatherbee Bunting in the open doorway. "It was a great accommodation."

"You're welcome," she almost snapped, her last desperate hope that he had mistaken her for a servant snatched from her. Still he lingered—an eagerness in the gray eyes riveted upon her stirring spoon that she did not understand.

"When I was a kid," suddenly burst forth Weatherbee Bunting in a wheedling tone, "my mother used to let me spear up strawberries out of her preserving kettle on the point of a hatpin!"

On Elizabeth Hortense's return the next day, at first sight of the beauty's proud, haughty face, the mother eyes knew that the trip had been a failure.

"Weren't they nice to you, Lizbeth?" she timidly asked as soon as mother and daughter were alone.

"Of course they were nice to me!" scathingly answered Elizabeth Hortense. "That was the trouble. The invitation was given so they could be 'nice to me,' and they kept it up the whole time. Never for an instant was I just carelessly one of them."

"What do you mean, Lizbeth?" said Mrs. Benson in a puzzled voice.

Instead of answering, Elizabeth Hortense did an unheard-of thing. She impulsively threw her arms about her mother's neck and hugged her.

"The days I was away were the loneliest I ever spent, Mummy—I didn't suppose I could miss you so much!"

For a radiant instant the surprise, the joy of it, made the homely, common mother face almost beautiful, then an anxious expression crept into her eyes.

"You ain't feelin' sick, are you, dearie?" "No," answered the girl in a colorless voice, "I'm not sick—only tired of climbing and climbing and never getting to a landing where I can sit down to rest!"

"Lizzie," cried Mrs. Benson, "cross your heart you won't tell if I whisper somethin' in your ear?"

Elizabeth Hortense nodded—and indulgently bent her head.

"Weatherbee Bunting is comin' to take Sunday supper with us."

The Mascot and the Cowboy.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN.)

eyes and mezzo ballad voice—the same in which she sang, "Maybe you will love me then." He smiled at her over the rebellious head of Hobson, who was still watching him from the corner of his eye and grumbling to himself. Miss Hetherton and De Lyle and I withdrew. We didn't seem to be needed in the peace negotiations.

In spite of his hostile reception we couldn't lose that cowboy. He was sitting up in front that night when I came down to the piano to rattle off the overture, and when I banged out the last chords at the end of the show and whirled around on the stool he was waiting for me.

"Say, young fella," he said with the sort of brusqueness that is supposed to cover embarrassment, "won't you and the rest of the troupe come and have supper with me, just to show there ain't no hard feeling? I'm sorry I made the young lady's dog mad."

Now, that's the difference between the cow country and so-called civilization. I never before heard of a stage door Johnnie who wanted to entertain the entire company. Everybody was delighted to accept the invitation, but it seemed we still had Hobson to reckon with. He was madder than ever when he saw the cowboy again, and it took three of us to hold him, but finally we got him away, and De Lyle volunteered to take him back to the hotel and calm him. He was so sure he would join us later at the supper that he wouldn't let us go until we had promised to wait for him.

boy as the proposed scene of festivities. But he didn't. He telephoned about half an hour later that Hobson was in such a stormy mood he didn't dare leave him. He was afraid he would eat the hotel and everybody in it alive.

We had such a jolly supper party that when the cowboy asked us again the next night at Immigrant, a little town just exactly like Bonnie Forks, I felt in duty bound to accept for the rest of the company and take Hobson home myself so that De Lyle might have his share of the fun. After that the cowboy's supper came to be a regular institution, although in course of time they evolved themselves into parties of four including Lottie and Miss Hetherton, with De Lyle and myself alternating between the supper and the dog.

The cowboy never traveled by train, but had an endless string of bronchos that met him in relays at the stations. I never knew before that cowboys earned so much money and had so much leisure. He made no secret at all of his adoration for Lottie, and Hobson demonstrated in painfully public manner his vicious antagonism for the cowboy. Between the two, Lottie was undecided and unhappy. The devotion of the cowboy, to say nothing of his beauty, had made its appeal, and yet—Lottie was certain that the instinct of a dog, a dog like Hobson, could not be so far wrong. There must be something dangerous about this cowboy, in spite of his charm and seeming fine qualities.

I asked him once how he could stay away from his job so long, and he told the round-

up was over and things were quiet on the range.

One night, after much argument, he persuaded Lottie to go to supper with him alone. He had something he wanted to tell her, he said, and I thought of Hobson and his influence and felt sorry for the cowboy. As early as possible I took the dog and started for the hotel, but he mistrusted something and we had trouble right from the start. He objected to leaving Lottie to her fate, and he was so disagreeable and obstreperous and went in so many directions he shouldn't that he mixed things all up and we ran into Lottie and the cowboy on the corner. Before anybody could think, Hobson jumped straight at the cowboy's throat, and they rolled over together in the dust and dark of the street, which was instantly filled with people and shouts and excitement. Someone suggested shooting the dog, but in the darkness he was too closely identified with the cowboy to make it safe. I saw Lottie's light gown in the midst of the melee, and in a moment she stood beside me holding Hobson with both hands, while the cowboy dispersed the crowd, assuring them that no harm had been done or intended, even by the dog. There was a slight scratch on his throat, and in his hand he held the ragged remnants of his scarlet handkerchief.

"Funny thing," he remarked as calmly as though he had just emerged from a facial massage. "Funny thing! He jumped straight at my throat, but he didn't bite. Took it all out on this," holding up the tattered rag. Hobson growled again, and I had to help Lottie hold him.

We noticed then for the first time angry strings of the same bespotted neckwear hanging from Hobson's mouth, and of a sudden the secret dawned upon Lottie and me at the same moment. In our mirth we almost let Hobson go and precipitate another riot. The cowboy stood by puzzled and a little hurt, until I caught a short breath.

"Try a blue handkerchief," I panted between gasps, "or a green or a yellow one. It's your red handkerchief, man, your red handkerchief, not you that he objects to. This dog has a fastidious taste in clothes."

Lottie turned away from Hobson and me with a happy little sigh of relief. She had so wanted to think well of the cowboy. Strange we none of us had remembered that violent dislike for red neckties that had made Hobson unpopular at home and imperilled his life more than once on the road. A whole scarlet handkerchief, when a string tie of that hue had been known to throw him into a fury!

I did get the brute home in course of time, but after that experience I would just as soon lasso lions for a living as not.

When Lottie and her cowboy appeared before the assembled company the next day to announce their engagement, the cowboy's handkerchief was the color of sunlight and gold, and Hobson, the thoroughbred, wagged his tail, and—yes, I am sure he smiled.

And not until after the wedding did we find out that Lottie's knight of the scarlet handkerchief and flying steeds was a big cattle king. I should think we might have guessed something of the sort with all those supper parties and strings of bronchos.

RUPTURE
Agents wanted. Write for Catalog.
Company.

Physical Culture Health
Resort
Childwell Health Home
The place to get health.
Perfect surroundings for an enjoyable vacation.
My time is made especially for each individual.

Physical Culture Health
Resort
Childwell Health Home
The place to get health.
Perfect surroundings for an enjoyable vacation.
My time is made especially for each individual.

Physical Culture Health
Resort
Childwell Health Home
The place to get health.
Perfect surroundings for an enjoyable vacation.
My time is made especially for each individual.

INDEX TO CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

Editorial	3	A Righter of Wrongs. By Dix Drummond Osmon	9	The City and House Beautiful. By Ernest Brauntou	16
Reliability and Other Abilities. By Herbert Kaufman	3	Earliest Churches and Preachers. By Genevieve Farnell-Bond	10	Home, Sweet Home	17
By the Western Sea	4	The Mollycoddle. By Percival J. Cooney	11	Care of the Growing Birds in Summer	18
Column Forward	4	Leopard Hunting in the Vale of Kashmir	12	This Human Body of Ours	20
The Eagle, The Lancer	5	Scene Incident to Hunting in Kashmir	13	Queen's Ex. By May C. Kingwalt	23
Head Hunters of the Andes. By Frank G. Carpenter	6	Good Short Stories	14	Products of Poets and Humorists	25
The Test. By Hazel Havermale	7	Hearts and Frills. By Mabel Lockman	15		
A Tump Over Dartmoor. By J. S. Chase	8	The Mascot and the Cowboy. By Estelline Bennett	15		

When You Order Roofing Be Sure to Specify



Pioneer —“the roofing that covers California”

Because—Pioneer Roofing is Permanent Roofing

It is famous for its long life and healthy appearance. It is rain-proof, sun-proof, cold-proof, heat-proof, crack-proof, warp-proof. Needs no paint or repairs. Made in grades and weights to suit every type of building—large or small.

Call, write or phone (Main 8080, 10228) for samples and estimates.

Pioneer Paper Company

Manufacturers and Contractors.

247-251 S. Los Angeles St.

Distributors of Wright's Indestructible Wall Board

Malthoid Roofing

The dependability of Malthoid Roofing has been proven by special tests covering a period of many years.

The big Roof Garden of the Bible Institute Building at Fifth and Hope streets will be made of MALTHOID ROOFING and will be used for outdoor meetings and festival purposes, which indicates the faith of the builders in the wearing qualities of MALTHOID.

Made in the largest roofing factory in the world—it is absolutely right in every detail.

It resists fire—is acid proof—water and weather proof.

Malthoid will last as long as the building it covers.

It is inexpensive and your roof troubles are over when Malthoid is laid.

The Paraffine Paint Co.

“Originators, Not Imitators”

Manufacturers of

Roofings, Building Papers, Wall Boards, Water Proofings and Paints—

E. G. JUDAH, Mgr. Los Angeles Branch

518-520 Security Bldg.

The Largest manufacturers applying and guaranteeing Roofs in the West.

The Biggest and Best

In the Office, the Store and the Home.
Gives the News of the Day in a Masterly Way.

All the News of the West.

The Los Angeles Times

The Foremost Daily Newspaper on the Pacific Coast

Uses Both Day and Night Reports of the Associated Press and Has Special Correspondents of Its Own in the Centers of Population in America and Europe. Daily Prints Every Happening of Importance on the Civilized Globe, Including News of the Political, Religious, Social and Business Life of the People of All Foreign Countries.

Comprehensive and Varied Literary Features

The week-day paper runs in size from 26 to 32 pages and the incomparable Sunday Times contains from 144 to 158 pages each week, in addition to The Times Illustrated Weekly, which is replete with authentic and trustworthy information about Southern California and the Pacific Southwest, besides captivating travel stories and well-written descriptive matter of historic interest, fascinating fiction, appealing poetry and other delightful reading matter.

Free and untrammelled, The Times stands for the best interests of all people, for sound morals, good policies, local, State and national, and for honest conduct both in public and private life.

The Times is recognized as a leading power in the material development of Southern California and in the work of exploiting reliably and potently, the agricultural, horticultural, mining, commercial and other resources and possibilities of this, the most promising land between two seas.

The widespread popularity and high standing of The Times are indicated by the fact that it regularly prints more display and classified advertising than any other newspaper in the world.

Subscription price, \$9.00 per year; 75 cents per month, postpaid. Sunday only, \$3.50 per year.

Sample Copy and Advertising Rates on Application

Times' correspondents in every land
Put world-wide service in your hand.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

HARRISON GRAY OTIS, President and General Manager.

Los Angeles, California.

Los Angeles Times

Illustrated Weekly

Unique Magazine of the Sensuous Southwest



1897-1914 17th Year—New Series
Volume V, No. 25.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1914.

Single Copies, by mail, or at News Agencies, TEN CENTS

Recent Cartoons.

THE POST-GRADUATE COURSE.



—Los Angeles Times — GALE

THE CHAUTAUQUA DAYS ARE OVER. THE MOST PROFITABLE OF THE YEAR.



—Portland Oregonian—

"COME ON IN, THE WATER'S FINE!"



THE NURSERY.
—New York Sun.



How About Recognition?



Villa—Put 'Er There, Neighbor.
—New York Globe



SPEAKING OF CLAWS.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer



MONDAY MORNING

THE AXES
IN SENATE

Port Bar'l Bill Due
This Week.

Democrats Plan to Squander
Hundred Million Dollars
to Catch Votes.

And Twenty Millions May Go
to New Jersey Mosquito
District.

Measure Contains Largest
Appropriation in History
of Congress.

THE WORLD'S NEW

